

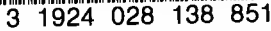
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PARIS IN SHADOW

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

GREEN AND GAY

THE BODLEY HEAD

PARIS IN SHADOW

By LEE HOLT  



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PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR

A TRIFLE over medium height, with a thin, upright, active figure. A high forehead, the forehead of an idealist, perhaps, were it not balanced by its breadth. Rather quizzical grey eyes. Movements quick and decisive. He talks little except when with the few men he knows well, but takes a keen interest in the doings of his little world in Paris where he has lived so long.

In this world he has a special place, unique, perhaps, among the foreign colony. Though a *persona grata*, everywhere his circle of real intimates is small.

In the diary which follows he has noted down the trifling happenings of every day, those little events which more than all show the true spirit of the time. He writes from the standpoint of an American who has lived in France most of his life, but still retains a deep love of his own country.

The book was not written in a spirit of criticism, merely to describe the everyday Paris as it was in 1916-1917.

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October 16, 1916.

WE had our first touch of winter yesterday. At one fell swoop the frost nipped the glory from the pink and white chrysanthemums, bowing their heads and shrivelling their long petals. Coal, as if inspired by the change of temperature, went up at a bound several francs higher, and the humble *boulet*—in shape like a blackened potato—on which we pinned our faith to keep the coal bill down, has now practically vanished.

Another winter of war lies before us, and during its long reign how much will happen. All through the late winter and early spring we were watching Verdun, and the terrific onslaught of the Huns, hoping, fearing from day to day. Last winter the men did their share nobly; how nobly only those who go to the Front realize. These go, see, and return, but they say little, only try to forget.

Whatever the coming months bring us, loving as I do the city of my adoption, I can only place myself loyally at her service, and strive with others of my countrymen to render her the best help I can in her hour of need. I have lived in Paris over forty years, and explain my love for France, which in no way interferes with my deep affection for America, in this way: that most men have two distinct

beings, and each being has amongst many other individual preferences its *pays de préférence*.

Hanging before me as I write is that Mobilization Poster, which on August 2, 1914, called the men of France to arms :

ARMÉE DE TERRE ET ARMÉE DE MER

ORDRE

DE MOBILISATION GÉNÉRALE

Par décret du Président de la République, la mobilisation des armées de terre et de mer est ordonnée, ainsi que la réquisition des animaux, voitures et harnais nécessaires au complément de ces armées.

**LE PREMIER JOUR DE LA MOBILISATION EST LE
DIMANCHE 2 AOÛT 1914.**

Tout Français soumis aux obligations militaires doit, sous peine d'être puni avec toute la rigueur des lois, obéir aux prescriptions du **FASCICULE DE MOBILISATION** (pages coloriées placées dans son livret).

Sont visés par le présent ordre **TOUS LES HOMMES** non présents sous les Drapeaux et appartenant :

1° à l'**ARMÉE DE TERRE** y compris les **TROUPES COLONIALES** et les hommes des **SERVICES AUXILIAIRES** ;

2° à l'**ARMÉE DE MER** y compris les **INSCRITS MARITIMES** et les **ARMURIERS** de la **MARINE**.

Les Autorités civiles et militaires sont responsables de l'exécution du présent décret.

Le Ministre de la Guerre.
(Cachet.)

Le Ministre de la Marine.
(Cachet.)

What a stir those few words made ! For it meant the upheaval of the whole of Paris citizen life. Shops were closed and little notices posted up, " Left for Berlin," " My customers are respectfully informed that the shop is

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temporarily closed during my absence to open a branch in Berlin." Gay little jokes and laughter were on many men's lips ; only the women looked into the Future and saw the blackness of the clouds.

Slips of blue, white and red were posted on doors, windows and walls, with their inscriptions : " Gloire à nos aviateurs," " Honneurs aux vétérans," " Vive la France."

My barber who has shaved me for years was so excited that he nearly cut my chin. He brandished his razor, and assured me that France was the greatest country on earth, and that the Boches were a race of *canailles* and *bandits*. The repetition of these sentiments afforded him wonderful satisfaction. He was a great talker, and now I shall never hear his cheery voice again. He lies buried near Meaux, in one among many of those pathetic graves marked only by a wooden cross.

Never has Paris been so dear to me as now when we so nearly lost her. Shall I ever forget those eventful days in September when the dark shadow of the German menace fell on our very hearth, when green Fontainebleau saw the capture of Uhlans, and especially that tragic night when the ceaseless rumble of autos bearing our men to the Front spoke of the imminence of the danger.

I am glad to think that General Gallieni lived long enough to know that Paris recognized the debt she owed him. When he was borne to rest on that hot day in July the whole of Paris turned out to do him honour. Few crowds have ever impressed me as did that black-robed one against whose shifting background rose the great canopies of brilliant flowers.

The battle of the Marne will remain the miracle of the century. Historians and statisticians will write, argue and disagree for years to come, but it will always remain an event unbelievable and not to be explained.

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Paris in war-time is like seeing a picture painted in bright glowing colours suddenly transformed to the neutral tints of a photo. The shops are all open, the theatres are giving regular performances and the streets are thronged with shoppers, but for all that it is a city whose every fibre is strained to highest tension. At any moment one feels that something may snap—and then what?

After the war how many new recollections and associations will have been added to her centuries of history; and they will weave on Paris a new dress, not perhaps so fanciful as of yore, but of a fuller beauty. What a living individuality is hers springing from her people, their feelings and their ambitions. They have moulded and they have broken, leaving the impress of their passing moods and of their heritage of genius.

In Paris the spirit of its children and of the race is with us always, intangible but very real. Of its presence one catches glimpses now and then—rarely, for it is illusive and fleeting, and ever unexpected. Sometimes in the springtime, when the red chestnut buds have broken their sheath, and froth into a white glory, and the Arc de Triomphe raises itself true symbol of victory against a sky of clear brilliance, you can sense her smiling mood. At others, on dark days, when the Seine flows leadenly along, and through the rain and mist outlines of house and bridge sombre with memories loom vaguely up, you can see her sable draperies, and the wind bears her ceaseless intercessions.

Paris is the city of movement, of ephemeral agitations, wind-swept by a thousand passing moods. The French have that happy faculty so few nations possess of rapid transition. Ideas spring quickly to life and as speedily give place to others, and it is this constant quickening of thought that gives their city its peculiar charm. One

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is never dull. What charms to-day is forgotten the next ! Perhaps that is why they escape that haunting boggy of many other places—ennui.

But now I must describe myself, my surroundings, and how I come to be writing these reflections.

My small household consists of three people : Angélique, my cook, a treasure of treasures, and Plumecoq, my present valet and factotum, who since the first six months of the war has replaced my invaluable Grégoire, now in the trenches near Verdun. The *appartement* which has been my home for many years is situated somewhere between the Bois and the Tuileries. Rather indefinite the reader may say, but then what does it matter ? Now shall I describe myself ? Perhaps. Will any of my many friends who know me so well guess who is addressing them from between the covers of this book.

I see in the mirror a tall, slight, shall I say old man ? It is true I am bald, and that my moustache is white, but my doctor tells me I am good for another twenty years. Every day I walk my six or seven miles. It is not my body but my mind which is somewhat weary, weary of the world's hopes, deceptions, and delusions.

This war has weighed heavily on me. I have lost many friends who can never be replaced, and one's friends are what make life worth the effort.

It is a difficult question to know when a man passes from the stepping-stone marked " elderly " to the next marked " old." But I notice the passing of time in a thousand different ways. Little hints here and there that warn me : a greater love of my own study, an increasing impatience with bores, a slight, very slight tendency to long-windedness in the telling of a story, and a greater appreciation of fine weather.

This latter specially. Was it not Thomas de Quincey who

told us of some philosopher—I have a horrid suspicion he was a Boche—who regularly talked of the weather each morning for some minutes as being the most important event of the day. Do we not live from month to month at the mercy of those powerful elements around us, who at any moment may destroy or shatter the “very brittle bomb we call the earth”? The great weather-god who each morning turns a smiling or frowning face towards us—is he not worthy of his daily dole of respect and attention?

I am fortunate in having in my establishment two temperaments, very opposite in character, who exactly balance each other, and thus an even temperature is maintained: Plumecoq, who is the most hopeless of pessimists, while Angélique is the most persistent of optimists. Not being the most decided of men myself I am tossed about between these two poles. With Plumecoq I softly descend to an abyss of gloom, to be raised abruptly but cheerfully by Angélique. At meal-times, such is her skill it would be difficult to be anything but cheerful, but on the grey mornings of winter, when Plumecoq brings me my shaving water, he gets in his innings. When the sun shines there is always a cold “east wind,” and when it rains he cuts off hope with a “Cela m’a l’air de vouloir durer toute la journée.”

What part of one’s body would one, if asked, prefer to be deprived of? It is a problem every one would answer differently, and the shells of the Hun in their scattered frightfulness do not ask. In Plumecoq’s case they took his nose as well as injuring his body. Our excellent ambulance at Neuilly has provided him with a marvellous substitute and at a short distance his loss is hardly perceptible. It does not worry Plumecoq at all. In fact he looks on it as a distinction. He has a little mould on which

he can fashion noses at will, and as he is clever with his hands the thing interests him.

I have written about Plumecoq, but I wonder how he would describe me were he to sit down to write *his* impressions. It might be very salutary to know, though possibly not flattering to one's pride. One's valet certainly knows the best and the worst of one, especially the degree to which one's temper can rise! Does one ever hear the truth, the brutal truth about one's self? And in judging one's own character one is so prone to be lenient.

But stay, I have a judge and a severe one in the fourth member of the household, one who really rules us all. I allude to my cat Rominagrobis. I know people always think their own pets remarkable, but really Rominagrobis is an unusual beast. Pure black except for the top of her head, which is a smutty grey. It gives her the appearance of having a cap on. She is intensely dignified and has an intelligence almost uncanny. When I first got Rominagrobis, she had then, even as a kitten, a strange stateliness of demeanour, and as I had been reading *Voiture* I christened her Rominagrobis. "*Les plus beaux chats d'Espagne ne sont que des chats brûlés auprès de lui, et Rominagrobis même (vous savez bien, madame, que Rominagrobis est prince des chats) ne sauroit avoir meilleure mine.*"

Plumecoq has never succeeded in grasping her name, so he calls her Minette. This has led to many funny complications, as when he announced one day when I was entertaining some friends at lunch, that Minette had a *crise de nerfs* and refused to leave my room. This meant simply that Rominagrobis, who has never really taken to Plumecoq, was sulking at some slight liberty he had probably been guilty of. There is no trifling with her!

It will amuse me to write down every evening something

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of what has taken place during the day, and will pass the time. I rarely sleep till two o'clock, so I will employ myself, as Angélique says, *en faisant mes mémoires*. This sounds very grand, and so much more ambitious than just scribbling, which is what these little reminiscences really are.

I trust I am no *poseur*: merely a plain man writing everyday happenings in time of War.

October 20.

Even an old bachelor has his worries. People always put us down as selfish beasts, and perhaps we are, but at any rate we only render ourselves miserable. I personally take life as I find it and try and extract some of its sweetness. May I add that I have not been altogether unsuccessful.

For years I had a rooted objection to standing godfather, partly from a dislike of forming ties and also because I frankly consider the whole thing humbug.

I do not feel myself fit to guide any young person in the right path. Who is to decide which is the right path? I have my own private and fixed ideas on the subject, while most of my friends hold other views. The picture presents itself of the aforesaid young person being pulled in different directions by his or her parents and myself.

When, at length, in a moment of weakness, I consented to stand sponsor for the daughter of an old friend, I mentally decided that beyond the inevitable cup and something in the nature of a cheque the day she married I would have nothing more to do with her. How astonished I should have been could I have foreseen events; but then life is always like that, and tramples ruthlessly on our most cherished plans. First I must go back a little.

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Some years ago, during one of those passing fits of acquisitiveness which seize us all at times, I bought a small country house near Blois. I bought it very cheap, and at different times I have had a great deal of satisfaction out of it. Perhaps the greatest pleasure it ever gave me was when I was able to lend it to Des Fosses at a time when he was absolutely broke. He would not have accepted money even from an old pal like me, but the loan of a house is different and hurts no one's pride.

I managed to ease things for him as much as I could, and what with vegetables and judicious arrangements with my farmer, he and his wife with their little girl—who became and remains my only god-daughter—were able to make out fairly comfortably for a year or two. Then the poor old fellow died and the wife soon after. The girl was taken by some relations and later married a young engineer called Courtier. She was a pretty creature, and I remember I sent her a somewhat expensive wedding present. Since her letter of thanks I had heard nothing more about her. Yesterday, however, I received a letter telling me her husband had been missing for the last six months. Could I help her to get some information?

I have various friends in the Government, and made it my business to go at once to the *ministère des affaires étrangères*.

As I walked up the gravelled path, I thought of the pretty girl I had known, and wondered if she had changed. She was a slight little thing with a pair of those large dark laughing eyes you only see in France, and the prettiest hands and feet in the world. She had inherited her father's air of distinction, and in her simple holland aprons had that air of being "some one" which is very rare to find, and as attractive as it is rare.

I tried to remember how long she had been married,

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and came to the conclusion that she was married about the same time that I took on my duties as Treasurer for X Society, just twelve months ago. So she had only had six months of married life. It was hard lines on what was her name, a rather unusual one—oh, I remembered. It was Sylvia, a Sylvia who had lost her Bruno. If Gerard de Nerval had but known her, he could have created a still more charming heroine, and another romance steeped with all his charm and madness.

Unfortunately, all my inquiries after Courtier proved useless. He had fallen during the first attack on Fort Douaumont, and as his body had never been recovered he had been reported missing. There was a possibility that he had been taken prisoner, wounded. This was the only hope. I therefore took other steps. I have a distant cousin who happens to be attached to the Court of the Grand Duchess of Luxemburg, and I wrote to her at once begging her if possible to ascertain if any prisoner of the name of Courtier could be heard of in Germany. I also wrote to the Red Cross at Geneva, to a man I know there.

Pending the answers to these letters I called on the poor little wife. She was staying in the Rue Bassano with a friend, Comtesse Saurien. I was not much struck with the flat or with Madame Saurien herself. This lady entertained me for some minutes, and it was not till I had hinted rather decidedly that my time was limited that she went in search of Sylvia.

Sylvia had not changed. My first glance told me that, except that she was prettier if possible. Her dark grey dress seemed to me to be in admirable taste. It suggested sorrow but not mourning.

She reminded me of some flower suddenly cast into the shade and waiting till the rays of the sun should draw it to the full perfection of life. This may seem rather a senti-

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mental simile for an old man like me, but it was how I felt. She was genuinely pleased with my visit and overpowered me with gratitude for the simple inquiries I had made.

I felt that I would find Courtier or die. We arranged that she was to lunch with me at Voisin's that day week. Before that she was busy. What did she do?

She was nursing in the morning at Hôpital—and in the afternoons she was going with——

"Yes," broke in Madame Saurien, "Sylvia and I are undertaking some work connected with a Society."

She did not mention the Society and I would have liked to ask, but checked myself. Of what consequence was it?

Some men would congratulate me, I said to myself as I walked to the Club, on having a charge like Sylvia thrust upon me, and I owned that Fate had been kind. But I trembled to think what would happen if Courtier was found to be really dead.

October 21.

My old friend Bonnetier, who has framed my pictures for the last twenty years, brought in some posters to-day which he has mounted and surrounded with a narrow black border. He insisted on hanging them himself in the passage, and mounted the step-ladder with surprising nimbleness considering his rheumatism, and declared the war had made him young again. We had our usual tussle about the place for each individual picture. He is really very opinionated.

The war has produced many wonderful posters, and from the very beginning I have bought those which specially interested me out of the number constantly appearing. Most of them I bought for five francs, and already my modest little collection has doubled in value.

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All the earlier mobilization posters are sold at extravagant prices, and many are impossible to obtain. Even the posters designed for the different charities are rapidly rising in value.

Forain's "Prisonnier" is hard to get now at fifteen francs, and Charles Fouqueray's "Journée Serbe," a strong and vivid picture of the flight over the bridge of Kossova, has advanced equally in price.

The striking poster by Abel Faivre, "L'or combat pour la victoire"—which did so much for the loan—was got out by the Ami des Artistes Fund and was printed in such large numbers that its price still remains low. His second, "On les aura," is, perhaps, the most popular. The action in the latter figure is splendid and arresting.

Amongst the many prints and posters, there are just a few I have had framed and hung, because they seem to me to express so plainly the real sentiment of the French people. There is that striking figure of Cardinal Mercier protecting Belgium, his hand outstretched in the act of benediction. The vivid colour of his pontifical robes lights up gloriously one of my dark walls. It is Charles Fouqueray's again, and perhaps his most successful design, and was done for the ceremony of the "Veillée des tombes" at St. Sulpice. Robert de Coninck's "Exposition des Alliés" is another favourite. Both *poilus* and Allied soldiers are reading the announcement of the Exhibition. Sen's vision of the Arc de Triomphe is less pleasing. The angel of Victory is heavy, and the effect of the passing soldiers not well conceived.

"L'action française" has a charming design by Jeannol—a *poilu* returning from the trenches with his dog.

Maurice Chabas has done one of his curious and characteristic effects which is more of a print than a poster for the Fund for War Devastated Villages. Only a limited number

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of these were struck off, so in a year or two they will probably be valuable. The centre figure of a woman weeping with her children is tragic in its desolation.

A curious little collection called "Les jeunes héros de France" by Guy Arnoux—dedicated to Jean Morin—is to my mind very attractive. The drawings are quaint, and I also love those coloured prints of Lucien Laforge, especially "Le cuistot," with its joyous colouring and the adorable red dog.

Jean Ray's drawings of children are on my walls, "The Spy," "The Hero," "The Victor," and "The Man on Leave," and, best of all, "The Shirker," the last a forlorn mite of two seated on a bench, the other children looking on him with disgust.

In a corner of my study, over some hunting crops, hangs that cheery print in colours by Rene Vincent. This, though not limited in edition or signed, is one of the most delightful of the popular prints. The departure of the *embusqué* with his characteristic luggage, from the bouquet carried by the gorgeous valet down to the scent-bottles and coffee grinder, and his return, a scarred warrior, is all so essentially French in character.

Then there is my favourite Poulbot and his immortal sketches of children. I have a friend who only takes the Journal on account of Poulbot's contributions. I have his design for the Society of "Le vêtement du prisonnier de guerre," surely one of the most pathetic things, and which makes an instant appeal to all hearts. A prisoner is watching the arrival of packages, none of which are for him. He stands without by the barbed wire fence and pens his appeal home! Poulbot's other poster for the "Journée de Paris," July 14, 1915, is also excellent: four children stand saluting two wounded heroes.

One of his smaller prints I like particularly is that

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of some boys dressed as soldiers playing at war. The captain calls up a mite of five and asks him what he wants.

"Four days' leave, mon capitaine," says the mite.

"What for?" demands the captain with exceeding severity.

"To spend them with my wife," replies the youthful husband.

In the Tuileries, in the Luxembourg gardens, and in every other garden where children congregate, the war game is played unwearyingly, and the toys most in request are cannons and sham guns. Sometimes their enthusiasm gets them into difficulties. Last week I was returning from a long walk in the Bois, where the sharp frost had gilded the leaves into burnished copper, and had almost reached the Place de la Muette, when I heard strange noises on my left. The excited voices of children, sounds of choked sobbing, and an anxious high-pitched voice talking very fast.

Another moment and a woman came into sight, half lifting, half dragging a little boy of six. On the latter's head, completely covering it, was an inverted flowerpot. It was a large pot and came right down on to his shoulders. Behind and around the couple were a dozen children of all ages in a state of rapturous delight.

The mother, her eyes bulging out of her head, rushed up to me and exclaimed in a torrent of words that Gustave had been playing at being Kaiser and had donned the flowerpot as the helmet, and that now the neck being smaller than the mouth it would not come off. As she explained the situation, muffled, agonized wails came from the interior of the pot, and the children at each wail whooped in response. The woman fixed appealing, terrified eyes upon me. It was a distinctly awkward moment, It was clear she expected me to act and I hadn't the devil of a notion

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what to do. I faintly remember making some suggestion of taking a taxi to the hospital.

As I write these words I am filled with shame at my stupidity, but then the situation was new to me, and well, I *did* not know what to do. The French army is known to be the most resourceful in the world, and I was saved by one of its soldiers, a *poilu*, who appeared on the scene with a bad leg and a stick. His wonderful mind took in the difficulty at a glance, and before the woman or I could speak he raised his stick and gave the pot a sharp click. The clay broke into three large pieces, revealing Gustave, a very red and ugly little boy. The reward I gave that *poilu* was proportionate to the sense of my own inferiority. I look up at the big arm-chair opposite at some imaginary reader. Now, would you have known what to do?

I had stopped one day to compliment Madame Plobus, my concierge, a tall handsome woman from Toulouse, on the new mat that graced our entrance, when I noticed the curtain was drawn round the bed in her little sitting-room. This is a well-known flag signal and means illness. On inquiry, the curtain was pulled aside for me to see Alexandre, the youngest boy, aged about four years, ensconced in the big bed, only his tiny head and large black eyes appearing like those of some unfledged bird over the top of the red *duvet*.

He gazed solemnly first at me and then at his mother, who explained with much fire the cause of his indisposition. He had been to play with a neighbouring family largely consisting of girls, and had returned home crying bitterly. Even Madame Plobus, well initiated into the woes of childhood, could not make out what the matter was. At length Alexandre was undressed and all over his thin little body were seen strange red marks.

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Having placed her son in the famous bed, Madame Plobus flew over to her neighbour for explanations, and with some difficulty the truth came out. The four girls had bandaged poor Alexandre tightly for hip and arm wounds, and seeing him restless and decidedly cross had given him a number of *piqures* to ease him. These *piqures*, all of which had been made with pins, explained Alexandre's condition.

The French boy, as a rule, looks delicate and frail, partly owing to his lack of colour, and it always surprises me to see how really hardy and enduring these youths are. The *poilus*, in this war as in others, have proved what they can accomplish on a diet which we should consider very meagre. They live on half what the English troops do, and on a very low meat diet. The attention now being paid to outdoor exercises and to the physique generally is beginning to show, and one has only to compare the boys of seventeen to twenty to the Class 1895 to see the improvement.

Last May there was a review of the *bluets* at the Invalides. I shall always remember that day and the soft perfection in the air after the rain. The sun came out gloriously in the clear sky above us, and there was a sparkle of life in every breath one drew. Under the golden dome was the mass of waiting boyhood. A wonderful sight. All those young hearts full of courage and the essence of Youth which fires the senses like a cordial.

The straggling mass suddenly stiffened, then, rippling gently, formed into complete order, and passed out, heart and step moving together. The *bluets* of France!

They marched well. The long line, the colour of the horizon, a misty blue-grey, seemed to melt into the surroundings, blending imperceptibly at a short distance, and only becoming detached as it marched past the full green of the

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trees which line the river-side. I walked with them along the quay, and watched them file across the bridge raised to commemorate the victory of Alma. A passing gleam of sun caught the raised bayonets and flashed a glittering challenge.

It was a line of youth and promise, the France of the future. Of the middle ages amongst her sons there will rest few, but these shoots of the old stock were there ready and eager to carry on the traditions of the race. They swung along with the impulsive élan of the Latins. The admiring crowds who lined the roads cheered the children, their *bluets*. And only eighty kilometres off the cannons were booming and the mitrailleuses were sweeping with their curtain of fire thousands of men a day into eternity.

We had got as far as the Concorde when the line paused and every boy raised his *képi*, and shot into the air a cry of hope, defiance, and enthusiasm, "Vive la France," that dear country with its traditions, its memories and its hopes.

I was glad to think these boys would not be called on yet. With their bright young faces, on which the down on the upper lip hardly shadowed, they were the embodied spirit of France. Their work would be in the future, not in the present. And each had a song in his throat, every note of which defied the invading Hun for all ages to come. And my thoughts went to those *bluets* who had met Death face to face, and had not cringed; *bluets* I had known as young as those now before me; *bluets* who had slipped away from their people and volunteered, enlisted, adding to their ages, insisting, persisting till they got their heart's desire, and, like true *bluets*, mixed with the ripe corn and the gay *coquelicots* of the Foreign Corps.

Here and there I have come across these boys in the beds of our hospitals. *Bluets* with white, such white faces, on which the blue veins stood out so clearly, and the lines

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round whose eyes marked so silently the long hours of pain. These were the broken *bluets* who would never again join in the life of men. They had followed the haunting imperative finger of glory to where it led them unquestioning, but I read now in their puzzled eyes that everlasting query why?

A question too big for *bluets* to solve, and I also cannot reply. They, moreover, do not expect an answer, for they have learnt to wait. They have looked over the edge of things into the dark void beyond, and though they ask the reason it is without fear, rather with the wonder of a little child. And to their friends the *bluets* who march and cry "Vive la France," and who have never looked into that space which lies so close and yet so far from both France and all nations, they say only "France, ma patrie." For they know that France cannot die, and that they are her sons.

It is the age of Youth. So many of the great aviators, the "Aces" of France, from Guynemer downwards, have been merely boys. One of the first essentials in flying is not "to have a nerve," as we put it, but to be absolutely without one. The number of men over twenty-five who pass the rigid standard is surprisingly small. If at the preliminary experiments the students feel the slightest nausea or vertigo they are turned down. Then the heart must be *AI*.

Young J. was telling me about his experiences when trying to get into the aviation service at the beginning of the war. He was rather amusing. First, he said, they put you into a chair which revolves rapidly on a swivel for twenty seconds, then the motion is reversed. Something like the floating boats on Coney Island. Then he was dropped like a piece of lead from a cord to test his heart. "Well," I said, "I see they passed you all right." "I

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should say," replied J. " You bet there's nothing wrong with *my* heart. I carried five hundred shares of stock on margin through the year 1915, and you know what I'm worth. Aviation's child's play."

He is now doing big things with the American Escadrille. I understand the percentage of loss in the flying corps is no greater, rather less, indeed, than in the infantry regiments, and it has a wonderful attraction. Youth rarely fears Death. We older ones sorrow over the young lives, but they themselves have few fears or qualms. Sad as life is, as the years pass, most people get more and more attached to it. They form ties, and put down roots, and the word "glory" has not quite the same meaning as it did in the days of impulse and enthusiasm.

It is the fathers and mothers who suffer when their young hero goes to war. For *him* disagreeables in plenty, but excitement, comradeship also; for *them* the days of watching and waiting.

I myself, old bachelor as I am, have made my sacrifice to the cause.

Before General de Maurescon died—he was my oldest friend—he asked me to give an eye to his boy, then a little lad of eight. His wife had been dead about four years, and he was not on speaking terms with his only brother. After his death I found myself sole guardian and trustee of Bertrand. I have few relations, and neither nephew nor niece, and the boy soon became my greatest interest in life, a real son. No one could have a better one, and there is no harm in my writing here that I am intensely proud of him.

What capital evenings we have spent together on opposite sides of my old fire-place with its sculptured woods that I brought back years ago from Padua, talking little, and yet holding converse in some strange inexplicable way that

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all animals possess, but which only human creatures who love each other truly arrive at.

It was in this same room that he, a boy of twelve, during his holidays, constructed his first mechanical toy, and it still stands over yonder, as great a treasure as any in my collection. It was here he sat coiled up in the brown leather arm-chair, his little face stiff with interest as he listened to my tales of his father's young days, and of all he had done and had hoped to do for his country. I can still see the boyish figure as he stood before me and said, "And I also, *Sieur*, I will do great things, you will teach me." He believed, and still believes in his old guardian, though he must long since have learnt the manner of man I am, a dreamer, and not a man of action; but I have been of use to my boy. When he, a lad of nineteen, first confided to me his intense admiration for *Mlle. Raby Gaulois* of the *Folies Bergères*, I showed becoming interest and surprise, carefully guarding the fact that I had known of his infatuation for some time. It was the first of many such confidences, for *Bertrand* was no saint. In some of his escapades I was of use to him, and, thank God, he was never afraid to tell me of any of his doings. Concealment from me was what I dreaded more than all. I was never the mentor. Only his friend and an old man who loved him, and who knew the world. He had a boy's passions and temptations, but he played the game of Life fairly and with clean hands.

Great Scot! I say to myself as I pen these lines, to think the boy comes of age next January—twenty-five years old. His fortune, accumulating all these years in gilt-edged investments carefully chosen by me, now amounts to a very large sum. I have been approached many times by prudent parents for the purpose of arranging a marriage, but on this point my young man is adamant. He

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will not hear of marrying at present. He has his career, he says, and that is wife enough for him.

Bertrand is one of those men all women like, perhaps for the very reason he is so indifferent to them ; perhaps because of some special charm ; perhaps because of his undeniable good looks—which is it ? He does not say much, but he has a smile so whole-hearted, so joyful, and so subtly ingratiating that he makes friends on sight.

I am told he is the most popular man in the Flying Corps with seniors and comrades alike. But here, I am letting myself run on too much about my son. However, you will meet him so often in these pages that you really must know something about him.

October 22.

I think a great deal of our Club. I know all the old members and many of the new. Very few days pass that I do not drop in for a chat and to hear the news of the day discussed, and as many of the men I know often go at the same hour we have insensibly got into the way of holding a little meeting of our own, during which we arrange the affairs of the world, while looking out on the busy thoroughfare crowded with odds and ends of humanity.

There is G. W. Tolson, the director of a big Company here, who is so star-spangled that he lights up on the smallest provocation. Then there is W. B. Gregory, a banker, a man whose judgment is slow and sure, and who is an ardent admirer of Wilson. T. D. Slight, the facetious member of our Society, who has belonged for a long time to the American Colony here. C. Flinton from our Embassy,

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who is married to a very charming French girl, and whose sympathies are all with the Allies, and the Comte de Sollanges, known all over the world. He was one of the cleverest diplomatists of his day, and now lives permanently in Paris. He knows the chart of politics, and the hidden reefs and rocks better than any one I know, and is one of the most absolutely selfish beings God ever made—and one of the most charming. Such is human nature that, though I have not the smallest respect for him, I look forward to an hour in his society, and go to some trouble to see him, while I do not take the slightest trouble to see A, B, and C, all worthy individuals I am bound to respect.

Then there is Monsieur Z., the editor of one of the large papers here; the Marquis de Cens, formerly a great racing man, and many others. A rather ill-assorted party, are we not? But, strange to say, we meet, disagree and meet again. Tolson and Gregory hold views as opposite as the Poles, but, though they would not own it they enjoy their sparring matches, and the opportunity of expending their wit and wisdom on each other.

A new group of men has begun to form itself in the Club since relief work came into being. What I think of them as individuals may be gathered from my remark to Flinton the other day:

“Why does Charity attract so many unutterable bounders?”

Flinton shrugged his shoulders.

“Oh,” he said, “it is inevitable. It is a means of arrival, like other professions, and probably the easiest one. Take Mr. X., for instance, with whom we have endless trouble. The war has been the chance of his life, and has placed him in a position beyond his wildest dreams. He has had an unheard-of opportunity for advertisement, and a

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profitable living. Before he is through he will be one of the heroes of the day."

We both laughed, and Sollanges lounged up to us gracefully as always.

"What's the joke?" he asked.

"We are discussing character," replied Flinton, "and the effects of the war on it."

"And what do you call character?" inquired Sollanges, who is fond of putting these sort of questions.

"The changing mould formed by our ideas," I suggested as no one else spoke.

"It's the Hun's thumb that has worked hardest at moulding for over a century," remarked Gregory. "Goethe started the business and others kept it up down to the Nietzsche of our day."

"We'll wring that thumb before we're through," said Colonel C. in a tone that showed he'd like to do the business there and then.

"If the Huns were by any possibility to win," declared Slight, "life wouldn't be worth living."

"What is life anyway but an atrocious noise to be followed by a lull?" said Sollanges, who seemed to be feeling a touch of the blues.

October 29.

I am just back from a motor trip with a friend who has the management of several munition factories in various parts of France, and only returned late last night.

It was an interesting expedition, but the weather was vile, and it started a nasty pain at the back of my neck—

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Plumecoq had to rub it with Bengué for half an hour last night.

Those factories were a marvellous sight, their huge engines turning out unceasingly munitions for the Front. Each shell so perfect in its mechanism, and a shining and beautiful object.

We saw many German prisoners at work clothed in good uniforms provided by their Government. They looked remarkably well and happy, almost too happy, I thought, when I remembered the treatment of the Allies. An event happened recently at one of the factories which shows somewhat the spirit of these Germans.

It was like this. The manager of the works, requiring some work done on his car, directed one of the prisoners, who was an expert, to attend to it. The man refused, and by way of punishment was put on to the rock pile. This rock pile consists of large stones which have to be broken with a heavy hammer, the hammer having a very short handle. A few hours at this work almost breaks a man's back and wrist. It is considered a very severe punishment.

The motor expert soon tired of it, and expressed his willingness to work on the automobile. The following morning the car appeared in perfect order and the manager left for a run of some distance, but he had not gone many miles before the engine flew to pieces. An examination was made, and the fact proved that the prisoner had put a lot of flour into the radiator of the engine. This had churned up over the cylinders and baked hard causing the explosion. The engine was a total wreck. Query, the answer to which was not given, did the man return to the rock pile indefinitely?

Going through all the out-of-the-way corners and backwaters of France, one cannot help being struck by the

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thought of the immense difference this war is going to make to the country folk. The poor *réformés* who return to little distant villages bring with them scraps of real knowledge from the hospitals.

It seems to me there cannot be many women left now who have not shall I say *dabbled* in nursing, or, if not nursing, have worked as *lingères* or *masseuses*. This last-named occupation seems to have a great attraction for girls. It does not tie them down as much as nursing and allows of agreeable *badinage*. After the war most girls will know enough in a street accident not to kill a patient straight off; but perhaps I am wrong about this.

I remember last summer driving a couple of young nurses out to a hospital near Paris, and on the way we passed a man lying in an epileptic fit by the roadside. I stopped, secure in the competence of the two young ladies in their spotless white beside me. Did they jump down, and with quick skilful fingers treat the sufferer? They did not! They sat quite still, and remarked in thin and strangely quiet voices that they had never seen an epileptic fit before and they thought the man looked mad.

It was the old man who rendered first aid, and who hailed a passing waggon and had him conveyed to the hospital. I am not blaming the girls. They had only treated wounds, and a sudden practical emergency found them wanting. It only shows how much practice and common sense has to do with nursing. Only a few moments before our little adventure they had been begging me to use my influence to get them to the Front! "Do, please, Mr. . . see what you can do for us. We are so anxious to get near the lines—to be of real use to the poor soldiers!"

In the country brews and charms, transmitted from grandmothers and great-grandmothers, still hold the faith of the people. My mother used to take a villa at Grasse every

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winter, and her garden there was the delight of her heart. One day, in a corner where a new violet bed was being made, a curious object was dug up. It was nothing less than a calf's heart wrapped in a handkerchief and stuck all over with pins. Indoors her maid—a native of poetical Languedoc—on hearing of the discovery burst into floods of tears. Eventually it came to light that the girl had been deliberately trying by means of sorcery to kill the cook, her rival in the affections of a young *coiffeur* in the town.

Amongst the peasants at that time it was a very well-known means of revenge, though when the object was discovered every servant in the house professed the greatest ignorance and horror. Whether it was owing to the fact that the heart had been disturbed before the charm had time to work or not, it is impossible to say, but the cook kept in excellent health and soon after married the hair-dresser. The Germans have done an unlucky thing in hammering nails into their idol Hindenburg's effigy, and I hope in their case it may prove the truth of a very old and world-wide superstition.

I fancy one would not have far to seek for charms and lucky leaves still among our own men too. It takes a very well-balanced mind not to cling to some promised safeguard in moments of danger. I have hardly ever met anyone who owned to being superstitious, and yet the world is flooded with medals and charms, and fortune telling flourishes in spite of the law.

There has been a good deal of talk about the revival of Catholicism after the war, but I am inclined to doubt it. The first wave of religious fervour which was caused by the outbreak of the war has abated considerably. The horrors of the past few years have rendered many complete Atheists, while those born with that priceless gift of Faith have become doubly fervent in religion. After all, faith

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is merely the result of an overpowering desire to live, to keep our identity and those we love in eternity.

There are moments, sitting alone in the evening, when I speculate and wonder and try and glimpse that great Beyond which I shall enter so soon. Try as I will, I fail to form any conception of what it will be like. A world without senses, a world almost impossible to realize, or a dreamless sleep as Swinburne pictured it, and then another awakening.

I envy people whose convictions are so strong that no argument or persuasion will side-track them. It makes life so simple. If only I had known that delightful person who was so certain that human beings could walk on the ceiling head down like a fly. Why should we not? It was self-evident. In full and glorious confidence which I admire he made the experiment and died.

The maimed soldiers from the hospitals are certainly bringing back rays of science into their distant villages. The *réformé* has watched the dressings of hundreds of men and the deft fingers of the *infirmières* as they helped the surgeons and performed their numberless duties in the wards. There was so much that was new to the *poilu*, brave *poilu*, who has earned all the gratitude and help that his country can give him.

The sudden strain on France, unprepared as she was, caused unspeakable misery to thousands at the beginning of the war, and even now. But I am writing of the *réformé*, the *réformé* who when back in his village often thinks of his hospital in Paris, of the perpetual boiled beef, on which he and his companions so often passed unkind remarks, and which now has become softened by memory into a most succulent dish. It was certainly better than no meat at all. And the thought of the linen! The sheets changed

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every five weeks while they were still white enough to be distinguished from the grey blanket !

All the same, the *réformé* is careful what he tells his womenfolk. His is the attitude of one who has gone forth into the big world and he speaks as one who knows. The poor *réformé* ! They are the war's most pitiful victims. On them is the doom to drag through the remainder of their life, be it long or short, helpless cripples often ; heroes at first, then pitied, and later forgotten in the new life springing up around them.

Every village contains now these forlorn ones, patient, uncomplaining, but so infinitely pathetic. Many Societies are helping these men, but the numbers are so great it is a tremendous task. The prospects of the *réformé*, No. 2, are not much brighter. These consist of those who are not utterly incapacitated and are still able to do light work. They are employed in the post offices and other bureaux, and as messengers, or for light work in gardens. Many of these men are diseased mortally, some with tuberculosis, rheumatism, etc., contracted in the trenches. Alas, there are thousands ! No pension is given if they are able to work, and as few of them are in a condition to command a really living wage in these days of high living their situation is often pitiful.

The question of pensions is a very difficult one, and the task of providing for the masses of injured men a heavy burden on the State, but I cannot help thinking that in many cases the men are dealt with too rigorously. I was told of one case of a man who had been blinded at the Front by an explosion. As at first he was considered to be totally blind he was allotted a full pension, but when later it was found he could distinguish light from darkness with his left eye the pension was cut in half !

My friend and I had made our round of the factories and

were speeding back at the rate of ninety kilometres an hour—a speed beloved of my friend but disliked by me—when an ominous noise sounded from the interior of the machine and we slowed up with some suddenness. Mr. K. and I jumped out and with the chauffeur proceeded to investigate.

An hour passed. We had not lunched and we became quite ravenously hungry. Motors have no consideration and never by any chance come to grief within hail of some decent hotel where it is possible to obtain food. I was commissioned, as my age prevented me from getting under the motor, to hunt up something to eat. “And, whatever you do, get something to drink,” shouted my friend. “My throat’s like a chimney.”

We were passing through the Auvergne district, not far from Clermont-Ferrand, but we seemed to have struck a spot where there were no houses. The country looked dark and inhospitable. Auvergne always does to me—and as to the Auvergnats! A pretty woman is unknown, so it is no place for me. What a contrast to lovely smiling Savoie.

It is curious how certain countries and landscapes impress you. It is not beauty alone, for there are spots of extreme loveliness where I would not willingly live a month, and others with no obvious attraction to which one is drawn by some inexplicable charm.

Well, I had gone some way up the road, when I at last rounded the hill, and saw a spiral of blue-grey smoke stealing up to the sky behind some big trees. I made for it, and found a farmhouse of moderate size with a big untidy yard. There were no men to be seen, of course, and only two children playing in the field beyond.

Urged by hunger and the thought of food, I stepped inside and found myself in a really delightful old kitchen.

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I had just time to notice its beauty before I saw that I had stumbled on a tragedy. A strong, dark swarthy woman was sitting with her hands in her lap, looking with interest at one of them which was bandaged up in a very neat manner in some exceedingly dark-coloured linen. By the fire sat her husband, evidently a *réformé*, minus a leg.

It transpired in the course of conversation that the woman had been bitten by a strange dog, and that her husband, just discharged, had bound it up for her. It was easy to see his pride in his work, and his only regret was that he had been unable to dress it with iodine. This medicament has become the universal cure to the French mind, and it is placed with equal impartiality on boils or blisters! The fact that the strip of linen which formed the bandage had been taken from an old and very dirty cloth disturbed the couple not at all.

A little knowledge is, we are told, a dangerous thing, but it is a fact that a little is a necessary prelude to a great deal, and the knowledge, elementary as it is, that the soldiers have gained in the hospitals is a beginning.

By the way, we got in that farm-house some of the best gingerbread I ever tasted. K. says I exaggerate, but then he wanted sausage—a thing I detest.

October 30.

I had a pleasant lunch with Sylvia to-day. Her youth and brightness had a wonderful influence on the old man, and took temporarily ten years off my age.

Many attractive women have lunched with me in my day, and the scent of a flower or an old tune will bring in a rush, and with startling vividness, a presence of the happy

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past. Sylvia wore fresh purple violets, and they brought with them a half sweet, half bitter memory, for Thompson never wrote a truer line than that in which he says :

“ But the rose’s scent is bitterness
To him that loved the rose.”

The violets were the only colour my guest allowed herself, but they brightened, together with her cheeks, the soft neutral tinted dress she wore. I thought I had never seen her look so well. The graceful turn of the head reminded me of a bird, it was so well set on rather sloping shoulders. I like the sloping line, it belongs to my time, and to me is a pleasing contrast to the square cut build of so many women nowadays.

Sylvia is essentially French, never for an instant could she be mistaken for an English or American girl. There is nothing of the sportswoman about her. I could not even imagine her playing basket ball or hockey, and camping I am sure would be positive pain to her. In her own style she is perfect, from her shining hair to her enchanting little boots, and she has just that touch of coquetry which enables a pretty girl *de se faire valoir*.

Her year of marriage has brought her out, turning her from the timid shy child I remembered into a natural and self-possessed woman of the world.

I had no news for her. An active and thorough investigation was being made, but it would take time. I inquired how she liked nursing.

“ I like it better every day,” she answered, drawing off her little grey *suède* gloves. “ One begins to know the men and one gets so interested in each case.”

“ It is a wonder to me how women take to nursing,” I remarked. “ But, after all, the body is the most delicate piece of mechanism that exists. No doubt it must give satisfaction to drag some poor fellow back to health.”

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"Sometimes," said Sylvia a little sadly, "I almost think they wish we had not been so officious. When a case like the one we had last week gets well! What is there left for him? I can see him watching us in the ward with those big eyes which almost speak the words he cannot say, 'Why can't you let me die?'"

"Poor chap! I expect that's true with many. They would rather be dead than a helpless cripple, and yet I don't know, it is a natural instinct to cling to life. They are lucky to have you to look after them. Do you know," I said, with an attempt to bring back the two little dimples, "I think the dress of an *infirmière* is the most becoming thing for a woman ever invented. The homeliest ones look pretty. I was told the other day that the best way to prevent a man falling in love with his nurse was to let him see her in her ordinary clothes."

"It depends who dressed her," said Sylvia, laughing. "Certainly clothes *do* make a difference. When I have on a dress which I know suits me, I feel equal to anything. I wonder who invented the nurse's dress."

"The veil of course is Russian, the Muscovite head-dress slightly altered. As to the rest, I expect it is partly a legacy from the dear nuns."

Sylvia was eating some *poulet en casserole* with the appetite of youth.

"Tell me, Sylvia," I said teasingly, "don't you think the dress has a great deal to do with the general feminine wish to nurse?"

She looked at me consideringly.

"Perhaps," she said slowly. "It is right, the duty of every woman to try and look her best. If the uniform becomes her, *tant mieux*. As to vanity, how about men and their uniforms?"

I shook my head.

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"Honestly, I don't think the average man cares a rap about it."

"Oh, oh," laughed Sylvia, "I know better. If women do take pains about dress, it is because they have always had to please men, and in consequence have an exaggerated idea of the value of looks. In time women will dress to please themselves only."

"The value of looks will I fear always remain the same," I said, amused to see this side of my pretty companion.

"It has been so for many centuries," remarked Sylvia, "but I hope soon we shall be valued for many other attributes besides beauty."

"So you are a little feminist?"

"I am," said Sylvia in a voice of great sweetness. "Of course I own we are still at a perfectly dreadful stage, the stage of transition is never a pleasant one. We are hardly balanced yet. Men have had centuries of education. They have been taught to be broad-minded, and to play fair. You will see women will learn to be bigger in time." She saw me smile. "You laugh. You are amused!"

"I am much interested," I said.

"Well, I do not wonder. The war has brought to light much that lay hidden. We Frenchwomen have always been good business women, but now we are learning to organize and understand the ideas of other countries besides our own. But as girls we are taught that we must have no individuality at all till we are married. That is bad. What you call a handicap, is it not, in life?"

"Our girls certainly have the best time," I remarked.

"Indeed, yes. They can have men friends, and can think for themselves. It is wonderful. I know many Americans, and I love them for all they have done for our poor country. They are splendid and generous, only I

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wish, I wish——” She stopped and coloured. “What am I saying. Why should I criticize.”

“Why not,” I said. “Please go on, I want to hear, they are too——”

“I speak too much,” said Sylvia, dimpling and blushing more than ever. “What must you think of me.”

I saw she did not want to speak, so I changed the subject.

“By the way,” I remarked as the waiter brought the next course, “I don’t remember the name of the lady you are staying with. Is she an old friend?”

“Comtesse Saurien! No; hardly. I knew her a little, years ago. She and her mother stayed a whole winter in the same hotel with us. She was not married then, and quite by chance when I first returned to Paris we met, and she suggested we should take a flat together. Poor thing. She has lost her husband.”

“Comte Saurien!” I repeated thoughtfully. “I don’t remember the name. Surely she is not French?”

“She comes from Alsace,” said Sylvia, “and her accent is not quite French. I know what you mean. We all noticed it at first.”

“And you and she go to some Society together in the afternoon?” I said inquiringly. “You see what an inquisitive old man I am.”

Sylvia gave a little ripple of laughter very pleasant to hear.

“Indeed yes, and I am very pleased to answer. We go and pack parcels for hospitals. Mrs. Hopstall has a Society for sending things to the prisoners, and Madame Saurien is very much interested in it.”

“Capital! and so you tie up packages!”

“Yes, I and some other girls do the wrapping part. Madame Saurien is so clever she has charge of all our stores

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now, and selects what is to be sent. She packs them in boxes and all we have to do is to see them properly wrapped."

"I see," I said, and thought more. Who was this lady who called herself Comtesse Saurien? I was pretty sure there was no family of that name.

"She is a great friend of M. . . ." added Sylvia, mentioning a well-known Minister's name.

"Ah," I said, and changed the conversation.

We talked of many things, and had a really good time. It pleased me to see that as we chatted gaily Sylvia lost her sad look, and her face softened and glowed as for the moment she forgot her trouble.

"I am expecting Maurescon back on leave," I told her. "You will like my boy, I know."

"I have met him, I think." Sylvia pronounces "think" like *tink*, it is most fascinating. "Did he not come with you to the dear old château? I believe you called him Randy."

I had completely forgotten, and even then I could not recall the time she spoke of. Sylvia, whose life has been short, remembered everything.

"He was such a big nice boy," she went on, "and he gave me some stamps for my collection. You know what it is then to be anxious?" She spoke with a quick sweet sympathy.

Something in the tone of her voice brought home to me *how* anxious I had been and was. I rarely show my feelings, and few people ever imagine what I have gone through since Randy went to the war. I lit another cigarette with an unsteady hand as I said:

"I would not have him anywhere else. All I wish is that I were with him."

For a moment we were both silent. The hoot of a passing motor sounded jarringly outside. A Pom in the

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arms of a smart lady barked loudly. A fat bourgeois in the corner called for a second plate of oysters. While waiting for the fresh supply I saw his glance rest appreciatively on Sylvia's lovely face.

The old waiter, who knows me well, whispered to me the name of a well-known *industriel* who has been making enormous sums during the war. It is not wonderful that when the *poilus* return from the trenches, and find there are many of these men making money out of the war and reaping fortunes while they are giving their life-blood, there are mutterings of revenge, and talk of a new order of things.

At another table sat two officers, evidently home on leave, and profiting by the occasion to make a good meal. It is different in Germany, where a recent proclamation forbids officers on leave to eat in the restaurants of the town, "By reason of their enormous appetites out of proportion to the situation of the country." I think no one but a German could have written anything so naïve.

If anyone could collect the different orders issued by the German Government since the war, it would form an amusing book. Nothing is left to chance there. I am told, but I cannot absolutely vouch for the fact, that even when dead the honours paid you are regulated to the finest point. Thus, only emperors, kings and princes have a right to be sculptured on horseback. The horses are represented as fully aware of the weight and dignity they carry, they bow their heads humbly, and raise their right legs. Marshals, generals and statesmen ride, while inferior people, such as musicians, scientists, writers, and such-like, must walk, and are made slightly smaller in size. Manufacturers and merchants, unless they have subscribed largely to the war loan, may be perpetuated only in busts.

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Sylvia does not smoke ; she prefers bonbons. She is still such a child that her feminist ideas sit amusingly on her. I have long learnt by bitter experience to let people's theories and ideas religiously alone, and have thus become very popular. In fact, my advice is asked surprisingly often, and as I never give any I am always right whatever happens. It is the only way to please your friends. The sincere well-meaning honest people are the ones who come to grief in this world, and are always in hot water. What people really need in their friends is not sincerity or truth, but sympathy and agreement with their own views.

I fear Sylvia takes life too seriously for her happiness in the future. She is not vain, and will not understand that many women will be jealous of her being what they are not. All women if they had their choice would wish to be beautiful, while I, if I had a daughter, would have wished for her merely a pleasing face and moderate intelligence. But it is only when one is old that one sees life as it really is.

To all ardent natures I address that saying of a worldly wise Frenchman : " Glissez, mortels, n'appuyez pas."

Sylvia and I finished the afternoon looking at the exhibition of Raemaekers' cartoons. They are a trifle blood-thirsty for my taste, but perhaps they help to bring to people's minds a realization of the Hun's methods.

Donaldson liner torpedoed ; seventeen lives lost—six American.

I begin to have a faint suspicion that Sylvia's married life has not been the idyll I imagined. The merest suspicion, of course.

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November 2.

The flat below mine is occupied by a wealthy Madame Pim, the widow of a banker. At this moment she has gone South on a visit to her daughter-in-law and her servants are profiting by her absence to entertain their *fillesuls*. This entertaining involves a great deal of noise, and probably a great deal of expense to Madame Pim, but I own I am delighted when the noise of loud laughter testifies to the good time they are having. This system of *fillesuls* is really a charming one, and has meant, perhaps, the saving of many a lonely soldier. There is hardly a woman, poor or rich, who does not extend a helping hand to some soldier at the Front.

To the well-off, the duty of godmother means but a passing thought now and again to dispatch a parcel to the Front, but in many small homes the duty involves real sacrifice and love. When every cutlet and every egg is calculated down to a fine point, a man's hearty meal is to be reckoned with. I have an old acquaintance, Madame Soeler, who keeps a little stationery shop at the corner of the street. She is quite alone, and I know there have been times when paper and pens have sold badly, and when there have been hard corners to be rounded. Since the war things have not been easier, but she too has a *filleul*, and when he comes home on leave he is always sure of meals at Madame Soeler's. "Le pauvre petit," she says, her hard eyes softening, "it may be the last meal he will ever eat."

Then the Plobus downstairs have also *fillesuls*. I passed one only the other day going in swarthy and war worn. Madame Plobus has little fêtes for them. Once every month one of her six *fillesuls* comes from the Front, and a savoury smell of roast chicken floats up from her

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kitchen below. A chicken is a chicken these days, and on ordinary days the Plobus do not fare on such things as chicken and celery. It is their contribution to the war. Chickens cost nine or ten francs, even the very small ones, and fish for the moment is equally dear. Eight francs for two ordinary soles. There is a good reason for the rise in fish, for all the Brittany fisheries are momentarily at a standstill. But there is no question that both shopkeepers and merchants are exploiting the public and are making fortunes.

It is easy to get a *filleul*, every facility is put in your way. In most of the shops you see notices up telling you to apply for a *filleul* without home or relations at such and such address, and beneath, the words: "Every *filleul* will be recommended by his officer." Again, each of your servants has a relation or friend mobilized who is only too willing to become a *filleul*. A generous *marraine* properly worked is a gold-mine.

If by any chance you have escaped the penalty of a *filleul*, your friends get after you. They, especially the women, all have some one to recommend to you. "Such an interesting case, a Pole who plays divinely on the flute, and now he has lost two fingers and is broken-hearted, without a friend in the world." You take down the address of the flutist, and another lady comes up. "Oh, are you talking of *filleuls*? I have a most deserving man you must take. The whitest teeth you ever saw, so handsome, and manners! A clerk at Antwerp, and hasn't a soul to send him even a sardine," and so on and so on.

The discovery of *filleuls* opened up a great field for young women who have time and nothing else on their hands, and who have had all their customary amusements so summarily curtailed. The appeal of loneliness was one which quickly found its way to the feminine heart.

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There is a great run on aviators as *filleuls*, I notice ; something of daring and romance seems to hang round these birds of the air.

Sylvia, her heart softened by her own trouble, procured a *filleul* at once, and came to me the other day asking my advice as to how she was to address her protégé. What would be right ? she inquired, raising two large brown eyes to mine. I pondered. " Dear Monsieur " did not sound sympathetic, and " Dear Planchet " a little too familiar. Finally we decided on " Mon bon ami " as a safe and kindly formula, and I suggested as a signature, " Cordially yours." Sylvia translated this into " Avec les meilleurs souhaits." In the letter which she showed me she expressed a hope that his health was good, and inquired if he liked chocolate, and had plenty to eat. I suggested inquiries as to the weather, and hoped the mud was not deep. When we had finished this epistle we felt that we had hit off the right note, as the French express it. In an amazingly short time Sylvia received a reply, and I own I was somewhat amazed at its warmth : my *filleuls* express themselves with gratitude but much greater reserve. He wrote :

" MA CHÈRE AMIE ET MARRAINE,

" Your letter gave me heartfelt pleasure, and I hasten to assure you of my good health, and that I heartily and warmly return all your good wishes. I kiss your pretty hands. In reply to your interest so tender and so well timed, I shall be very contented to have . . . "

Here followed a long list, beginning with potted herring and ending with sausages. It was signed " Your all devoted, PAUL DENIS."

There was a *naïvete* and simplicity about the style that touched us, and with my assistance Sylvia sent off a rather

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large parcel, which was evidently satisfactory, as later she received a brass model of an aeroplane made from old cartridge cases. This work of art was preserved with great care.

Myself, I have had many *filleuls* and of every kind. I have had poets and painters, commercial travellers and carpenters. In the way of food their tastes I have found to be singularly alike. My poet made love to Angélique during one of his leaves, and I was surprised to see had actually made some impression. Angélique was not an admirer of my sex, and I can only attribute her passing penchant to the uniform and the novelty of the war. The love idyll went on for, perhaps, three leaves, during which time he indulged his passion for *tripes à la mode de Caen* to the full. Then something occurred ; what I do not know, but from hints Plumecoq dropped at intervals I gathered that the poet had been found paying attention to the daughter of the concierge next door, who is a really pretty girl. Considering Angélique's culinary worth, I think it was short-sighted of the poet. He still favours me with letters and specimens of his verses. One of the best runs as follows :

“ Voici d'jà plus d'un an
Que l'Empereur Allemand
Est venu dans ce pays
Dans l'intention de prendre Paris
Paris ne fut pas pris
Mais voici ce qu'on vit
Les Allemands d'un seul bond
Aller se faire rosser à St Gond
Et le fougueux Kaiser
Reculer derrière l'Yser
Alors pour se venger
Il voulut prendre Calais
Cela ne fut non plus vrai

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Avant d'y arriver, il rencontrera Jean Bart
Dont la male prestance
Forme un solide rempart
A notre beau pays de France ! ”

MEAUX,

Septembre, 1915.

He bears a charmed life and shot and shell pass him by. It is surprising what war discipline and the open air life does for some of the men. One poor little *filleur*, a thin hollow-chested boy of twenty, came to see me after his first six months at the Front, and I literally did not recognize him. He was transformed into a strong sturdy youth with an upright bearing and tanned sunburnt face. He would have been a good example for a patent medicine—before, and after. And in common with most patent medicines, the cure was dangerous. One wishes for the wide spaces one gets in America to tempt the boys into this life of the open, but then here in France the summers are often damp and cold for camping.

Every little work-girl has her godson, and saves up out of her slender store enough to send him occasionally a small parcel. The sending of these costs nothing, the Government delivers them free. Much sacrifice goes into these parcels and the little *marraines* work hard to be able to slip in extra dainties. Many do not even see their *filleurs* for some time, but there is a charm about an unknown correspondent which we all feel. Every name covers some possible romance, and the story of Cyrano is very true to life. The ugliest man can write the most charming letters. There have been delightful surprises on the days of *permission*, and, unavoidably, some grievous disappointments.

Tolson told us, the other day, the story of a young ménage that he knows about and which he swore really happened.

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The wife was thirty, that tragic age, still pretty, while the husband, a year or two older, was at the Front. Owing to some trouble his *permissions* were suspended temporarily. Just about the same time one of his friends became the envy of all his comrades by reason of the number and splendour of his parcels, and was much chaffed about his success. He was not a reserved man and described the charms of his *marraine* at great length. He was exceptionally lucky about getting leave and the love affair progressed apace.

At length, one unlucky day the two men had their leave together, and the husband, invited to dine by his friend in a moment of expansion, was introduced to his own wife, who had concealed her real name.

Amongst my *filleuls* I have three Senegalese and two Algerians. These men get nothing from home, and are as fond of sweets and chocolates as children. A Frenchman would rather have a cigarette first, last and all the time, but my Senegalese, I know, love chocolate best. Their large liquid eyes light up in an unmistakable way at the sight of anything sweet. Their patience is astonishing, and their gratitude; but there is often a strong strain of obstinacy, especially amongst the Algerians. When they once make up their mind against a thing they are as stubborn as mules. They are frankly and childishly vain, and are like their cousins, our negroes.

One a Tirailleur, I first met in a hospital where he was being treated for a fractured thigh. While I was there the nurse brought in a raw egg for another patient, and being suddenly called away left it for an instant by his bedside. My Tirailleur snatched it up, there was the sound of an indrawn breath, and egg-shell and all had disappeared.

These sons of the sun have all the fatalism of the East.

One of them said to his nurse, who he saw was sad and

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worried, "Be pretty and sweet, mademoiselle, and never think of the morrow. The clouds are not everlasting."

The nurse *was* very pretty and sweet, and her patients were all devoted to her. Before one of them left he made the following little speech. "Come to Algeria, Mademoiselle Pretty. Come soon and we will make a place on the sand for you to sit, and cover it with flowers so that the stones will not hurt you."

A Senegalese funeral is wonderfully impressive, perhaps because of the whole-hearted feeling of the cortège. I was staying in the centre of France last summer near a place where there were several hospitals containing Colonial troops, when I first saw one.

It was towards four o'clock, the quietest time of the day. The streets were deserted except for a few soldiers who lounged lazily under the shelter of the plane-trees. I could hear nothing but the pawing hoofs of the horses attached to the waiting fiacres, and tortured by the flies.

Then came a faint sound, a sound that took me back far away to the East with its picturesqueness and glamour. Louder it grew, and up the street came a procession. The singing, half a wail and half a chant, dissolved itself into distinct words, "La Allah, Allah, illah Allah." Plaintive and musical the words flowed from the full, sensuous lips as they toiled up the steep street. For this was a funeral, and the burial place was to be at the top of the hill which overlooked the tiny town.

In the midst of the shifting group of brown figures with their brilliant fezes, one caught glimpses of a stretcher. There was no coffin, and in view of all lay a long figure wrapped in white linen, tied up with a cord. The head, also covered in white cloths, lay just over the edge of the stretcher. The followers from time to time caught up the dust from the road and scattered it over their bodies,

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chanting, always chanting. On their faces was the hushed awe of the unknown.

Fate had taken Sidi Ysouf from them. He had received his wounds honourably in battle and the great Mahomet was awaiting him with houris beyond compare. Allah, Allah, Illah.

Lucky Sidi Ysouf, who was already in that Paradise.

My last *filleur* is a cuirassier. I discovered him in a canteen in the Quartier Latin, where free meals are provided. He had been seriously ill, and only out of hospital three days. He was without money, and the state of his pocket-book was revealed in his hungry eyes. Out of his pocket he produced two pencil cases made from a piece of shell, and rather shamefacedly asked me to accept them. It was an excuse which served, and as I slipped some money into his hand I put also my card. He came soon after. Angélique took him in hand and saw that he was fitted out with some warm underwear. When he came into my room to make his adieux, I saw his glance travel round the walls with a curious appraising value, and presently he expressed his admiration for a small enamelled triptych of the fourteenth century. I was struck with the man's knowledge, for it is one of the best things I possess and generally passes unnoticed except by connoisseurs. I found he was a well-known antiquary, who had lost practically everything. Some German soldiers, soon after their entry into Antwerp, knowing beforehand of his shop, and that it contained things of value, quietly arrived one evening and looted the place, sending everything to Germany. He had previously buried a few of his greatest treasures, but was full of anxiety and fear lest they, too, might have been discovered after his departure, for the Germans have now found a way to tell where things are hidden. They throw water on the ground, and the way

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the cracks absorb the water reveals plainly the disturbed earth. Tears of rage and hate came to his eyes as he related the loss of all his cherished collection. "Monsieur," he said to me, "when I think of those things I collected with such care now sold to all parts for the benefit of those *canailles*, I feel as if I should go mad. I had a Spanish Virgin, pure twelfth century, an exquisite bit of carving. I prayed them to leave me that, just that, it said nothing to them, for they could not appreciate its beauty, but no. We shall get even with them some day, monsieur, and if my Virgin is not destroyed I will find her."

I do not know whether to count Grégoire as a *filleul*. He is really part of the household, and if he has nothing to eat except what we send him, must do well. He has, in fact, grown fat since the war, and when he was last in Paris, I told him frankly he had grown five years younger. He replied that he felt it.

"The only thing that worries me," he remarked, "is that Monsieur is not properly attended to."

He has a latent jealousy of Plumecoq, and in the trenches I am sure he reflects on cold nights of the latter's comfortable quarters.

"Are the Boches as confident as ever, Grégoire?" I inquired.

"The officers, yes, monsieur, but the men are sadly discouraged; the last prisoners we brought in were in misery right enough. For every prisoner we take we get a *permission*, and there are many surrendering now."

It seems that Grégoire, who is not young, is proportionately cunning, and is often selected by his officers to carry out a difficult scouting commission. He drew me a map of the trenches, and the position of the outposts. I tried to picture Grégoire in these surroundings, and failed completely. The life of an indoor servant does not develop

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pluck, and yet here was Grégoire the immaculate, who hated to go out in the rain to post a letter, and who was invariably the picture of woe during my short visits to the country, this same Grégoire in a dirty blue suit up to his knees in mud, and exposed to all the unkindness of the weather, who now spoke of war with a certain respectful enthusiasm. There must be something in this game of war which appeals to us men. I know myself, even at my age, there are moments when I long to be with the others at the Front, doing and fighting. The women have always said that theirs was the hardest part to remain at home and wait, and now I know they are right.

November 12.

I lunched with the Princess de S. to-day. She is the best hostess I know, and manages to collect everything of real interest that floats through Paris at her table. In old days she would have had a famous *salon*, but now the days of *salons* are over. No one is witty, but a few old people who seem quite out of place in this pushing striving world, a world which is far too busy to find time to think of and place a *bon mot*. The Princess de S. has one of the most beautiful houses in Paris. It is absurdly out of proportion to her own size, which is that of a good-sized doll. Quantities of tough reddish hair surround a pale face, with deep-set small blue eyes which see everything and nothing. This does not sound much as I write it, but, then, there is the personality, the wonderful soul which inhabits that small body and which you feel from one end of the *salon* to the other.

Also the perfect manners, and the charm. Charm which without effort she wields over every one who comes within

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her radius. She and I are old friends, we saw the bad days of 1870, and the great siege. She knew me as a smart young officer in those days, for I, too, have done my share for France, and she still calls me sometimes in fun "Maréchal." The nickname has a story attached to it which is too long to go into here.

To return to the lunch. There were about fourteen people present, and it fell to my lot to sit next a Russian lady who had recently escaped from Belgium. Her husband had escaped in the early part of the war across the Dutch Frontier, before the wires were charged with electricity. Months passed and she had been unable to follow him. It had been an anxious time. Looking at her pale thin face, I could readily believe it, especially as she had two young and pretty daughters.

The manner of her escape interested me, and I understood why my hostess had placed me next to her. Madame B. had those wonderful Russian eyes which to me have always a special individuality. The French eyes are smiling, vivacious, sometimes a little hard, but the Russian's whole soul glows in their irises of dark reddish brown. They are full of a latent fire, of force, of vitality, held in restraint but burning ever.

As Madame B. spoke, through her vivid power of expression, the whole past, those days she had lived through, became very real to me. Determined to leave Belgium at all hazards, she had first been to see a Belgian doctor, a man she had known for years, and they discussed her best chance of counterfeiting illness. It seems that the Germans have a peculiar horror of tuberculosis, and have looked on its increase amongst their people in late years with keen anxiety. If Madame B. could succeed in convincing them that she was really affected with the disease, there was hope that she might be given her passports.

But there is a long step between a perfectly healthy woman, which Madame B. was at the time, and a woman dying of tuberculosis. The doctor, however, laid out a régime and diet to be followed regularly, and Madame B. started it.

Once in every week she fasted entirely for forty-eight hours ; the rest of the time she ate not only sparingly but only of toast. Water she was allowed in small quantities. Indeed, she suffered more from thirst than hunger. She cultivated a perpetual dry, short, hacking cough till it became a second nature, also fits of gasping when she recovered each breath with difficulty and pain.

The doctor gave her medicine, making her perspire freely. At the end of a month she had lost nearly half her weight, and had set up such an irritation in her lungs that the cough was no longer an imaginary one. The doctor decided that the moment had come. He gave her final directions telling her how to describe every symptom, and her name was sent in. Two days later she was summoned before three doctors. The examination went on for two hours. She was sounded with her arms raised, and with them dropped, and in every position. Twice they had to stop, or she would have fainted. Finally, at the end, feeling unable to wait to hear her fate, Madame B. put a question with a woman's cunning :

" Herr G., my doctor, tells me that my right lung is gone irremediably, and there is but little hope for me. What is your opinion ? "

" Madame," he replied, " I regret to tell you that both lungs are in a hopeless condition."

Never was such a verdict so joyfully received. A week later Madame B. and her two daughters were on their way to Davos in Switzerland, from which place they were sent on to Paris. Can the stage show a better piece of acting ?

There have been some remarkable escapes from Belgium,

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which will form plots for thousands of future novels, but they require the distance of time to give them reality and glamour. The past has thundered by on the wings of the hurricane, and the present lies quivering with us. The foundations of our lives are shaken, and the days and months as they slip by leave us trembling with uncertainty. How is it possible to write of Fancy when Force is tearing at our very vitals? The novels I glance at now which treat of the war seem so pallid, so unconvincing. Will future generations when they read in their histories of the Battle of the Marne, of Verdun, and of the Somme realize what they mean to us now, or will they appear to them like the Napoleonic wars do to us, as a great game of chess, the interest centred in the principal figure. One can read of the bloodiest of battles, and unless you have been in them, drenched with the blood of the fallen, and tortured by the cries of the wounded, they convey but little of the real horror.

In this war one has seen poets born on the battlefield and uneducated men draw pen pictures that envelop us with a living atmosphere, while men who have written all their lives things of imagination, fail miserably when it comes to depicting reality.

Every one knows that after a certain point one cannot feel, and it is the same with the hearing of horrors and witnessing them. We are all unconsciously growing callous. Stories told me at the beginning of the war which turned me cold now do not impress me in the same way.

When I said good-bye to the Princess, she detained me for a moment.

"And the Rumanian situation? What are they thinking of?"

"The last news is good," I said. "They are doing well. What do you fear?"

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She shot a glance at me and her lips tightened.

"This time next month, they, the Germans, will be in Bucharest, my friend. That is what I fear."

M. de C. came up at this moment, so I kissed her hand and left, but her last words had made me very uncomfortable. At the Club, however, every one was feeling rather more cheerful.

I played a couple of rubbers, and then walked up to see Sylvia. I had not met her since we had lunched together, and I was genuinely pleased to see her looking brighter and better. I told her the little news I had heard. Madame Saurien was out, and when I asked after her Sylvia's face clouded over slightly. I did not discuss her this time. I felt that before long Sylvia would have something to tell me. For the moment I felt I had said all I could.

After a little I suggested a run round in my car which was waiting outside to the Entrepôt des Dons at the Porte Dauphine, where I had to give some directions. She had not seen these huts before and was delighted with them. They certainly looked very trim, smartly painted, with their little square garden in front. The French cannot touch anything without endeavouring to give it something of beauty. The tiny trees in their red tubs and neat green railings reminded one of a toy for children in their stiff prettiness. But the best of all is the thought that inside those square planked buildings are piles and piles of warm shirts, socks, and every kind of garment for the men at the Front, and in the hospitals.

A large dirigible was sailing over us very low as we left the place. It was the biggest I have yet seen, and almost rivalled a Zeppelin. It looked like a huge yellow sausage before it is cooked. We could see the men distinctly and heard the sound of their voices in the clear air.

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November 15.

I had just come back from my morning's work with the Society whose accounts I superintend, and Plumecoq had placed an excellent omelet before me, when the door-bell sounded, and a note was brought me from the Ministry of War.

Maurescon was seriously wounded. Though I have prepared myself again and again for the possibility of this, it was not less terrible when it came. For the moment I could not see the things on the table before me, my old eyes were so blurred. Perhaps I had allowed myself to hope, and now, and now, seriously wounded. What did that mean? It was not "dangerously." "Buck up!" I said to myself. "Now is the time you can be useful to your boy." All that afternoon I was telegraphing here and there, trying to find out when he would arrive, and arranging to have him taken to the hospital in the Champs-Élysées, where I knew M., the great surgeon, would operate if necessary and where he would have the best of care. At length I got a decisive reply saying Maurescon would reach Paris the next morning at ten.

Then followed long waiting hours of anxiety. The whole of my small household shared my suspense, but Angélique, though devoted to Bertrand from the days when she surreptitiously supplied him with cake, kept a smiling front, and came in to tell me that I was not to *inquiéter* myself, as *la jeunesse* recovered from most things, and Monsieur Bertrand had the real fighting spirit. Besides, was not the *bon Dieu* still ruling things overhead. Her faith and courage I am sure did me good, but I do not like to think of those long hours that night.

I remember the long corridors with their uniform white and chilly passages, impregnated with the sickly odour of

formaline, and the room on the right. On the bed the tall figure with its head bandaged.

"Hullo, Randy!"

"Hullo, Sieur!"

Bertrand had always called me "Sieur" from his boyhood days.

That was all, and a strong clasp of the hand. He could not see me, but the fingers as they clutched mine tightly told me much.

"They say I've got to have my head opened," he remarked in a casual tone. "Got a piece of shell inside that I don't need. Will you come and see me through, Sieur?"

"Of course," I said. "They do these operations so often nowadays. We shall have you up and walking round in no time now you're here."

"Oh, yes; I shall be all right," Bertrand said.

In the passage I spoke to the nurse. She looked so cool and confident, in her immaculate white, that subtly she gave me courage.

"Tell me," I said, "about my boy. Is it, is it?"

"Serious, yes," replied the vision in white. "There is a piece of shell lodged in the skull, and the doctor fears an abscess as he is suffering so much pain. He is to be X-rayed soon, and the surgeon will perform the operation this afternoon."

"At what time?"

"At half-past three. Do you wish to be present?"

I nodded. She must have seen something in my face, for she said brightly:

"You must not worry yourself. We have had many of these cases and we nearly always have good success. M. de Maurescon is in such splendid condition, there is no reason in the world why he should not pull through."

Outside, the Champs-Élysées was veiled in mist, a

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dreary impenetrable drizzle. I went home to lunch, ate blindly without tasting and sat smoking drearily till half-past two, then I got into the motor and drove back to the hospital.

A young surgeon, who was to assist, met me. I haven't the faintest recollection of what he said or what I said. I remember his clothing me in a long white linen coat, and of my placing my own overcoat in a room full of pails, dishes and towels. Everything smelt of chloroform, and in some vague distant way I wondered how long it would be before my overcoat would cease to retain a perfume wherever it went.

Then there was a wait. Dr. M. came in and showed me some plates of my boy's head with the dark patch of the shell in the corona.

"It is a curious case," he remarked. "I think you will be interested." Here followed a medical description which I need not repeat. I dislike medical descriptions myself. I always feel that the less I know of myself the better for my own peace of mind. The little knowledge in this direction that has been thrust upon me since the war has filled me with astonishment that we are any of us alive at all.

Dr. M. had not finished his dissertation when the low carriage with Bertrand was wheeled in, and he was lifted on to the operating table. A nurse was unwinding the bandage. A big wound showed.

I took hold of his hand while they were tying the straps.

"Awfully good of you, Sieur," said Bertrand, "to come and see me cut up. I've left a letter for you if everything doesn't go just right."

"I'm here to see that it does," I said in a confident manner, and was surprised at the firmness of my own voice. "You know you always said I was your best doctor."

"Well, I want you to know, *Sieur*, I've had a perfectly ripping time. I want to take you up in my new Spad——"

I saw his lips smile, and then a voice said close by :

"Breathe slowly, and inhale."

Over his head was the mask. His chest heaved convulsively for a few moments, and his hand tightened and relaxed, then he breathed more regularly. The nurse tested the eyes, and the doctors who had now put on their masks like yashmuks approached, and pinned up the cloths with forceps. The surgeon took up a knife and in an instant the white linen was stained with blood.

My first thought was how it must have hurt, then the motionless figure brought home to me the fact that Bertrand was far away. Where had his mind removed itself in those few minutes? Was it lying asleep a few inches from that busy knife? Was he feeling it in some strange condition, conscious of pain but not of cause?

The doctor was speaking, giving some order, and the nurse handed him a thing that looked like a clamp, but which surgeons term a *trepan*. This formidable instrument was placed on the top of the skull, and turned rapidly round, making a hole. Then with some strong forceps he removed pieces of the skull bit by bit till finally one piece came away bearing with it the piece of shell, the cause of all the trouble. That that bit of stuff could have caused so much mischief!

The nurses chatted in whispers, and the *infirmiers* were even making small jokes about something between themselves. No one seemed to feel that we were close to a fellow creature on the borderland of death. The surgeon worked skilfully and quickly, calmly and surely.

Never do I wish to see another operation. When it was all over and my poor Bertrand was laid again in his white bed, I wandered miserably out again. I had been

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assured that all was well, but certainty was in no man's power to give.

November 16.

The operation of yesterday had been an ordeal for me. I realized that when I awoke this morning at three o'clock after a few hours' restless and uneasy sleep. If once my mind begins to take hold of a subject and worry at it, sleep is over and I know it.

Last night I found that my mind, in that independent and tiresome way she has, had started to think over every detail of the past operation, and the possibilities of Randy's non-recovery.

I always think of my mind as a she, because of her complete independence and self-will. When awake I can best her and keep her fairly safe on the lines of an argument; but at night, good Lord, she roves around half in dream-land and half awake and we tear together wildly from one world to the other. She is cunning, very, and when I think I have dismissed a disturbing thought, and turned my bald head on the pillow, she slips in an idea as easily as one slides a letter into the pillar-box, and that little idea is generally of a nature to keep one awake for a good hour.

My friends have all given me recipes for sleeplessness. One man who had lived much in the East recommended lying on one's back and staring at the ceiling just behind your head. This is quite difficult to accomplish, and your mind is so taken up by the difficulty of the thing that before you know it you are asleep.

Another suggestion is to tie a wet handkerchief round your wrist: a horrid remedy, as its only effect is to make nasty damp patches on your sheets.

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A professor told me he had an infallible plan. It was to raise his hands over his head and think hard of Logarithms ; when the arms dropped, he was asleep.

The best plan of course is to relax, but how difficult that is. I have sat watching Rominagrobis asleep, stretched out with an absolute relaxation of each limb. I have tried to emulate that cat, but my joints are too old, and after many failures I end by cursing the peaceful animal.

Early this morning I lay and thought of Maurescon and wondered how things were with him. To have one's head cut open is not given to every man mercifully. One's head is sacred to grave and great thoughts, and it comprises the *I* which we all so ardently worship.

I drank the excellent coffee which Plumecoq placed carefully by my side, and ignoring the heavy and aggressive sigh I knew was intended as sympathy, I skimmed the morning paper. But after I had laid it down I found I knew nothing of its contents and snatched it up again.

Were the Rumanians still retreating ? They were, and the fog outside seemed suddenly to become blacker.

November 22.

To-day when I left the hospital, I thought the world looked wondrous beautiful. Two men passed me laughing and talking, and I laughed too, echoing their merriment out of sheer joy, and was pulled up sharply to a recollection that I was in a public street by the stony glare of an elderly lady. "Lunatic." I could almost hear the word she had on her lips. But Randy was better, out of danger, and I have been assured there is not the slightest doubt of his complete recovery. I have once more to assist at the

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operation of having the plate affixed, but that is not for some days. The past week with all its anxiety, its black doubts and fears, is behind me. Before us shines the sun!

There is good and bad news from the Front. The Rumanian Front is broken and the Germans have reached the Orsova-Craiva railway. On the other hand, the Allies have retaken Monastir! This is great. I have devised a new scheme for watching the progress of the war. Each day I mentally balance the collective advance, gain or loss of the Allies in one scale, and in the other I place those of the Central Powers. I balance with the true and impartial hand a neutral should have, but I find myself at convenient moments like Wilson, shutting my eyes. To-day the German scale is not so heavy. Altogether a good day.

I spoke too soon. One of the first letters I opened on my return was from Switzerland. The Geneva Red Cross have at last been able to discover the whereabouts of Courtier, and have found that he died five months ago in Magdeburg prison, of typhus. And I had to tell Sylvia! I felt I could not write to the poor child. I might not put the thing gently enough. Madame Saurien I did not feel was the right person. I thought of all the women we knew in common, and then the name of Madame E. came into my mind. She has been one of the real angels of this war. She has done more good than any woman I know of, and yet you never hear her name. In her work there is no self advertisement or the bitter quarrelling with which one has got to associate Relief Funds during the war.

I wrote Madame E. a hurried line begging her to break the news to Sylvia. I knew there was much sympathy between them, and that my appeal to help the poor little widow would meet with a ready and willing response. Then I sent it round by the chauffeur. I had hardly done so when the telephone rang and I heard the news that Charles L.

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has had a motor smash. Poor chap, I am not surprised, he never could drive, and he collided with a military *camion*, which crushed his poor little machine like an egg-shell.

November 26.

E. at the Embassy lent me some German comic papers to look at. They had reached him by America. It was interesting to get some idea of how German humour was flourishing during the war. I wondered if suffering, which so often spiritualizes a people, had done any work of the kind on the German spirit, but I searched in vain for any sign of change. Except for some crude and very vulgar pictures directed against England and indicative of the strafing they would like to give her and couldn't, the drawings were almost solely confined as usual to the subject of eating and drinking.

A picture showing some one whose plate is covered with good things has just had his head shot away. Another, a picture of some officers, full of the usual Prussian swank, sitting down to a large meal while a crowd of people, probably conquered tribes, look hungrily on. I noticed that the lack of supplies talked of in Germany has apparently not much effect. The forms were as bowl-like and as unrestrained as ever.

The caricatures of Lloyd George and Grey, their pet aversions, were merely Apaches in English disguise. A Viennese paper publishes a cartoon, ridiculing the English wait-and-see policy, in which John Bull is reaching up to a laurel tree far above him, and these words underneath :

Asquith : " Time is our greatest ally."

John Bull : " Damnation ! This eternal waiting has made it grow so high that I can no longer reach it."

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The pictures of blood and fire which adorned the shop windows in Paris at the beginning of the war have disappeared to a great extent. It is the cinema now which revels in horrors. In Germany, I believe, every film is subject to the strictest supervision, and lately only love stories and military subjects are allowed. Cinema love stories are the last word in banality, but they are better at any rate than black hand robberies and murders.

We are still hearing of the great lack of fat in Germany, and in connection with the shortage of this article an amusing thing happened the other day. A German Company who had been giving some Wagnerian operas in Holland, prepared to re-enter Germany, and the necessary visit to the *douane* revealed some surprising things.

The singers were endeavouring to convey to their Fatherland fats which their soul loved. Brunnhilde had her breastplate full of lard and her shield lined with delicate slices of bacon ; while Siegfried, already of goodly size, had sausages arranged as a cartridge belt round his imaginary waist. Lohengrin had filled his white swan with butter. Alberich's helmet held cheese. Kundry did not let her hair down as the wig concealed sugar, and though she lifted her voice in grief when led off to be searched, she was singularly off the key, and Parsifal would have failed to recognize it.

Though no musician, I am a lover of music, and realize the debt we owe Wagner for what he did for the orchestra ; that power of magically calling at will, out of a warring storm and tempest of sound, entrancing harmonies. But, oh, those obese Teuton gods and goddesses, could they but fade away for ever into the same *Götterdämmerung* as the Kaiser and his dynasty.

When I think of the interminable duologues grunted forth between greybeards, and the long and tiresome domestic

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discussions between Wotan the gay and shrewish Fricka, I feel that their disappearance is one of the many good things promised us as the result of victory. I can hear people saying, women specially, "What nonsense the man talks," but I have had too many confidences made me, at the Metropolitan and other opera houses, to be in any doubt as to how the average man feels towards Wagnerian opera.

It seems curious to remember now, that only in January, 1914, all Paris went to hear the first representation of "Parsifal." The great white staircase was ablaze with light, and the municipal guards stood in their full glory at its foot. The house was crowded, even the *strapontins* were sold out long before the night. The President himself was present, and when the orchestra gave forth the first notes of "Parsifal," that greatest of all German operas, the audience listened in rapt suspense. A veritable long delayed triumph. In another five years Germany, or rather Prussia, would have dominated France without shedding a drop of blood. The Allies will see that Europe is not Hun-ridden, but how about America? Her troubles are all in the future, and she will inevitably have the death struggle the older nations have gone through. Brazil has already undertaken the regulation of the Huns. We have to set our house in order, and will Wilson prove a good housewife?

Lately I have been studying Goethe, as well as many other German writers, striving to see further into that curious mentality of the Hun. Goethe himself was fully aware of some of the distressing faults of his countrymen, as he remarks, "The Germans with whom what is vulgar is more apt to prevail than with other nations," but he suggests no way for their improvement, perhaps he considered it impossible! I think a lack of humour is responsible for most vulgarity and bad manners. Could a Hun see himself as visitors to his country so frequently do, with

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his napkin under his chin devouring sausage and *Sauerkraut* in his own inimitable manner, what a salutary effect it might have.

Goethe's mother was a woman of practical common sense. Her husband is said to have been a very unprepossessing man, and with regard to her marriage she made this remark, "When you have to swallow the devil, shut your eyes, and swallow him whole." It was in this way she accepted Herr Goethe, and it is this spirit of submission to fate and mankind, including the Kaiser, which has been of such assistance to the nation during the war.

The Germans wish to be the schoolmasters of the world. Their literature teems with this desire. Even Zarathustra could not remain a hermit for long. He felt that such wisdom as his was too good to be lost on a mountain top. It may be also that he was tired of the food provided for him by the eagle and the serpent; anyhow down he came to teach the world the proper way to live. And people have a rooted objection to being taught, which starts from their childhood days, and becomes more pronounced with age. In Germany the children start in at once with kindergartens, and the dream of every well brought up little girl is to be a governess, and to strafe some day English and French children, a dream so far which has too often been realized.

The evening news tells me that the Venizelists have declared war on Bulgaria. It reminds one of a Pom snapping. Also Constantine has shown temper, and refused to hand over war materials to the Allies.

Sylvia writes to ask me to see her to-morrow. Madame E. says she bore the news bravely. I wonder if my vague suspicion has any truth in it.

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November 28.

I went to see Sylvia yesterday. In the black of her widow's dress, with its slight relief of white, she looked younger than ever. She was very pale and her mouth was drawn like that of a child in trouble, but she was quite composed and talked quietly and naturally about her loss. Maybe it is really a relief from the uncertainty and anxiety of the past months. What the history of her married life was I shall probably never know, but of one thing I am certain—Sylvia is not mourning a dearly-loved husband. Why during those months he was prisoner had Courtier never written !

I asked if she intended staying with Madame Saurien, and she replied, rather drearily, that she thought so for the present. The house was near the hospital where she worked and she was little at home. Not content with working all day, she has undertaken fresh duties at night. At the Gare La Chapelle ! I remonstrated, but my words fell on sweet but deaf ears.

When I talked it over with Randy to-day, he remarked sagely :

"She'll work till she's ill and then she'll rest. Women have no sense of proportion."

This is all very well, but Randy has never seen Sylvia.

I felt tired to-day. I think the last ten days have tried me more than I realized, for Bertrand said suddenly :

"You've grown older, *Sieur*. Are you all right ? You never told me you had been ill."

At my age grief and worry leave their mark, and a permanent one. But what do I care ! My boy is well.

Angélique is longing to have him at home that she may cook for him. She has no opinion of the hospital cuisine, and is certain that Monsieur Bertrand needs more nourish-

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ment. The night of the operation was the first time I have ever known her to fail in a *souffle*, a dish which is her special pride. It is a real grief to her to know that Randy is in Paris and she not able to cook for him.

Angélique is a Frenchwoman of the old-fashioned order. My mother brought her from *province* when she first came to live in Paris, and she will, I expect, remain with me till I die. It is a joy to me to hear her remarks to Plumecoq, who is not a Parisian. Secretly she respects him for the sacrifice of his nose in the cause of his country, but she never allows him to perceive this. The absent Grégoire now he is far away has become a perfect creature. This he is by no means in reality, but his manners and ability are dinned for ever into Plumecoq's ears. Not that Plumecoq cares. Immersed in perpetual gloom he goes about his work silently, drearily. It was some weeks after Plumecoq entered my service that I discovered his real ambition, for it is not only war-workers who have their ambitions!

Finding one day in my left boot a cock made of wood, I questioned him, and found that his dream one day is to become a toy-maker. It is certainly not as unrealizable as many dreams, and there is now such a revival in France of the toy trade. The Comtesse de B.'s Society is doing much to help in the encouragement of artistic toys.

The cock was not life-like. Indeed, had it not been for the fact that "Le Coq" was painted on its sides in large black letters, I might not have discovered it was a bird. But a trade is not learnt in a day, and Plumecoq is only twenty-six, and has time to learn. So many of our *mutilés* are doing marvels in delicate handiwork.

The poor fellow's face lighted up when he spoke of his toys, and before I was aware of it I found myself praising the weird bird which had issued from such an odd place. I have a strange weakness for seeing people smile, and when

for the first time I saw Plumecoq's mouth broaden I lied freely.

Plumecoq alludes sometimes to Angélique as "*cette bavarde*"; and he is right. It is that peerless creature's one fault, and yet how much amusement would be lost to me where she more taciturn.

I remember one day, the year of the great floods, a man had come in to attend to a lock which had gone wrong. Angélique was superintending proceedings, and while the lock was being adjusted an animated conversation took place. Naturally the floods were the chief topic of conversation, and Angélique described graphically her astonishment at the sight of the big hole in the Boulevard Haussmann.

"That is nothing!" declared the man. "If these *sacré* floods continue, it is probable the whole of the quarter will disappear in the same manner."

"In that case," declared Angélique with a perfect scream of excitement, "Paris will be no place for me."

"Mais, mademoiselle," said the man, "what are you saying? Il faut suivre le mouvement."

This is of course very French, and typical of the delightful manner the nation has of seeing every misfortune through witty spectacles.

There has been a rumour that we are to have cards for sugar. I had not paid attention to this, but Angélique, determined not to be caught napping, took measures to protect our household.

On entering the hall, one afternoon, Madame Plobus came out of her den, and entreated "Monsieur" to wait an instant as the elevator was employed in taking some cases to his *appartement*. Six heavy boxes had arrived and as the back elevator was not running, etc., etc. On entering my flat I found the hall near the kitchen banked up

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with boxes. They contained sugar bought by Angélique.

I pointed out to her that this could not be. She was upsetting the normal distribution of sugar, and interfering with the plans laid down by our excellent Government. I spoke at some length describing the situation to her, and at the end of my little explanation, she looked at me and said ;

“ Parfaitement, monsieur, but every one in the *quartier* is doing it, and Monsieur must not be deprived of his *entremets*.”

“ You must send these cases back to-morrow, Angélique,” I said again sternly.

She smiled that charming and disarming smile of hers.

“ Très bien, monsieur ! ”

The next morning the cases had disappeared. Where she disposed of them I have never found out, but on my next bill figured the amount : “ To 6 Cases of sugar, frs. 64.”

December 3.

“ Whew ! ” declared Tolson as he struck a match with the same amount of force he would have used to shut a window. “ What do you think of the news, Gregory ? I have been telling you for weeks, haven’t I ”—appealing to me—“ that this would happen ? And now it *has*. A second St. Bartholomew’s Eve, and who is to blame ? The Allies, of course, talking and delaying. We want actions and not words ! ”

Gregory smiled condescendingly.

“ You *must* remember, my dear Tolson, that these things cannot be arranged in a day. We shall have the Greeks where we want them before long.”

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Tolson fired up as usual.

"After all our men have been killed, I suppose. My God, what a massacre! All the houses of the Venizelists looted and pillaged, and their owners seized by the mob and killed. The treacherous brutes."

"Perhaps," said Sollanges quietly, "the Reservists did some very necessary work. Letting a little Greek blood run occasionally has never done any harm."

"The French are roused over the killing of her sailors. There will be something done now. They just walked into the trap so neatly laid for them," said Slight.

"We may be having the same thing in America," said Emmin, an American, who had just come in. "Curtin's articles are just straight fact, and if they would wake us up to the situation over there it would be a good thing."

He glanced at Slight and paused—there had been some old story of Slight's name having been originally Schlicht.

"You needn't mind me," said Slight frankly, "my parents were Dutch; but I'm for America right through."

"I was going to say," went on Emmin, "that the way Germany teaches the doctrine of hate to her children in school is almost unbelievable to inhabitants of a free country, and in some towns in the States they have started the same thing there. And as to their system of propaganda so quiet, so silent; it is wonderful!"

"When we think," ~~said~~ ^{added} Sollanges, who is always very pat at statistics, "that at the end of the nineteenth century the Germans were increasing in number in the States, and look now on their power and wealth in 1916, and their influence on the general election, it makes one a little bit uneasy."

"How do you account for it?" I said.

"It's the German American National Alliance that's done it—200,000 followers all working in German interests, and

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the amount of literature would stagger you! Early in this century all cities with German citizens began to be flooded with written matter, photographs of the Hohenzollern family, the Kaiser and his moustache specially. Then the people were urged to speak German at home instead of American, and in the schools they began to teach them in German too. We had Germans at all the Universities teaching our boys. Do you realize that there are towns right now of large size in the States entirely German in thought, in schools, theatres and newspapers, and do you think this is consistent with the ideas of American citizenship?"

"I think you make too much of it," said Tolson, who looked quite annoyed. "We believe in individual freedom, and up to now the Germans have made pretty good citizens."

"The Germans have been practically starting a Colony over there, my dear Sir. The Kaiser looked well ahead, and saw the time when America would be one of their largest possessions."

Gregory winked at me, and Tolson exploded immediately.

"Let me tell you right now," he said, "the United States is not proposing to be the Colony of any nation. We're the most powerful nation on earth, and if we had a President who had a bone in his back, instead of a rubber tube, we should be in a different position to-day."

"Wilson will live in history as the biggest man America has had yet," declared Gregory.

Tolson cast a glance at him, drank his whisky and soda which was waiting in front of him, and departed.

Opinions vary about Wilson. Many Americans over here who are heart and soul with the Allies find the present conditions more than trying.

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December 5.

The Rumanians are being steadily driven back by Mackensen, Bucharest is evacuated, and the German troops are expected to occupy it in twenty-four hours. So the Princess's prophecy has come true ! Whole regiments have been bought. Sollanges talked to me for an hour at the Club, tracing out a whole scheme of treachery and intrigue. What he told me will all come out some day. When Slight remarked that he wished he had the control of affairs for a day or two, we all sympathized with him.

The sale of antiques began yesterday. The very fine Gobelins tapestry, seventeenth century, presented by the Comtesse Valencia de Don Juan, fell to M. Schutz at Frs. 31,000, and was again put up, and after some more bidding fell again to him at Frs. 67,000 ! So far there is every reason to be satisfied with the result of the sale, and I hope the money will be realized to buy the Mardor property for the consumptives. The increase of consumption in Paris is very alarming.

I secured two things I had set my heart on. Madame de Bion, who wanted one of them, nearly lost her temper, and remarked casually that it showed in her opinion a want of feeling to be adding to collections in war-time. It annoyed me for the moment, but after I got home I thought the thing out and decided that there was a great deal of pose about this attitude. Because the whole of Europe is on fire there is no reason why we should not try and preserve what we can of its artistic treasures. The spending of money on personal luxury is a different question. A work of art is never really possessed by anyone. One may live with it, idolize it, and appreciate it, but it remains a thing apart, regarding us with friendly eyes, but ready to bestow its beauty and charm on succeeding owners and generations.

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There is a desperate cry from the laundresses of Paris, becoming louder every day. They state that unless they can get coal and starch at reasonable prices they must close down. For some weeks past my shirts have been done in a manner which would have enraged me formerly. I must be acquiring patience. Now I say nothing, or at most make a few gentle reproaches to Angélique, who breaks forth into a stream of words :

“ Yes, with a *majoration* of ten per cent, and yet not satisfied. It is incredible ! I spoke my mind to Madame Dufleur who is a *coquine de coquines*.”

Madame Dufleur is the *blanchisseuse*.

Faint echoes reach me through the padded door I had made long ago to defend me from any such speakings. Angélique is such a treasure to a lonely man like myself that a trifle like a loud voice must be forgotten. She watches over my interests and, while lining her own nest, permits no one else to line theirs.

Plumecoq is doing his level best to take Grégoire's place. He has the best intentions, and after weeks of small annoyances I am beginning to get accustomed to him. I have at last succeeded in impressing on him where I like my pipe and my tobacco-jar kept, and also my papers. I have, I may as well own it at once, a mania for clippings, and resent all interference with them. I am perhaps rather untidy, but that is not Plumecoq's business, and I prefer my own untidiness to the tidiness of others.

December 7.

My paper literally crackled with news this morning. Athens is under arms, and the Press correspondents are

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living in fear of personal violence in common with all others suspected of Venizelist leanings. The Greeks in Paris are exceedingly anxious about friends and relatives, and also about their own position here.

Particulars have now come out about the awful massacre, so like that of St. Bartholomew. The wretched Venizelists were dragged out into the streets and beaten and murdered. The old Mayor Benaki was terribly hurt, and his left arm may have to be amputated.

Lloyd George's new Cabinet is being discussed everywhere, and Paris is feeling a distinct relief. Here they have always admired Lloyd George, and he has been very happy in hitting the right note in the speeches he has made in France. The French Government sadly needs *un bon coup d'épaule*, otherwise a good boost, and Lloyd George's strong personality supplies a force in which they are greatly in need just now.

Mr. Flinton is much worried about Rumania. There is still a question of how much of the wheat bought by England has been disposed of, or destroyed. And the oil-fields? Mr. W. W. Rutherford, chairman of the Consolidated Rumanian Oil Co., assures us—I quote the paper: "Should the Germans capture the whole of the Rumanian oil-fields the prize will not be of any immediate use to them, because they will not be able to find the site of the wells or to obtain any considerable amount of oil to meet their urgent requirements. Besides wrecking the wells, the Rumanians will be found to have destroyed the plants and the quantity of oil in stock. The oil-fields are contained within a square of thirty by seven miles. The Rumanian army is now solely concerned to defend the oil-fields which represent roughly a capitalized value of fifty millions."

When we think that it will take years and years of hard work and vast sums of money to develop again these

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natural resources, all destroyed in a few days, it seems incredible that such a holocaust should occur. Similar scenes have been enacted in the Galician oil-fields, which have passed into and out of Russian hands. The destruction of these oil-fields in Europe and the Caucasus will be felt over the entire world, and these great economic disasters increase the burdens of poor humanity everywhere. In the States even, which themselves produce a very large percentage of the total output of the world's oil supply, the price to the consumer has doubled.

Maeterlinck writes to the papers to appeal for help for the Belgians who are dying like animals. "Does America," he says, "understand what is being done to Belgium and her people? There are not words in the human language to tell the story." Personally I don't quite agree with Maeterlinck here; we *have* heard a great deal of Belgium already. "One must go back," he says, "to the Deluge and beyond to find a precedent. There are 50,000 Belgians in slavery under forced labour, digging trenches, behind Soissons and the rest of the Front."

I think the Belgians themselves were surprised at the ferocity of the Germans. Before the war, there is no doubt, many of them had an immense admiration for their neighbours.

They had intermarried with them enormously and were on the friendliest terms. The old *curé*, Bols, who fled to England early, at the time of the siege of Antwerp, with the women of his family—there were eighteen all told—himself said to me that he would never have believed in such rank cruelty. He, an old man of seventy-six, had been stripped and flogged before his little church, and the marks of the lash were still on his hands and arms when I saw him. But I will not write of the horrors he told me. The whole world has been steeped in them. I retain a vivid picture of the old

man surrounded by the most helpless crowd of women I ever saw. Eleven of the eighteen women had children hanging at their skirts or in their arms. The *cure's* sister, about his own age, was apparently the tree which had put forth these fertile branches. She and her brother were the only ones who seemed to have kept their heads, and were able to consider the future with any degree of calmness. The *cure's* one idea was to transport the entire family to Grimsby, where he had a friend, also a *cure*, who he said was willing to receive them. I pictured this gigantic family arriving at the fishing village and the *cure's* welcome! Fortunately for him his home was not invaded. On inquiry I found that no aliens were allowed on the East Coast, so our friends were accommodated near Blackpool if I remember right.

I have been writing these lines after dinner, and Plumecocq has just come in with a telegram. It is from Doctor S. at a hospital at St. Lô, in the Manche. There are just these words:

"Venez de suite Hôpital 2. St. Lô. Jacques Garland vient d'y être apporté mourant et vous demande."

I must catch the night train from the Gare St. Lazare. I am scribbling these lines and a hurried note to Randy who is dining out, while Plumecocq packs my bag, and I am off.

December 8.

Plumecocq had seized my valise, and hastened to exhibit his pleasure at my return by a number of attentions. The fire was poked into the brightest of flames, my reading lamp was adjusted at a cunning angle, and the pile of letters

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which have accumulated in my short absence of two days placed at my side.

"Everything all right, Plumecoq?"

"Everything, monsieur, except that M. le duc sent word that he was suffering with the *grippe* and could not dine to-night."

I turned to my letters. There were eleven begging appeals from different Societies, and three from "*filleuls*," who described the mud and boredom of life at the Front in moving terms. Then came invitations to dinner, and some tickets for four different requiem masses—acquaintances who had died on the Somme. Then a perfumed note from Mrs. T. entreating me to call and see her at the earliest possible moment. The word *earliest* was underlined. Mrs. T. was the widow of an old friend of mine, a Boston man. She was young and pretty, and had made her home in Paris for two years before the war. On her first arrival she had naturally appealed to me for help in "a strange land," as she persisted in calling Paris.

I had witnessed the settling into a very expensive flat and the gradual process of making friends! Friends are not hard to make when you are pretty and attractive, and can entertain, and Mrs. T. has now a large circle. A circle is the best way to describe it, as the people represent nothing. They consist chiefly of Americans who have settled here and are endeavouring to extract the greatest amount of pleasure they can from life. In the abstract this is not a bad aim, but unfortunately it appears to have a deteriorating effect upon people. One of the charms of Paris to me has always been its peculiar fecundity of ideas, and its originality, devoid of humbug.

Mrs. T.'s friends bore me horribly, and though I still go and see her occasionally, partly for some indefinite idea of friendship for old Jim, her husband, and partly because of

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her apparently genuine pleasure at my visits, I am by no means the *ami intime de la maison*.

She has many men friends, and I wondered much what service she required from me, for that it was some service I did not doubt. To-morrow I would see.

Angélique had cooked me a really superb dinner. Some good soup. A sole fried in milk, after a recipe given me by the Italian Ambassador who was here some years ago, followed by cutlets "sans gêne," one of Angélique's special *plats*. A cheese omelet. Not to mention a bottle of Bordeaux. This recital of food may sound greedy, but what a feature in life are the things we eat. Naturally, at my age I know what things I *can* eat and still retain my usual good temper. I allow myself one good meal a day, dinner, and at that meal I insist on having the best procurable. I regretted R. was not with me to enjoy it, and wished him well over the *grippe*. This year it has taken a specially disagreeable turn, and I am wondering when my turn may come. Every morning when Plumecoq draws my curtains he inquires :

"I *trust* Monsieur is well this morning!" And his tone implies an expectation which so far I am thankful to say has not been realized.

As I sat with my pipe in my comfortable room with its red curtains, and the pictures I love, my thoughts went back to my sad mission. Jack Garland had been the only son of his mother, a widow, and had gone the way of so many only sons. He had come over to Paris on some shallow pretext of studying Art and had *fait la noce* to the top of his bent. When war broke out he was practically at the end of his resources. I found him waiting for me one day when I came home to lunch, and during that meal he unburdened himself to me as an old friend of his father's. Did I think it would be well to enlist in the French army?

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He asked my advice and I strongly recommended his doing so. God forgive me if I did wrong. One advises to the best of one's judgment, and after all one is only a means, made use of by Fate, a little straw in Life's great game. He went through the Marne campaign and the great Verdun defence, and got his commission. A letter was on its way home to tell his mother, when the predestined shell at some distance from the Front ended all problems for him as to the future.

St. Lô is a pretty little town. It has its church with its two odd towers crowning the hill, and its numberless old-fashioned houses with their pretty gardens backed by high walls. It is one of those backwaters, apparently peaceful, but in reality seething with petty jealousies, petty strifes, and petty ambitions. It is a stronghold of Catholicism, and bigotry plays as great a part there as in the middle ages.

Leaving my valise at the *Normandie*, I had walked rapidly through a number of very narrow and quaint streets, up a steep hill to the hospital. There had been an overflow of patients, and the chapel had been utilized as a ward. It was a big barn-like place, the high windows giving little light, and the cement floor struck damp and chilly. At the end, not far from the place where the altar had been, I found my poor lad.

"He is almost gone, monsieur," said the *infirmier*, "and he hoped so much to see you." He stooped down over the white face. "I doubt if he will be conscious again."

Then the doctor came, hurried and worn out with work. He gave me a few details. The boy had been shockingly injured and gangrene had set in during the long journey. There was no hope.

I sat down, and watched through that long morning the quiet figure before me. The sky, which had been dull and overcast, brightened towards three o'clock, and a gleam

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of sun fell through the side window over the altar. Jack stirred slightly, and it seemed to me the face looked distressed.

"Jack," I said, placing my hand on his forehead.

I spoke very softly, but my familiar voice seemed to call him back from somewhere very far away. He stirred slightly, and his eyes opened and met my own.

"Why——" His lips moved.

"Yes, I've come to see you. Are you in pain?"

"Not now." How far away the faint voice sounded. "I'm glad—you—came. My love—to mother—and I—know now!"

The eyes closed again and did not open. Minute by minute the chapel grew darker. There was a subdued murmur of voices from the other end where the men who were able to get up were having their supper. By unanimous consent they had left us alone at our end except for a poor wretch who was breathing stertorously in his unconsciousness. He had been asphyxiated.

Presently the eyelids flickered, the hand stirred on the counterpane, and then the sheet ceased to move, for the breath had stopped.

It was past seven o'clock when I left the hospital, for there were many arrangements to be made, and I wandered through the empty dark streets at hazard. A chance turn brought me out on to the so-called Cathedral square. The great building with its curious side pulpit loomed up in its dense blackness. One window showed faintly the lights inside flickering on the dull glass.

A woman passed me, slipping noiselessly by, and entered a little door at the right. I followed, and raising the thick curtain of leather stepped into what seemed at first complete obscurity. Then the feeble light showed in the distance, and

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I felt my way towards it down one of the side aisles to the choir.

Here were, perhaps, 150 women kneeling. They formed a grey indefinite mass, in an atmosphere which appeared to wave in misty clouds. A few candles accentuated the gloom.

In the pulpit over our heads was a very old man. His long nervous fingers clutched the rail of the desk above him. His eyes were so deeply set that from where I stood one saw but pits of shadow. His voice quavered as he recited the intercession to the Virgin.

The words of the invocation echoed in pleading tones round the walls, and then in a wave of desperate urgency came the response, crisp and sharp, like the rustle of leaves before wind: "Priez pour nous."

The black mass swayed lower at the words, and the metallic chink of the rosaries as they knocked against the chairs jarred on the ear.

Faith, sorrow and hope, the three things that rule the world, were all here. The whispering women were appealing against Fate, but they prayed in blind belief. In that great unknown where Jack had gone in all his youth before me, I prayed that all might be well.

December 10.

Mrs. T. was waiting for me in her Chinese drawing-room. Pictured dragons crawled everywhere, and in the few places where dragon's tails did not protrude, were obese and elderly Chinese gentlemen, with smiling evil faces and the most brilliant of clothes.

I had thought the room overcrowded with furniture

the last time I called ; but now it was even more difficult to reach my hostess, who was looking much excited and exceedingly pretty. She was alone.

We shook hands, and I subsided on to a teakwood sofa.

" You are a perfect angel to come," began Mrs. T., putting a pink silken shod foot on to a footstool and glancing at it admiringly. " Now own you *were* surprised to get my letter."

" I was indeed ! " I returned. " Especially to hear you needed advice."

" Well, I do, but it is a dead secret, and you are the only person I know that it's safe to talk to. Jim always said you were as silent as the grave."

I began to realize that the matter was a serious one. Jim was never resurrected in this way for my benefit unless his wife needed something badly. I braced myself.

" That was kind of Jim," I remarked. " He flattered me."

" *I* don't think so. Often as I've tried I have never yet been able to get you to say anything unkind of anybody, and that's some praise."

" You are very gracious to me to-day." I spoke lightly. " You must keep all these pretty things for a younger man."

" Now you are laughing at me, and I am in such difficulty." Her voice grew plaintive, and her eyes assumed a corresponding expression. I felt we were nearing our subject.

" You had better tell me all about it," I said encouragingly ; " things are oftener simpler than they appear."

Mrs. T. gazed into the glowing fire with a sweet pensive expression.

" It's just this," she began and crossed one pink foot over the other on the embroidered stool. " You know Jim always wanted me to marry again."

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In a moment I saw what I was in for.

"He did," I said, throwing a note of warmth into my voice, which sounded in my own ears rather nervous. "He thought every woman should have a husband to look after her."

Mrs. T. looked pleased.

"I *knew* you would understand," she said beamingly; "now I'll tell you all about it."

I listened.

"For some time past," went on Mrs. T., "the Duc de Tirmentier has—well, seemed to be just a little daffy about me."

"I am not surprised," I said; and was rewarded with a brilliant smile.

"Of course I never thought he *meant* anything *serious*, till the other day, when he arrived here with the sweetest Peke you ever saw. She is having her bath now or I would send for her just to show you. Well, you know, a Peke! It was almost as good as a declaration."

"Oh!" I said. For the moment I stupidly could think of nothing else to say.

"Then his whole manner, you know, one can *tell*. Now I want to ask you about it, to have your advice."

"But surely it is not a case for me to advise on," I said, horrified at this *dénoûment*, which was entirely different from the one I had anticipated.

"Yes, it is in this way." Now the lid was off, Mrs. T.'s manner grew distinctly business-like. "I have too much respect for darling Jim's memory to marry anyone he would not approve of, and I really know very, very little of the Duke."

There was a pause. Mrs. T., seeing I did not make the move she expected, proceeded, and indicated the path I was to follow.

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"You, as darling Jim's friend, will I know help me. I admire and respect the Duc de Tirmentier, but—but at the same time I know nothing of his position morally or—financially."

This was indeed an odious position. If I expressed what I really thought of the gentleman in question, Mrs. T. would probably not believe me, and after all, bad as the man was, I disliked the thought of running another man down behind his back. On the other hand, Jim had been an old and good friend of mine; could I allow his widow to marry the Duc de Tirmentier?

"Do any of your friends know him?" I asked.

"One or two, but very slightly. I met him first at Madame Gervais's, and somehow after that first day I seemed to see him continually."

"I think he has lost a good deal of money lately," I said with some hesitation.

I noticed a distinct look of uneasiness pass over my hostess's charming face.

"I understood he was very rich," she murmured.

In that moment I realized how the danger might be averted.

"I think not," in my most casual tone. "In fact, for some time his affairs have been in a very bad state."

Mrs. T. made no further concealment of her disappointment.

"Are you *sure*?" she asked earnestly.

"Certain."

There was another pause, a long one.

"I could not think," Mrs. T. said at last, "of marrying a man who could not support himself. It would not be right to darling Jim."

"Exactly," I said.

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"It is such an old title," very regretfully, "I imagined there must be property and money with it."

I extinguished the last wavering hope with a firm hand.

"He hasn't a cent."

Mrs. T. rose and rang the bell for tea. We sat silently for a moment or two, during which time Mrs. T. looked regretfully but absently at a large cluster of hot-house lilac. I felt she had built great hopes on that uncertain proposition—the Duc de Tirmentier.

When tea arrived she said something to the butler about "at home," and then gracefully prepared a cup of tea for me. We chatted pleasantly, but I could tell from the restless movements of the pink feet that her mind was agitated.

The door opened and M. le Duc de Tirmentier was announced. He is a distinguished-looking man, and I had never seen him look to better advantage than on this occasion. I felt for poor Mrs. T.

Then I rose to take my leave. What a pity, I thought, as I went on my way to pay another call, that matrimony is not conducted after the French plan, when nothing is taken on trust and parties on both sides have to exhibit solid proofs. But how about Romance? Well, all I can say is, that I think Romance makes a terrible mess of things.

December 11.

This evening I have been dining with old friends from Boston. We were a party of four, and after a dinner at the Ritz, went to see "l'Amazone" at the Porte St. Martin. Both Réjane and Simone were in the cast. The why and wherefore of the name "l'Amazone" I have been unable

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to discover. Bataille probably thought it sounded well.

I have not been much to the theatre since the war. Not that I think it wrong, simply one does not feel in tune for it. A number of my friends make it a point of honour to say they will not enter a theatre during the war. I can see no sense in making a hard and fast rule of this kind. To many temperaments a little relaxation is necessary at times, a change of thought good for the soul, and one returns to one's work with fresh courage. The war has got on every one's nerves and a good laugh helps to restore a normal condition.

In this case, anxious as we all were for relaxation, the subject of the play did not permit of it. I won't enter into a description of the plot, the sentiment of which struck me as exaggerated and false. Enough to say, there was a heart-rending scene when the wife receives the little personal objects of her dead husband. Réjane, the wife, acted with unusual power, and the whole house was, if not weeping, sniffing in a way I specially dislike. It must have touched many there nearly, but it seems to me that there is no need to portray on the stage scenes so sacred as these which are taking place daily in reality. It is making a mockery of grief.

The Parisian loves emotions, whether grave or gay, and as long as the touch is artistic enjoys keenly either Major or Minor chords in Life's symphonies.

How charming Réjane was and is still. She has the knack of growing old youthfully. To me she is part of the past, that past which grows greater and greater with each year. It is to it my thoughts turn always when alone, and rarely do I look ahead. The last year or two I find past things recur to me with astonishing reality. Old friends and faces and bygone happenings; and mercifully it is the pleasant things which return. Like the famous sun-dial,

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my mind only records my happy moments. Time has a wonderful knack of obliterating the troubles and griefs of long ago. Friends I have lost come back to me as I sit in my arm-chair, and ever with cheerful faces. I am glad I have lived in this generation, for the Paris I have known and loved will never be quite the same again. Better it may be, but not the same, and I liked it as it was.

Rominagrobis is lying on her crimson rug. I look at her as I write the last words. She purrs softly. She agrees with me.

December 13.

This morning Sylvia and I went to see what I consider to be one of the greatest inventions the war has called forth. We went with Lord E. and the Comtesse de S. at about ten o'clock to the hospital near the Porte de Versailles, and there in a small section of the hospital was Dr. S.'s *clinique*. Then and there before our eyes we saw men brought in, their dressings unwrapped and their terrible wounds displayed. Of all things a burn is the most agonizing; and the marvel was to see these appalling wounds dressed without pain. The surface is first cleansed with a diluted solution of alcohol, and then with a fine spray the whole is covered with a coating of wax. This "Ambrine," as it is called—the exact properties of which are secret—is a mixture of wax, paraffin and resin, heated to 120 deg.

We saw photos of the condition of one man on entering, burnt by liquid tar to the third degree, three months previously. Now he is helping as *infirmier*, his face as smooth as before, and not the slightest sign of scar. It is a wonderful treatment, and of what benefit to our poor soldiers.

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Lord E. is anxious to take up the matter in England and to have it introduced into the Army and Navy.

December 14.

I was rather surprised this morning when Randy suggested that we should go to the *messe de souvenir* at Notre-Dame for those members of the Ecole des Beaux Arts fallen on the field of battle. Notre-Dame, besides its beauty, has a chill of its own which strikes straight to the spot with me, but this was a special occasion. One of Bertrand's oldest friends had been a young artist of great promise, Jean Sylvestre; and he had been shot almost at the beginning of the war. Randy felt his death terribly. Jean was a quiet lad with strange quixotic ideas about life and our part in it. Dreamy and artistic, the very opposite to Maurescon, who is very English in his love of sport and outdoor life. Each had that mysterious attraction for the other which is the cause of all great friendships.

This *veillée des tombes* has been organized by the President of the Union de France. It was very impressive, and Bellenot's "Tu es Petrus" was given with profound feeling, and also Mozart's "O Salutaris." Le Père Henusse gave an oration I shall never forget, denouncing the enslavement of the Belgian people now being carried on by the Germans, and then alluding to those dead in the cause of liberty who would never be forgotten in the memory of men.

Death seems a subject now with which we are all very familiar. Before the war the great King was ushered in with a certain amount of pomp, and friends died from some recognized cause or illness. Occasionally there were sudden

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deaths and accidents, but on the whole they were rare. Now you may be speaking to a man one minute and the next he, in whose eyes you already saw the flash of response, has become as the stone at your feet. The wonderful story of René Benjamin comes to my mind as I write. Of the little *cuisot* Courbecave, who died while preparing his first and last soup, and of the soldiers drawing from their smoking meal bits of his buttons and his identity medal. His body in a million pieces, and his spirit where?

Every one tries to solve this interesting question in his own way. Some by putting it away in a dark compartment of their brain, and others by investigating what seers and sages have said in their wisdom of ages, and come, as they, to the door which has no key. Some of us test the elusive promises held out to us by the clever ones of our own time. Religion brings comfort to many, but Faith is not to be bought. It is a priceless gift which gives more real happiness than anything else in life, and can adjust itself to any religion or belief. For the unhappy ones who have it not, and I am one, we can find a cold justice in Theosophy, a negative content in Buddhism, or, in angry resentful defiance, declare our disbelief in the existence of a soul.

I notice there is a great wave of spiritualism running over Europe. It was bound to come. The agony of desire in millions of sorrowing hearts has called it forth, but it is barren comfort. We can only see and picture in the future what is in our own minds and hearts, and we fall back on finality always.

The service tired Randy, who is not up to much yet, and I was glad to get him safely back. Next week he is to come home.

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December 15.

I must confess to being very irritated this morning when Plumecoq sadly announced that my special boot polish, which I always buy at "Old England," was no more to be had. I expressed myself strongly about his negligence in not letting me know sooner and then felt ashamed of myself. After all, what is boot polish? At a time like this it is absurd to be worried by such things, but I am particular about my boots, and the pair Plumecoq brought in this morning were simply impossible. Enough, let me pass on to other things.

To-day I executed a little plan I had made some days ago to surprise Bertrand. I called for Sylvia, who had got a day off, and we went together to the hospital.

Randy was sitting near the window with a friend when we entered. He looks well now, only a little pale. Both men sprang to their feet on seeing us, and I was amused and not astonished to see the impression made upon them by my pretty Sylvia. She greeted Randy very gracefully, recalling their meeting years ago, and inquiring about his wound. In a few moments they were both deep in reminiscences which appeared to grow in number as they talked.

While the two made friends, young Duphot, who I discovered was the son of the famous general, discoursed on Spads, the American Escadrille, which is doing good work, and the new photographic apparatus all machines are now to be equipped with.

He was just back for a few days from the Front, and described the taking of some German trenches which had been most elaborately arranged. The walls of the underground rooms hung with red silk, the result of looting a neighbouring château. Thick warm carpets and beautiful

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old furniture. The mess room hung with pictures. No one could have imagined themselves at a measurable distance from a deadly enemy. "But," continued the young fellow, "the dirt and sanitary conditions, I cannot describe them. It took us hours of work to get them habitable. They had also left cunningly devised contrivances to conceal bombs. Many of our men were injured in this way."

While he talked I noticed Duphot's eyes straying admiringly in the young widow's direction. The Paris milliner knows how to make mourning becoming. The little white border just showing a suspicion of bright waving hair, the set of the veil, the cut of the low collar on the round white throat, combine to make even a plain woman a beauty. I took pity on Duphot and made the conversation general and we passed a very pleasant hour.

Outside Sylvia said laughingly :

"Mais il n'est pas mal du tout, votre jeune homme."

And I replied :

"You are not the first to discover that, young lady."

Then the little witch added :

"I like him because he is so like his adopted father."

And of course I was pleased. I am getting very much attached to Sylvia. She shows a pleasing deference to my opinions, and never argues. In fact, when any subject of interest comes up, I have the agreeable sensation that, though she is very intelligent, she is waiting to draw her conclusions until she has heard my views. It is like pouring the stream of her young impressions into a mould of my own forming.

As I said good-bye I noticed that her eyes were brighter than I had ever seen them, and her smile happier.

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December 18.

Yesterday the German Peace proposals were in all the papers. The word "Peace" is so seductive after two years of appalling carnage, but for the present it is impossible. The Allies must not stop till they can dictate their own terms. The French people are utterly weary, and though they have done wonders, they perhaps have not the temperament for a long sustained effort. The present Ministry, they say, cannot last, but the English one formed by Lloyd George is very popular. He has become one of the people's idols. Here they have absolutely no one who holds the public confidence. Since the Dreyfus affair the Government has been practically in the hands of a clique.

How I remember that long drawn out case, and that just verdict. My thoughts were full of it as I hurried down the Boulevard Malesherbes, and almost ran into Slight, who was delighted to see me, as he was aching for a political discussion on Peace terms. Slight is apt to become heated if you do not agree with him, so I got away on the plea of an urgent appointment. I was really going to buy a leg for Blomet, a former groom of mine, who has had his leg amputated at the thigh. Going to buy a leg sounds quite natural nowadays, and perhaps some day we shall buy heads with equal facility. "An intelligent head, if you please." "Yes, sir. About what price, sir, we have a stock rising from £1000 up. Musical or artistic? Mathematics, quite so, sir. This is a remarkably fine model, with grey eyes. The same thing in brown if you prefer it. A good speaker. These we can supply at a very low rate, sir, from America, where they make a speciality of these heads."

Blomet is, I consider, a remarkable man with irrepressible spirits, and was, I now find, in addition to being an

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excellent groom, quite an acrobat. In view of his loss I was prepared to condole with him on the loss of two careers, and to suggest other suitable fields for his energy, but nothing of the kind. Blomet is a man who refuses to accept Fate. Slightly blushing, he rose on the *pilon* he has while waiting for the perfected leg, and begged me to give him my candid opinion.

"Monsieur, with his usual great kindness, will tell me whether he thinks I may please the public."

The ward was large of the Convalescent Hospital, and a few men clustered round to see what was taking place. In an instant Blomet had divested himself of his coat and with a rapid swirl was standing on his head, the *pilon* balancing waveringly in the air. I could see Blomet's eyes upside down fixed anxiously upon me, and I applauded hurriedly and loudly. After remaining a minute in what must have been a most uncomfortable position he descended and wiped his steaming brow.

"That ought to take well," I remarked, "in America. If you can do one or more stunts of that nature, I will see what I can do to get you an engagement."

Blomet coughed.

"Monsieur is too good," he said. "I would not venture to trouble him, and I have had the good fortune to have been approached by a Monsieur Kratchpilsen who has offered me Frs. 2000 a week in Chicago and my expenses."

I laughed.

"The war has made your fortune," I said. "What else can you do?"

"The 'roue de la charrette,' monsieur, and the 'danse des guêpes.'"

And he did them.

The "roue de la charrette" consisted in Blomet's elevating himself on his right hand, which was spread out like

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a pink jelly-fish on the floor, and revolving several times on it. The "danse des guêpes" followed, and was a kind of clog dance, in which the new *pilon* played an important part. I felt certain that Blomet would please.

"Your new leg will only be in the way performing," I remarked.

"Certainly, monsieur, but I expect only to wear it *en grande tenue*, when I wish to be correct."

I had a vision of Blomet receiving visitors *en grande tenue* in Chicago, and felt proud to think I had been able to contribute to the picture. I had lost an excellent groom, but the world had gained a celebrity.

December 19.

Sylvia wishes to go to the Front and nurse. Knowing fairly well the workings of the feminine mind, I had been expecting to hear of this desire. She has been helping in a hospital here for six days a week, and begins to feel a certain confidence. Now she wishes to offer herself up a willing victim to shattered humanity. As there is not the slightest chance of her being able to get to the Front, I did not dissuade her, only advised patience. She thanked me warmly for my sympathy.

"You have so much influence you will easily be able to manage it for me," she remarked airily.

"Every one must take their turn," I replied sagely. "But I believe that only certificated nurses are allowed to go to the Field Ambulances."

"Indeed, no," said Sylvia, smiling sweetly at my ignorance. "Lots of girls go there. It is entirely a question of pull. Do arrange it for me. You are the kindest person in the world."

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"What is the object of your going there?" I protested, forgetting my rôle for a moment. "You can do as much good here as there, and you will ruin your health."

Sylvia's soft eyes filled with tears.

"I should like to go into danger," she said quietly, "to feel that I have offered my life for my country. There are too many women in the world now."

I looked at her charming face, and thought she was one of the few who could not be spared.

"We must see, we must see," I said weakly. There are times, and they come to us all, when a flat refusal is impossible.

Going home, I pondered over the love so many women seem to have of self-sacrifice. This war with its countless opportunities has brought it more than ever to light. Men have died and are willing to die gladly for their country. It is a question of duty, of glory, and if you will, necessity, but few men go out of their way to cast themselves on the altar of self-sacrifice. They do not pine to immolate themselves on the ash-heap of duty; but women, they crave for it. Religion and sentiment have so much more sway over them. Religion with its doctrine of the hereafter only to be attained by self-denial and abnegation; and sentiment in which past generations have been steeped. Men have trained women to the type which pleases them, and the submissive woman is preferred by my sex to the independent variety. Women have been taught and imbued with the idea that duty and submission to my sex were specially pleasing to the Deity, and the plan has worked well for us. Duty is nearly always synonymous with something disagreeable. When anybody says, "It is my duty," we all know what it means. The trouble is that every one has a different conception of this disagreeable word, and how many people have been sacrificed to

its odious fetish. Women especially have been the sufferers, but so often the suffering has brought a strange reward. The idea that one is really a martyr, secretly and nobly living up to a high ideal, so high that the ordinary run of human beings are unable to appreciate your nobility and sacrifice, has brought comfort to many a poor soul, and has sustained them through the greatest privations. Odd as it may seem, self-sacrifice is one of the surest ways of attaining happiness. Do not let us waste our pity on those who are giving out health and strength in ambulances, and countless scenes of suffering and horror, rather let us reserve it for those who in the midst of comfort are unable to tear themselves from the claw-like tentacles of self-indulgence and habit, and who have time to *think* !

December 20.

I see I wrote about women yesterday and I have more to say to-day. Crossing the Rue Royale this morning, a car passed me driven by a woman in a dark uniform with a small cap on her head. She saluted an officer standing near me with a fine sweep of the hand. At the back of the car I caught a glimpse of two or three wounded soldiers. Remembering the words in red on the side of the car, I made inquiries and found that a woman's Automobile Club had been founded by a lady at the beginning of the war in order to take wounded men out for drives. This lady was formerly an *aviatrice*, and not long after, when I met her again, I studied her carefully. She is a new type for France and is in her way a character. She has a large square face with high cheekbones and light grey eyes. These eyes never smiled, they remained always set, though the lips laughed often. She has a great goodness of heart, and has

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a considerable influence over women of her own class. There is that in her that, given the right setting, the right opportunity, might make her a leader, but how many sleeping leaders there are who, lacking these necessary combinations, live and die unknown. Madame B. is a woman of boundless energy and remarkable good health, and she has never known luxury. The Club she started consists for the most part of the bourgeoisie, to whom the idea of being a sports-woman has all the attraction of a novelty. Money so far has been scarce and difficult to procure, so much so that the usefulness of the Club has been very limited, and it may snuff out altogether. If it does I shall regret it. It is one of the first leaves of a new tree.

Frenchwomen do not care for Clubs as our women do and do not understand them. They have two opposite sides to their character. When roused they will carry impulse to the furthest limit, but they are at heart the most domesticated and home-loving of women.

It is said that America is the land for women, England for men, and France for the children. Certainly Frenchwomen carry their love for children almost to idolatry, and the word "*mère*" to a Frenchman conveys all that he most respects in this world or the next.

The present war, causing such a dearth of men *à l'arrière*, has brought all the hidden capabilities in women to the front. They have still much to learn, but they are learning very fast. On the tramways, the women, in their neat pleated black alpaca coats and jaunty *bérets*, please by their quick capable service, and in the metro likewise. They are as a rule civil and obliging, a great contrast to the drink-befuddled and insolent male employé of old times. Occasionally here and there one hears the shrill high voice of the *conductrice* raised in argument, its timbre speaking of overwrought and strained nerves, but it is the exception,

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and one is not surprised when one thinks of the long tiring hours and the constant irritation of handling pushing passengers. They are often young and good-looking, and when they leave the sheds to go home after midnight they have to walk frequently far in bad weather and in the dark streets. I should like to be on the Board to raise their wages, they certainly deserve their pay. The latter is to be raised to Frs. 250 a month.

The munition workers have been so written up of late that they have had their share of praise. The wages are good, and knack is often more required than strength. The girls learn the trick of picking up the shells and turning them over without great effort, and their ears get accustomed to the constant whirr and burr of the machinery.

Noise, which to me is the most trying of the many annoyances of life, does not exist for some people. I know once, in New York, when I was standing close to the Brooklyn Bridge, over which cars were clanging, whistling and banging, while the elevated passed like a roll of thunder over my head, I complained to my companion, a broker in Wall Street, of the noise.

"Noise," said he. "What noise?"

I perceived then very vividly the unreality of things.

Though I admire the women of our day, the doctors, the nurses, the canteen workers, the car drivers, *and* the lecturers, it is an admiration without enthusiasm, and as I write this I wonder why I am not more enthusiastic. Their work is splendid, and they have accomplished more than most people thought possible. On thinking it over I am inclined to the opinion that it is because there is too much trumpet blowing about women's work. They are too anxious for reward. You are continually told how marvelous some one is, what a capable woman.

No doubt every one has met the capable woman !

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If I say what I think—and why shouldn't I?—the capable woman is my *bête noire*. She literally fills me with terror. I know of several in Paris who are all, I am told, doing excellent work. They are of the Tank type, and accomplish much the same work. I have studied the species and I know their nature. The first ingredient in the capable woman is an overweening, unbounded, and unlimited opinion of herself. Anything that does not emanate from herself must of necessity be wrong; secondly, a total inability to see her own mistakes—for even capable women make mistakes—and a strong inclination to lay them upon other people; and, thirdly, a total disregard of other people's feelings. A make-up of this nature goes far. It has a Tank-like tendency to flatten and depress any body in its road.

The war has been a great opportunity for the capable woman as it has for the ambitious woman. Paris is full of Societies started by women unknown before, and who imagine that relief work is a stepping-stone to Society. I, who know my Paris well, am astonished when I see the result of two years' work, and I grieve to see that my own countrywomen are amongst the culprits. Generous as a nation we are, but it is not the best which appears in the limelight at a time like this.

I can say candidly that not the least of my own troubles has been that close association with strange women that my work with the Society occasions. Before the war I had lived my own life, a quiet life, but one that I had grown used to. I had my own friends, old, tried, and congenial, and the whole of Paris for my amusements. There is not an inch of the town that I do not know. Years ago, when I began to collect, I visited all sorts of out of the way nooks and corners, and later I went again for the sheer amusement and interest of seeing life. I learnt to know the working

class of Paris, and were I to write of all I have seen I should have much of beauty to tell, and I should certainly never be one of those writers of the poor who as Oscar Wilde says, "Find life crude and leave it raw."

Working with women is to me like the effect of rain on my sealskin collar. I leave the office dampened and all brushed the wrong way. I have never smoked so much in my life, and to that I owe being able to pull through, and even to have gained a reputation for amiability.

I have an office, it is true, but at any moment a head appears, and a voice says: "Oh, Mr. G., *do* you know when that parcel went off to Cognac?" or "Oh, Mr. G., I think I forgot my pencil. *Can* you lend me one?"

Some are nice children, and as long as they do not appear when I am engrossed in my accounts I am not sorry to see their pretty faces—but the elder women! We have a great number amongst our workers, and I find myself wondering how their husbands can endure existence. Tired of packing and sorting they stroll in, and talk, and talk, till every nerve in my body tingles.

"Is Mr. G. there?" said a voice I know well, and the capable woman came in. She carried in her hand a large account book, and her jaw, which is larger than the ordinary run of women possess, was stuck out to its fullest extent. Her eyes are a bold grey, and her figure is carried well before her. Age the wrong side of fifty. An old Frenchman who has worked with her has fitly and confidentially described her as "*Une vieille fille très désagréable.*"

"I can't make the dates of shippings tally with those of Mr. B.'s, and I should be glad if you would endorse mine."

She cast a glance at me that I have received frequently of late, and which makes me painfully aware that I am unmarried; and so, alas, is the capable woman. Pity of

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her unpleasing exterior had perhaps made me "over kind" at first, a kindness since deeply regretted. While I was rapidly examining her figures, and endeavouring to bring some order out of them, she continued :

"I was obliged to get rid of Zeno to-day. She was taking away string in her pocket."

Zeno was the fifth woman to leave in the last fortnight, under the lash of the capable woman's tongue. I expressed my surprise and regret.

"I hoped she was going to suit all you ladies," I remarked.

"Impossible," said the capable one. "One must put one's foot down, and in any case she refused to stay, after I said it was vurry strange there was no more string."

I discovered the mistake in her calculations and pointed it out to her.

"The figures must have been given me wrong," she said with some heat. "Never in all my life have I miscalculated a column."

I congratulated her on her record.

"Yes," she continued, "Mr. T. of the Relief House said only this morning that it was one woman in a hundred who could take my place. 'Come over any time you like,' he said, 'and I'll give you a job here.'"

"Then you are leaving us," I remarked brightly.

"You bet I'm not. Don't you be afraid of that, Mr. G. I'm not the woman to put anyone in a hole, and how this place would go on without me I don't well know."

"How indeed," I said and glanced at my watch. "Dear me!" I exclaimed, "11.30 already and I have an appointment." My appointment was with Sylvia. "By the way, Miss B., I have a young friend who would like to help here in the mornings. Could you find a place for her?"

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She glanced at me sharply.

"Well, I don't know. Is she Amurican?"

"Yes."

She struggled for a moment with herself. Her usual desire to say no was met by a desire to please me. My opinion has a certain weight in the Committee.

"She might go in the warehouse," she suggested.

"Rather heavy work," I said, "and she is not strong."

"Then she won't be much use here," she snapped. Then she added, "Of course if she is a friend of yours we will find a place for her."

"She is a friend of the Duchesse de S . . . S," I remarked with a tinge, a very slight tinge of satire.

Her face cleared.

"*Any* day she comes I'll see she gets something to do she likes."

When I got into the air I drew a deep breath. It is not only the soldiers who suffer during the war I thought to myself, and suddenly remembered a little boy I knew, who after one of those days which never go right, which happen even to children, came to me after his aunt had punished him nine separate times, "I'm *tired* of women, Mr. G.," he said.

December 20.

One of the last of what I may call the patriarchs of France has died, the Marquis de Vogüe, President of the Croix Rouge, and member of the Académie française. A man of the highest culture and attainments, he represented the French noble of the past century who did so much to impart Art, grace and wit to this very dull and commonplace world. All his children were with him at his death,

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and he passed away at eighty-seven quietly in their midst. A happy end to a fine life.

Like most old people I find that my memory serves me better in the long ago past than in more recent events, and last evening, as I sat thinking of my old friend, my mind went back to those distant times, the last days of the Faubourg St. Germain, the late fifties and the early sixties! I pictured again scenes I had long forgotten. The Rues de Varenne, St. Dominique, and de Bourgogne, with their fine old houses, high walls and carved entrances.

Then there were still some of the old families left who lived in the patriarchal style. Each had its great *hôtel* with its courtyard and gardens, and countless rooms, where the sons and daughters with their families made their home under the same roof. Every branch of the family had its own apartments, where they lived apart, assembling in the evening for dinner.

Children in those days were given small *dots*, but in this way were saved the expense of a separate establishment. It was the age of graceful courtesy and a pleasing respect for age. Manners were insisted on and not acquired haphazard.

How fashions change, not only in clothes, but in the most vital things of life. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, Jean-Jacques Rousseau had set the mode of women nursing their children, and in pictures of that date the great ladies were represented with a suckling infant and their numerous offspring at their knee. In the sixties, however, the fashion had changed, and children were put out to nurse with peasants in the country till the age of five. I even remember the M.'s, whose first child was born while they were taking the customary "Voyage d'Italie," leaving the infant at nurse with a countrywoman while they completed their tour, returning

only to fetch it at the end of a year on their way home.

One of the last great ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, who died at the end of the last century, was a friend of my mother's, and we used frequently to dine at the huge house in Rue . . . On an average, counting her four children and their families, tutors, governesses, and guests, there were generally twenty at table. Places were always laid for uninvited guests, as many old friends came in without ceremony. Our hostess, with her fine head and dignified distinguished presence, will remain with me always as a type of that period.

Her great delight was to carve, for the dinner was served on the table, and to send tit-bits to her particular friends. The cooking was that of the *vieille cuisine française*, so excellent and so impossible to get nowadays. Under each hot dish was the *réchaud*, full of hot water. Soup, entrée, roast, and sweet, the latter often the most delicious of *flans*. Little wine was drunk. Heavy old silver of the *époque* Louis-Philippe, 1830, was used on the table, and the finest damask linen, *not* embroidered.

The servants, many of whom were very old, were part of the establishment, and had grown up in the same family. In those days there was little flitting about from one place to the other. In winter they wore their sombre liveries, and always on the 1st of May nankeen trousers. The 1st of May was the recognized day for the arrival of summer, and under Louis-Philippe the guards at the Tuileries donned their white trousers also on that date.

Surely the seasons have changed from what I remember in my youth. Those long hot days of bygone Mays seem gone for ever, and winter embraces summer so closely that spring is completely overlooked, except in apartment houses, where proprietors pay no attention to the ther-

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nometer and only heed the calendar, rigorously shutting off heat on the 1st of April.

How well I recall the gaiety and sparkling charm of those dinners in Rue . . . , varied only by the perpetual quarrels which took place between the tutors, generally *abbés*, and the governesses. At dessert we children were allowed to leave the table, and forthwith we went into the garden and played games of *cache-cache* amongst the spreading trees and shrubs. Our elders used to sit in the summer evenings on the terrace overlooking the garden, as much shut in from the outside world as if we were miles in the country, instead of being only a few yards from the busy boulevard.

The guests I call to mind were for the most part elderly, for they were contemporaries of our hostess.

The Marquis de . . . must have been over ninety, but his small, dried wizened figure was full of life and activity, he used even to play with us in the garden. He had been a page of Louis XVIII and of Charles X, and had seen much service. In his day he had been a great swearer, but desiring to amend his ways with advancing years, he used to make frantic efforts to correct this habit. He had invented, to relieve his feelings, a swear word of his own, " *Sac à papier mille noms d'un sou* " instead of as formerly, " *Sacré nom d'un chien*."

During the evening callers would come to pay their respects to the head of the family. Young people would be presented on their engagement. It was equivalent to a formal announcement. Our special delight as children was an old *chanoinesse*, who lived but two doors away, and who was a frequent visitor. She was afraid of the cold and wore a velvet mask, already long out of fashion. Her grotesque appearance and her dark curls come before me vividly. The title of "*chanoinesse*" has no counterpart in England

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or America. It had in fact more of a religious character, and was given to ladies who did not wish to marry or take the veil. A certain number of quarterings was necessary to hold it.

In those days, thank God, there was no cant. The conversation was spontaneous, witty and *vert*. The two Legitimist papers that were taken and discussed were "L'Univers" and "La Gazette de France." Every one said what they thought, there was no false sentiment and no false modesty. I can still see our hostess's massive figure, petticoats raised enjoying the blaze of the great fire. Another picture comes to my mind of the same lady while in the country taking a bathe in the river near the château, with her daughter, who was also of large size, the two immense bodies looking like floating balloons as they swayed to and fro in the cool water.

Her mother had been in the Revolution and had fled to England, where for years she lived the quietest of lives, suffering the greatest poverty cheerfully. At one time she supported herself and children making bone buttons.

Napoleon gave the last blow to the old French aristocracy with his Code, the Majority Act of which, doing away with the rights of the eldest son, cut the roots of the big families.

"L'Action Française" is the recognized leader now of Royalist opinion. Under Léon Daudet's able management it has increased its circulation enormously. I myself always read it with interest.

General Nivelle's victory at Verdun has raised all our spirits and the number of prisoners is large—7000. It is the reply of France to those cunning proposals of Germany. Hypocrisy, thy name is Hun. Some one said to me to-day, "Perpetual pounding promotes Peace."

Randy went into a florist's to-day while we were out for the daily drive he has been ordered. I wonder to whom

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he was sending flowers. I had heard that he used to go a good deal to Mme. A., the pretty widow, in the autumn, but with Randy these fancies do not often last long. Since Sylvia dined here he has not mentioned her name. I think he prefers fair women. Give me a dark one. Brunettes hold the intelligence of the race in the black eyes.

December 22.

Amongst my letters this morning I received a strange request. It was only the other day I was speaking of the wish and love of self-sacrifice prevalent amongst women, and here curiously enough was a case in point. The letter was written in a legible hand and was signed "Claire Simanges." It read as follows :

"SIR,

Knowing of your great goodness, I venture to address to you a request I have much at heart, in fact I ask of you a great favour.

I cannot do all I wish, therefore I do all I can.

If our soldiers give every day freely and without bargaining of their blood, their very life for their country, we owe them an immense debt, and I feel that under these circumstances, as it is possible for me also to give of my blood I ought to do so.

I therefore beg that you will propose me as a subject for transfusion of blood.

What a satisfaction it would be for me to give a little of my blood for some unhappy one, who has need to conserve his existence not only for his country, but also as a support for his family.

Situated as you are, sir, I imagine you could easily obtain for me this favour, meantime I offer you my eternal gratitude and my most respectful salutations."

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This was a nice letter for an elderly bachelor to receive, and I wondered why she addressed herself to me in preference to some hospital, till I perceived in a corner on the paper in much smaller handwriting the following postscript :

" I address myself to Monsieur, because he is so good to Pinchot."

A ray of light passed through my brain. It was Pinchot, the miserable, who was responsible for this. It was last winter that Pinchot, discharged, on account of a wound in his hand, left to take charge of the château of a friend of mine. It is true I had secured him the post, but there was no need for him to proclaim in his gratitude far and wide my virtues. He had probably represented to this poor woman, who lived near Lyons, that with me everything was possible. The rôle of *grand seigneur* was never a favourite one with me, and I wished that Pinchot could hold his tongue.

My next letter was from Calvadis in my much-loved Normandy, from Madame de St. Obe. She wrote giving me news of her husband who had been wounded and was now at home convalescing. Would I spare time to run down and see him? I had not been to the Château de St. Obe since the autumn of 1915. War had even then lost its novelty and was showing its heavy ruthless hand on the fair country-side. The nearest little provincial town was perhaps some 200 kilometres from Paris. There were few men about, but the women were at work cutting the harvest, driving the oxen attached to the heavy machines, carpentering, plumbing, felling trees, and last but not least, making the hardest of bargains over their little counters. They were taking up life with admirable courage.

In the service at Sunday's Mass in the big church the Bishop of B. spoke to his audience of countrywomen in the simple language that went to their hearts. Fair fresh faces

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and wrinkled old ones looked up at him under the small Normandy coif as he told them that at the end of the war, those women would be the most honoured who could show work-hardened hands. They were working for France.

Nearly all the horses had already gone, and mangy looking donkeys and dogs four abreast drew the little carts, loaded sometimes with three or four people. Most of the châteaux were already transformed into hospitals, and fashionable ladies, who formerly spent but a couple of months in them during the year, now tended the wounded in *salons* hung with tapestries and fine paintings.

I must say these amateur *infirmières* looked very charming in their immaculate white, through which peeped something of the irrepressible French *coquetterie*. The veil was put on at just the right angle, and the short skirts of the day showed dainty feet and ankles.

One day I had been to Caen, and while walking along the quay I saw the arrival of a river boat, and the disembarkation of twenty German prisoners. The French soldiers were waiting for them with bayonets fixed, perhaps half a dozen of them. They had been standing at ease chatting with the passers-by, joking and insouciant, but as the prisoners passed down the gangway the Frenchmen seemed to stiffen, the little corporal's face to sharpen suddenly.

There was something in their attitude which reminded one of an animal when she first scents the presence of an enemy. It recalled to me what many a *poilu* had said in the hospitals. "Wait, you will see what the French will do when they advance. Where the Boches have made streams of blood we will make rivers, and where they have made mounds of our dead we will make mountains."

There was no outward manifestation of dislike. Not a word was said but the short ejaculations of command.

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The Germans, dressed in light cotton trousers with the pale blue uniform coats of the German infantry, so soiled as to be almost grey, varied by some of a bright green, shambled along half sheepishly, casting shy and friendly glances at the little crowd. It was hard to imagine these men, hardly more than boys, committing the outrages which have stirred the civilized world to horror. Fair complexioned, with square faces and soft rounded chins, and big well developed frames. It was only on looking closer that one saw the beetling brows over narrow shifting eyes, the big sensual mouths and the stunted ill-formed ears. A little excitement from wine or the lust of battle and these ungainly smiling boys would be transformed into fiends incarnate. I watched them as they walked off to where they were to be entrained and sent to some farmer whose fields were to be ploughed. Did they feel? They did not appear to, rather were they content to be out of the hell of fire and shell, from those trenches putrid with their dead and dying comrades. They did not think. Content to live and not to suffer!

The Château de St. Obe and the whole neighbourhood always took me back, like the Boulevard St. Germain, a hundred years, and perhaps its special charm lay in that very fact. I remember coming across a church one day where they were expecting a funeral. The whole nave was draped with long strips of unbleached calico on which were painted a death's-head and cross-bones, and at intervals a large black object shaped like a pear. These latter were supposed to represent the tears of the sorrowing relations!

The St. Obes had an old *chef*, who had been with them for many years, and being a Norman was a good cook. A dish they were all extremely fond of was a *galette* made from a flour called Saracen, which is mixed with milk and eggs and fried in hot fat. It is really delicious and also

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I may add nourishing. I have never been able to persuade Angélique to make it. She is a Béarnaise and has her own specialties !

During my last visit I went with the family to some theatricals got up by the Mayor of the little town for the Red Cross. They were not bad of their kind, and the theatre was crowded. At the end came the "Marseillaise," and the whole audience rose, all but the mother of the Comte de St. Obe, who was seventy. She was one of the old Royalists—strong in love and strong in hate. Never would she stand up to the tune to which her grandparents marched to their death. Not pleasant, *hein* ! She was so upset afterwards she could take nothing but milk for dinner. She was a nervous, excitable creature, full of warmth and feeling, exceedingly clever and *spirituelle*. Her son and his wife felt it doubtless also ; but they had to adapt themselves to new conditions and the newer ones still shaping.

December 23.

There was immense excitement in the Club to-day over President Wilson's note, which was couched in what seemed to some rather ambiguous terms. Opinions were divided as to the interpretation of this passage :

"He takes the liberty of calling attention to the fact that the objects which the statesmen of the belligerents on both sides have in mind in this war are virtually the same as stated in general terms to their own people and the world. Each side desires to make the rights and privileges of weak peoples and small States as secure against aggression or denial in the future as the rights and privileges of the great and powerful States now at war."

I am inclined to think that this is the first step to America

coming in with the Allies, though my view was not that of the majority, who considered that the President was playing into the enemies' hands. I am so certain myself of our ultimate victory that it came somewhat as a surprise to me to-day to hear a prominent man express his conviction that Germany must be the victor, and several pro-Allies said in a faint-hearted sort of way that they feared that there was no doubt that Germany had a chance of success. In Spain, which has been so pro-German, there is quite a change and the feeling is growing for the Allies. The Infanta is quoted as having said that she feared the Germans would win, but she hoped the Allies wouldn't lose.

To-night I dined with the Princess S., and again all the conversation was on the famous note, and a good deal of dissatisfaction was expressed. When one is convinced one is fighting for the right and the highest motives and enduring suffering of the worst kind, it is annoying to be told that your motives are on a par with murderers and brigands.

A man just returned from an Embassy at Berlin sat opposite to me. I had noticed he looked out of health and presently he informed us as to conditions in Berlin. It was not without reason that Judge G. took four tons of food back with him when he returned this month. It seems that the rations are enforced in the Embassies as elsewhere, and that the diet was so bad as to be absolutely prejudicial to health. No eggs, butter, or sugar, and the bread made of —? There is room for a good deal of speculation as to the mixture. Madame de V. told us that in recent letters from Belgium she hears that a new disease is spreading rapidly there, and in Northern Germany. It sounded like a mixture of small-pox and jaundice, and has been caused by the chemical productions combined to take the place of simple food, now difficult to obtain.

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I had taken into dinner the little Madame C., wife of the celebrated writer. Like many wives of literary celebrities, she was not content to shine by her husband's reflected laurels, but longed to appear herself in the public eye. She had been to consult Madame de Thebes, who had seen signs of future distinction in her rosy palm. She pointed out to me the line with great pride.

"In what direction are you going to start?" I inquired.

She shrugged her soft little rounded shoulders with a true French gesture.

"Oh, *mon ami*, why need you ask? You who have known me so long have seen how the stage has always beckoned to me, and its call becomes louder and more urgent daily."

"Madame de Thebes is responsible for a good deal," I could not help saying as I thought of G. C., who, though rather in love with himself, is very much so also with his wife. I felt sure that this innovation would not appeal to him.

"The war is to be over in the spring," declared Madame C. with complete assurance. "Madame de Thebes says so. Unless something happens before, and unless Jupiter has an eclipse or—or—there was something else which I forget, which may prevent it."

"The lady knows how to hedge," I said, "and as there is always something happening with the stars, she is pretty safe."

Madame C. gazed at me with a pair of carefully arranged eyes.

"You must not be so *incrédule*," she whispered, "but then you come of a nation which is so *pratique*. What would you say if I told you that only yesterday I spoke with Napoleon!"

"I should ask for further information," I replied.

"Ah, you laugh. But it is true. You know Mme. de B.?"

I did know the Comtesse de B., who was ever in search of fresh excitement, and who adopted eagerly every passing fancy of the hour. Unfortunately, or fortunately, her head was like a funnel. Material was constantly poured into it, but left it as speedily, and in the intervals her head was empty.

"She had a séance the other day, and the results were surprising. Napoleon came and stood behind my chair, and explained what he thought of the war, and how I should act in a play written by . . . no one has heard of the writer yet, and then——"

"And then?" I asked.

"It was very dark," said Madame C. hurriedly, "and there was a great deal of talking. Madame de R. had Richelieu, and Madame de Foi, Madame de Pompadour."

"It must have been an historic gathering," I said. "Did Napoleon make any criticism of the High Command?"

"Only one. He said, 'Les Allemands sont à Noyon!'" And Mme. C. gathered up her gloves as we left the table.

It was later in the evening that I had a chat with my hostess. I congratulated her on her last book of poems.

"If I did not write," she said, "I should go out of my mind. I do, as you know, what I can every morning in Relief work, but I keep from two to four absolutely to myself. I try to put from me the horrors of reality, and forget myself in the world of imagination. Perhaps it is the most real after all."

"You are happy," I said, "if you can detach yourself even temporarily from the present moment."

"I learned to do that, *maréchal*, long ago. You, my poor friend, with all your knowledge and self-control, allow

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yourself to be worried by the surface of life. It is a mistake."

"Perhaps," I replied, "but the surface is so agitated just now I find it difficult. By the way, how about this Peace talk?"

The Princess waved an exquisite little fan.

"I will quote you some lines of Victor Hugo's. Do they not exactly fit the present situation?"

*'Ah! Même le plus grand des siècles n'est pas grand,
Si quelque ombre de honte est mêlée à sa gloire.
Avec une aile blanche avoir une aile noire,
Non France, Non! Jamais ainsi tu n'as vécu,
Et la paix n'est la paix qu'après qu'on a vaincu?'"*

I listened and she continued: "I will also tell you a little story which I think applies. It happened in the old days in Normandy. Four men had worked for a long time making a little bridge. It was almost finished when the Devil happened by. The Devil of those parts was a cunning Devil and he knew how to make mischief. At the end of a few minutes he had the men quarrelling as to the height of the bridge. 'We'll soon decide that,' said one of the men who was full of impulse and ardour. Over the edge he went and took hold of the top of the bridge with both hands, then the three others in succession went over, too, and hung one by one on each other, but still they were a long way above the water. 'The river's rising,' called the Devil to encourage them, but they all got very tired. Then the Devil laughed in his sleeve and said to the first man, whose hands were getting cut and raw, 'Spit in your hands, man, and you'll be able to hold on twice as well.' The man did so, and the whole four fell into the water."

"The first man will have more sense, I hope," I said. "And, if you will allow me to say so, the second is equal to any modern Devil."

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"His heart is strong," she replied, laughing, "but he has had a bad attack of the liver. A 'cure' of German waters will make a new man of him."

Now, thinking over the dinner, I smile to myself at little Madame C.'s séance. There has always been these crazes for the unknown and for the self-appointed guides who offer to introduce us there. Only the other day I passed Cagliostro's old house in the rue St. Claude at the corner of the Boulevard Beaumarchais. What a success Cagliostro would have had now!

It was in 1781 that he was at the height of his fame, and succeeded in fooling the Cardinal de Rohan. It seems to me that nowadays people are becoming more credulous than ever. For the last fifty years there has been a surge of materialism. People were ashamed to own to a belief in anything they could not see or touch, but now mysticism and its attendants, faith and credulity, are in the ascendant. Paris and London are full of spiritualists and so-called seers. We have not advanced much further with all their help than Cagliostro with his *dîner des morts*, which was attended by six spirits from the other world, the Duc de Choiseul, Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, l'Abbé de Voisenon and Montesquieu. But they, like the spirits called up at the present day, did not say anything of interest, and instead of the pearls of wit and wisdom which might naturally have been expected their conversation was of the most ordinary and vapid type.

Whether it is possible to hold communion with our dead I do not pretend to decide. All that I have heard at present on the subject has not convinced me that we can. Like most people I greatly wish to know something of what takes place behind the veil, but a feeling within tells me that beyond a certain point we shall never reach. I am very likely mistaken. Perhaps new generations, more

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spiritual and more gifted, will cultivate a sense that we have not, and accomplish what so many are now striving for.

How much Rominagrobis could tell me if she could speak! All animals, and cats especially, know so much of the unseen world. Her large yellow eyes watch me with a grave irony as I write. To her no doubt I appear simply a fool, a fool with many engaging qualities no doubt, but so painfully ignorant of much which to her is always present.

December 25.

Christmas the third since the war began. Behind the atmosphere of carols, feasting and gift-making comes the booming of guns and the arrival of trains filled with wounded. At La Chapelle the trains come in with their weight of suffering, suffering which stays not its hand for the season of gladness.

It is the first Christmas since that of 1870—forty years ago—to have no réveillon, no midnight Mass. The darkness of the streets and the recent economies in gas have rendered it inadvisable. There is still much misery from lack of coal in the poorer quarters, and I was glad to see yesterday some big barges laden with coal on the Seine. Those who were able to get in their coal early are all right, but the poor cannot lay in stores, and in many apartment houses there are no facilities for keeping large supplies. The purchasers by sacks and kilos are at the mercy of passing prices. I have several friends who speak feelingly of the cold. The concierges are in difficulties, with the result that their tenants sit in furs and have a sympathy

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with the men in the trenches which they lacked before. So far, owing to the foresight of Grégoire, we have sufficient. I own frankly a fire means much to me. I love its flickering, glowing company. Perhaps there is something in the old belief that wherever a fire is lit the god Agni is present. It is such a living, cheering presence with its inspiration of hope, transforming the dark dead coal into a radiant vision of colour and warmth.

Francis Wey, in his "*Chronique du Siège de Paris*," tells how a poor woman brought to a friend even worse off than herself for a Christmas present four logs, which she carried, wrapped in a cloth, from the Rue Vavin to the Arsenal! These logs, very damp, gave out more smoke than heat. It is to be hoped that we shall not be reduced to this.

It is a mild Christmas, the sun shone brightly till after mid-day, and then over the distant trees in the Bois dark grey clouds gathered, which may perhaps mean rain or snow. The week which separates Christmas from New Year has always been noted for forecasts. Old folk predict that, if Christmas is mild, it means a freezing Easter.

"Noël au balcon,
Pâques au tison."

"Qui à Noël se chauffe au soleil,
A pâques brûle la bûche de Noël."

In any case, in view of the coal situation, the weather has been kind to us.

The Americans have given largely here this Christmas. They have cheered many hospitals with Christmas-trees and unwonted luxuries. The English, also, have spent an immense amount of money on French charities. I marvel when I think what the latter have done. In spite of being at war, a war which means their existence as an Empire, and their long line at the Front, now reaching

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to Soissons, and which is still further to be lengthened, they are helping all their Allies, France, Russia, Italy, Rumania, Servia, Montenegro, Belgium. I, like most of the Americans over here, am longing to see our country taking its share of the burden of war.

Yesterday I saw a number of Christmas-trees. I never see one without thinking of that marvellous tale of Hans Andersen, "The Fir-tree." The green spreading tree so symbolic of life with its joyous little candles. Electric lights, now so universal, though certainly much safer, are much less beautiful to me, and the tree to my old-fashioned mind loses half its charm when they are used.

On one of the trees came a pretty message from Australia. A *poilu* found in a pair of socks the following lines :

"Cher brave soldat, je pense à vous,
Tandis que mon aiguille coud,
Et que point par point le tricot s'élargit,
Je pense à vous et à tous ceux qui supportent
L'effroyable fardeau de la guerre moderne."

Sylvia has a charming little song which has been popular here called the "Tricot." It has a pretty plaintive melody, and I love to hear her sing it.

December 29.

There is still the usual disorder that always exists between Christmas and the New Year. The latter is of course the great fête in France. The week of the holidays has ever been my special aversion, and I have generally managed to be out of Paris. It is an excellent moment for the "Côte d'Azur" and a mild gamble. Personally I like Cannes or Nice.

But since the war I have made a vow to Paris not to

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leave her for my pleasure. It is a little compact between us. Last Christmas Randy was away, now this year I have him with me, growing daily stronger, and I want nothing more. We have had little parties here and at the restaurants, and one of the party has always been Sylvia. Randy and she seem to have a good deal in common, and I notice that Sylvia, though she pretends not to, really pays a great deal of attention to his wishes.

Some time ago I tried to persuade her from going night after night to the station Canteens. It was too much for her in addition to her work during the day, and I confess I was rather annoyed to find my remarks fell on deaf ears. Two days ago she announced that she had decided to give up Canteen work for the present. I looked on this change of plan as one of the usual caprices one must expect from women, when she added that M. de Maurescon did not think the night work was a good thing. This from my feminist.

Bertrand has also volunteered his opinion that Sylvia ought not to be with Madame Saurien. He actually attacked me about it.

"I am surprised at you, *Sieur*. You who are so particular and who know Paris so well. How can you allow Madame Courtier to remain with that woman."

"My dear boy," I said, rather taken aback, "you forget that Sylvia is not my ward, that Madame Saurien is her friend, and last but not least, that it is none of our business."

"Friend!" ejaculated Randy. "She knows her very little. *You* could easily suggest a change. She thinks so much of what you say." ("Does she?" I thought.) "Why could she not live with the Reniers, or the Gortons?"

"For the simple reason, my friend," I said rather testily, "that the Gortons have not invited her."

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"Oh, well! You could easily arrange that, *Sieur*. You have such a way of getting round people."

Randy was actually flattering me. As I caught his eye, he had the grace to look somewhat ashamed.

"I should like to know," I remarked, "what possible right you or I have to dictate to *Madame Courtier* where she is to live."

"Oh, of course," he said hurriedly, "if you take it like that, but I thought the poor little thing was alone and, after all, she is your godchild."

I remained grave and indifferent, but inwardly I chuckled. It was the first time I had ever seen *Bertrand* display such an interest in anyone. If the two really took a fancy to each other, I considered it would be an excellent thing. *Sylvia* has a practical side to her nature, which is what *Randy*, who is rather prone to act on impulse, needs. Their characters are different, but their tastes similar, and this I consider a good thing in marriage. Though I would not own it to him, I thoroughly agreed about the unadvisability of *Sylvia's* remaining with *Madame Saurien*, and had consulted my little *Princess* about it.

She had seen *Sylvia* and liked her. "She is the type that makes a good wife," she had said to me. The *Princess* herself has not made a good wife, so perhaps she knows what she is talking about. On my explaining the *Saurien* difficulty she, as usual, had a remedy. "Why does she not take a little flat of her own?" she said, "and have my niece's governess to live with her as *duenna*. A thoroughly worthy woman I can recommend. She has one of those charming minds one meets now and again, which takes no interest in anything but meals and insects. She is an ardent entomologist. Your young friend will find her soothing and unobtrusive, but all there in an emergency. I will give you her address."

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The idea was not bad, and I determined to suggest it to Sylvia. It would be better than the Gortons. Though the Gortons are the kindest hearted people in the world, they have perhaps not lived long enough over here to understand the French character, and frequently spread the Star Spangled banner rather too aggressively over every one's head. Every one loves his own country after his own fashion, but that is no reason to ram the fact down people's throats.

That is why travel is so necessary. It makes the difference between a cut and an uncut diamond. You get in the former a thousand different points of view, and it makes you more agreeable. The Gortons are dear people and, after all, their little exuberances are easily forgotten, but for Sylvia to live with them— It would be impossible. '

I noticed more than ever this Christmas how our customs are taking root here, and how the shops cater more and more for American customers. There is hardly anything in the way of our eating specialties which cannot be procured. The real French are very slow to alter, and in spite of international marriages I notice few changes in the ways of old families.

There is one innovation which has grown enormously since the war—afternoon tea. The number of tea-shops has trebled, and at the appointed hour they one and all never fail to fill. To me as a man it is a mystery what the charm of these places consists in. To soldiers from the Front it is somewhere to take their friends, but the majority of the customers are women. On the few occasions when I have been with friends I have been intensely uncomfortable. The tables are placed so closely together one can hardly move, the atmosphere is unspeakable, and the tea indifferent. The rue Cambon is a perfect hive of these places, and their receipts must be enormous, and one of the few incomes

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unaffected by the war. The Government has threatened to forbid cakes and sweets being sold on certain days in the week, but the law has not yet been passed.

I remarked about this step to the confectioner where I was buying my usual New Year gifts of bonbons, and to my surprise an elderly woman sitting beside the smiling caissière drew herself up and said, "At present I know nothing of such an order as Monsieur speaks of. If it were to be so, I, as Vice-Présidente de la Grande Société des Pâtisseries, would have known it." La Grande Société des Pâtisseries was unknown to me, and it struck me how many positions of importance it is possible to aspire to. From the manner of the lady I could judge that she considered her position as something very definite and great, and yet how many people live and die without knowing of la Grande Société des Pâtisseries. In these days fame is a curious thing.

But to return to the subject of tea. To-day I took two friends to a fashionable tea place not far from the Concorde. My companions on entering cast a rapid glance round the crowded room. To me every square inch appeared occupied. "Let us try B.," said I, making for the door. Not a bit of it. This place had some hidden attraction concealed from me. We stood for a few moments and then a table on one side of the room being vacated the two ladies sat down with their backs to the wall, while I sat opposite exactly in the passage way. It was the only place where I *could* sit. A waitress bumped a tray into the back of my neck, and passed serenely on. When I say I sat I am incorrect. Literally, I was up and down, apologizing, and using strong language under my breath.

Three ladies pushed past our table, and one of them swept with her stole the cream-jug on to a young soldier in khaki. A perfect cataract of apologies when her

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attention was drawn to the fact. "Mademoiselle. Waitress, a cloth ! Dear me, a thousand pardons ! There is so little room I do wish people wouldn't put their chairs *right* in the gangway"—this with a freezing glance at me.

Connected conversation was impossible. My companions kept up a sort of disjointed dialogue with me while they discussed "Mont Blancs," a fearful sweet. I saw a young girl near me eat steadily through a large plate of tarts, *babas*, and various other cakes. Certainly there is no shortage of sugar in the rue Cambon.

I like tea, but tea in a comfortable room is different to the pandemonium I have been describing. In America it is only in the Eastern States and perhaps in the South where the tea habit prevails. In the Middle West and the West it has not yet become a habit. People dine early and have no use for an extra meal. When teas are given it is a TEA in Capital letters and a serious meal.

The Greek situation continues most serious. Accounts are now fuller of what took place in Athens on that terrible St. Bartholomew's Eve. Tolson's account fell far short of the reality. A banker who was Venizelist in sympathy tried to escape at night, was caught and tortured for several hours, and finally rescued by some French sailors who took him on board the Admiral's ship.

January 1, 1917.

The third New Year I have seen come in since the war began, but this year of 1917 must surely see the end. The stories of Germany starving, so absurd in the early days, now have much foundation. In Silesia, Brandenburg, Saxony and Bavaria, the lack of food is growing worse

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every day. It is surprising how much a German will stand, and the nation's marvellous submission to authority. Had it not been for their sublime faith in their leaders, their servile obedience to all in authority, and a strange perverted patriotism, the war would have been over long ago. How different to my dear French, who absolutely refuse to be rationed and restricted beyond a certain point. The point varies, but it is never a very fine one.

The last few days Randy has not been well, so last night we had a quiet dinner at home, with Sylvia and an old cousin of Bertrand's, Madame de Chevreuil, a very mild old lady of sixty-five. After dinner she went comfortably asleep while talking to me, and I, listening to the murmur of voices from the next room where Bertrand was showing Sylvia my collection of Japanese carvings, smoked tranquilly, looking into the leaping flames. The two in the next room did not want me. They were finding out what each had in common with the other, a very entrancing pursuit when you are twenty-five.

I thought of the woman I ought to have married years ago had not the Fates—those ugly old women always jealous of the younger and fairer of their sex—parted us. Her career has been very different from mine. She has occupied a prominent place in many capitals, and they say is very cold and hard. I do not believe it. Every now and then we meet, and for the moment, when her hand lies in mine, I feel again the old, old feeling that tells me that she, and she only, was the mate predestined for me. And does she feel it too? Sometimes I think so. She is not a happy woman and she has no children. The history of our love and our parting is not to be written here and it concerns no one now. Our lives are nearly ended, and all the mad hunger, the mad longing is over, leaving only the memory which will die with me. New Year's Eve to the old always

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has something of sadness. One looks back too much, and who does not find in his life the dregs of bitter things?

Hearing a gentle snore from my companion, I roused myself and went to my desk. In one of the drawers is my collection of *poilu* letters from the Front, and I began to sort them out.

What a tremendous number of letters have been written and sent home by loving *poilus* to their mothers, sweethearts and *marraines* revealing in every line the simple nature of our soldiers. They are a great contrast to the letters of an English Tommy! The latter have often a rollicking cheerfulness, making light of danger, and breathing a wonderful courage. The *poilu* has proved that he is no less brave. He is willing to die, and will not hesitate to do so if necessary, but he does not pretend to like it, and gives a full account to his family of his daily trials. Trials of mud, of no *pinard* and the general boredom of the trenches.

Long days of mud up to your waist would not appear to be inspiring from a literary point of view, and yet men have written from the trenches some letters which will rank with the world's greatest literature. Lieutenant R. has written a delightful book at the Front, full of poetry and fine feeling, especially his charming chapter on Larks, Poppies and Mice. Of the poppies he says: "La terre sacrifiée, ne pouvant plus fournir de blé pour nourrir nos corps, nous a donné pour l'éblouissement de nos âmes des rayons de lumière triomphale." A charming thought.

The growth of mysticism shows in so many of the books of to-day. The constant menace of death rouses questioning doubts in most men's minds, and a decided dislike to total annihilation. Even to the most material *poilu* come thoughts troubling and unusual, which generally lead to confession and an interview with M. l'aumônier. What

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better, truer or more touching picture could ever be written than Marc Leclerc's "Passion de notre Frère le Poilu." That simple *cultivateur* who died and found himself in the presence of God and the Saints, in the homely dress of his imagination. In its way it is the finest thing the war has produced.

Maeterlinck has written many things of beauty. In exquisite language he leads us round and round in a land of soft questioning, but always drops us gently outside the Gate of Certainty.

"Here," I say to myself as I kick a half-burnt log back into place, "am I still living old and useless, while boys I have seen grow up round me have already solved the great mystery. A mystery to us here, but I am convinced in reality very simple and natural. It is the unknown that gives one the cold shudder, for what really could be more appalling than the hell men have created themselves with their own hands."

I take my letters to the fire. What a curious assortment they are. Some amusing, some sad, and others banal. I will copy out a few here, good and bad.

The first from Bonjean, a model of politeness :

MONSIEUR AND DEAR BENEFACTOR,

I come, having a little time this morning to recall myself to your kind memory, and to inform you as to my state of health which for the moment is as satisfactory as possible under the circumstances. I hope and wish that my humble missive may find you in the same state, and that you have not suffered in your affections by the illness of any of your friends.

Here am I again in the trenches before . . . after having passed eight days *au repos*. It looks to me as if we were going to have a push forward shortly which cannot arrive too soon for me. During these glorious days of sunshine

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one could do better on the top than under the earth. When we do get out we don't intend to amuse the Boches, they can begin counting their days. Those Boches who have soiled our land too long with their presence. Down with their savage devilry. I have again to call on your great generosity, sir, for to my deep regret I have lost my knife, how I don't know and I need it badly. I would like a solid one which will serve for cleaning the trenches, also will you add a little whistle which I could use to draw attention on myself if lost or wounded. Hoping soon to have the pleasure of reading you, I close begging you to accept my humble and grateful respects. Your devoted,
SERVITEUR.

MY BOUNTIFUL GODFATHER,

I am happy to be able to talk to you a little to-day, and trust that you are well. A misfortune has befallen me. As if we had not enough trouble to fight we must do each other harm as well. As we are in a tranquil sector we often have a game of cards in rest hours. The fine pack of cards you sent me must have pleased some one as one day, when I went to take it, it had disappeared. In this profession one needs patience. As to the food, it is impossible! though we always have enough, except that at the beginning in 1914 we were obliged to eat what we could *en route*. Now we have full rations: 3 *quarts de vin* a day, once the *rata* in the evening, and meat soup the morning, more than we can eat. We need it also what with the hard times we have come through and will have to go through again. As long as one is strong all goes well, against the weakness one cannot resist. It is only by strength we shall have them. As I have now to go with my *corvée* I leave you with profound respect.

Here is one of Sylvia's, full of sentiment :

MY DEAR AND GOOD MARRAINE,

I reply to your letter which gave me so much pleasure. I will tell you also that snow is falling, and that all is very

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sad. The Boches annoy us continually with shells. Your parcel gave me great pleasure. I will tell you that the jam was very good and also the sausage. Did you by any chance make the socks yourself for I found a hair in them, a golden hair ! which I have put carefully and tenderly away. I need a pipe badly, mine is broken, and a pipe changes one's ideas and brings comfort from the depression. While smoking one thinks no more of one's misery only of one's good and kind *marraine*. I send you a ring, and if you desire a heart I will make one. Tell me.

Your devoted and faithful *filleul*, dear *marraine*.

I have something to add which will give you pleasure. I expect to have a *permission* in the next two months. You can count on me this time and that you will see your *filleul*. You will be very content, and I hope this news will delight you. I clasp your hand again.

This poor fellow, whom we had never seen, was shot two days after this letter.

MY GREAT BENEFACTOR,

I cannot thank you in polished language for your goodness. I am anxious to-day to announce to you that the moment for me to avenge my brothers is near, and to assure you that I shall strike a good blow, for vengeance haunts me this moment more than ever. I hope, if unhappily something happens to me, to make them pay dearly for my life and above all those of my brothers, for I shall have no pity. I shall know how to defend myself and to prove to them that a Frenchman is worth more than a beastly Boche. Yesterday our artillery handed them some good tobacco. You ask what I desire. I have no right to make a choice, for what you send is always my choice, only that perhaps some paste for my razor is what I need, some ink, and small pens, a pair of socks. As to eating I accept with good heart, it will find a place, also candles. It is dark in our Rabbit Palaces. There is one great kindness you could do me, and no one better. It is on the

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subject of my brother Charles, for I believe my brother earned the Croix de Guerre. Would it be possible to make the demand of his Colonel in order to reclaim it and then find the place where he was killed. Will you keep this honourable medal in order that later it may go to our parents? Excuse me this request. I have heard from my officers I have the right to reclaim the medal of my brother. I close now as we profit by the night to pay the enemy visits in their trenches. We are only 40 or 50 metres from them. One has to keep one's eye always open.

This is a letter from the owner of a little *crémèrie* close by, where I have been a customer for years :

MY DEAR SIR,

It is long since I have written, and I beg you will accept my thanks devoted and sincere for the service you have rendered me. . . . Since the 23rd, my regiment has been resting but not me! I have to continue supplying the Fort, there is no reason to call it the Fort as it is very weak, nothing in fact but a hole.

There I go every day with supplies carried on the back of mules. Last time when we were nearly at our destination three of the mules fell into a shell hole 5 or 6 metres in depth. We only got the last out at a quarter past two in the morning. He had taken a *douche* of 5 hours! I thought he certainly would die. However, we got them out safe and sound, and myself also in spite of several *marmites* which fell some yards from us covering us with earth. For several days now we have had fine weather. It is the rain which is the worst for us and for those in the trenches. Last time I was in them the rain fell for 24 hours without stopping and during that time we were at work always with water over our knees. It was indeed bad for the poor wounded. One unfortunate fell in the trench and as there was no one near to help him he drowned, and there are many like that. Those who live through this war will have seen and endured much. It would be nothing if

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we only knew when it would all finish and if with victory. It is all hard and one's comrades disappear one by one just lately. I did not notice it at first but to-day I see, we were a dozen of comrades from the invaded countries and now I am the only one in the section. I shall soon have the same as my comrades. I cannot explain it for some days I have had an awful *cafard* and my thoughts go always towards the friends who are left me.

I think of you with gratitude, monsieur, and would like some safety-pins, not one I have, everything gets lost here. Happily as yet I have not lost myself.

PIERRE RICHER.

This letter was written two months ago, and only last week I heard that he was missing, probably a prisoner. I am making inquiries about the poor fellow whose presentiment came true so quickly. I have many letters full of interesting description and from educated pens, but to my mind these letters from unknown *poilus* who are giving their all with little hope of reward, just as a matter of course, are those of real heroes.

Madame de C. is awake and is calling to Sylvia that it is long after eleven.

January 3.

STATISTICS.

At the end of the year it is my custom to consider my affairs for the year and see how I stand. This year, after completing my personal matters, I began to think of those of international interest. The results are so surprising that I am writing them down here to have them ready for reference.

After two years and a half of war, apart from the terrific loss of life and property, the cost of the struggle has reached

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an appalling sum total. To the Allies the cost is estimated to exceed £8,000,000,000, while to the Central Powers it exceeds £4,000,000,000. The decline in value of English securities on the London Stock Exchange from July 1, 1914, has been about £1,000,000,000.

"The note expansion of the Allies has reached a total during the same period exceeding £1,250,000,000, of which only £140,000,000 has been issued by England. Germany alone has issued about £300,000,000. Austria's position seems undefined as to its note expansion, and of its gold resources.

The Entente's gold resources now amount to over £550,000,000, where Germany's is about £125,000,000.

The submarine warfare has caused a great increase in cost of Marine Insurance. Risks that formerly paid a shilling a ton, dead weight, now freely pay as high as a pound a ton.

Berlin claims that 15 per cent. of the total British tonnage, or over 3 million tons, have been sunk, while a total of all ships, the Allies and Neutral together, will exceed 4½ million tons. Most of these are doubtless a total loss, but I hope a large percentage of them may be salvaged after the war is over.

England has accomplished marvels in the way of organizing and equipping its vast army since the outbreak of the war. It called on others for help. Orders from the Allied Governments for nearly 10 millions of rifles were placed in America. It was a surprise to the Allies, and must have been a source of humiliation to us, to find that we could not turn out rifles that the military authorities would accept. Apparently we do not have the right inspection, and minute measurements taken of every part as they do here in Europe. In rifles it is essential that the fit is so accurate that parts of adjacent rifles on the battlefield can be interchanged and repairs made without the use of tools. When I first saw shells being made I was struck by the elaborate system

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of measuring and weighing and inquired why it was necessary.

It appears that often the first line trenches are only a few feet apart, and the shells must be so accurately made that they will all perform exactly the same duty, otherwise instead of shelling the enemy trench, the shell might fall in our own, killing our own troops.

The universal detonator is fulminate of mercury, a compound of quicksilver. A group of men in the States tried to corner the market, and ran the price up from about £10 a flask to about £60, but the Rothschilds, who control the European product, were called in to correct this, and the price quickly dropped back and came down to £16.

Another metal that enters largely into munitions, antimony, used for hardening lead for shrapnel bullets, rapidly jumped up in price from about fourpence a pound to nearly two shillings. Here two things came to the help of the Allies: the use of high explosives reduced the demand for shrapnel, but the chief factor was the large output of China, which is now the world's largest producer of antimony of a good quality, and the price fell again and soon dropped to sixpence a pound.

Of course other metals have greatly increased in price, as steel, copper, zinc, and lead."

January 5.

Information has begun to come through about the end of that curious personage Gregory Raspoutin, the Monk of Mystery, as he was sometimes called. A friend of mine who was at the Embassy in Petrograd has told me much of the man. In spite of many conflicting versions as to Raspoutin's end, there is little doubt that his death had been decided on for some time by the Progressive Party, and that in killing him they rid the world of as great a scoundrel as any in history. The story is that young

Prince Yusupoff invited the monk to supper with nine other guests and that there was a brief ceremony of accusation and condemnation, and then—a speedy death.

Raspoutin was known to have strong German sympathies and to use his influence over women to aid their cause. He was one of the heads of that great Secret Society whose mysterious power has been felt in every part of the world and which has worked so subtly for German interests. I remember years ago at Lyons the notorious Philippe, predecessor of Raspoutin, and his first attempts as a seer and mystic in that town. The imagination of a crowd once caught, it is surprising to see how far they will go. In Philippe's case he made his first *coup* by the simple expedient of advertising the fact that on a given day he would send seven dogs on seven roads, and foretelling that they would none of them reach further than seven miles. It is hardly necessary to say that none of them did. They all died foaming at the mouth.

Raspoutin had enormous magnetism and this was the secret of his success. An uneducated man, he had a peasant's shrewdness, and he quickly learnt the credulity of man and womankind. Born in a little Siberian village, he passed his youth in stealing and roguery of all kinds, till the idea of being a spiritual leader dawned on him. From that moment his fortune was secure, and his faith in his own destiny grew with his success. The hypnotic power he possessed gave him an extraordinary spell over women. His manner changed from cringing servility to overbearing insolence. Introduced by one of his followers to the Imperial Household, he made an immediate impression on the neurasthenic Empress. Step by step he gained influence till his sinister domination grew to alarming proportions.

His appearance was not attractive. He was dirty and

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repulsive, both hair and finger-nails never being attended to. When I saw him in Russia I was specially struck with his eyes. I have never seen anything like them except perhaps in Rominagrobis' sometimes, though I am sure she would be insulted at having her name mentioned in connection with such a villain. Never still for an instant, the eyes would burn with a strange glow, the pupil dilating and then contracting to an almost imperceptible line, they held the interest and looked specially remarkable in the opaque colourless skin. But I have seen them at other times covered as if with a thin grey film, giving the effect of cataract, and this thin film shielded his real thoughts and wishes effectually.

In Russia all things are possible. It is a land of unknown power and mystery, the strong passions of its Tartar ancestry warring with the new ideas of a later civilization.

In Petrograd, in that strange atmosphere of mysticism and unrest, Raspoutin in his rôle of seer and prophet flourished. Russian history has produced others like him, and his life and end are no novelty.

The Russian soldiers one sees here in Paris are fine looking men. Their wants are few and they are happy and content with surprisingly little. They are a lesson in contentment. I have never heard a grumble from a Russian soldier. If they have meat for dinner, it is well ; if bread and tea, it is well also. Their minds move slowly and on simple lines. They have none of the quick mentality of the French, nor are they so material in their outlook. They have the mysticism and belief in Fate which is ingrained in the Slav race.

A French soldier who has been wounded and crippled will worry himself with questions as to his future and power of earning money. The Russian, on the contrary, does not trouble about the future, he only asks himself, " Why has this

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punishment fallen upon me? What is the reason? I must endure it. It is my destiny." Knowing a little Russian, I have often talked with the men in the hospitals and time after time I have found this attitude.

A new Society has been started for the relief of the Russian prisoners, whose terrible condition is disturbing every one who thinks. We are asked to send dried tea-leaves once used and also all remnants of bread. I have spoken to Angélique.

As fighters one hears different accounts of the Russians. Young Duphot, who has seen a good deal of them at the Front, says they are not good at attack, where the essence of success lies in the quickness with which it is made after the ground has been prepared by the artillery. He described the Russians, when the moment for advance came, falling on their knees in prayer, and by the time their intercessions were ended and they advanced the German guns punished them cruelly. They have no idea of time, but their religious feelings once excited they will die like martyrs.

Duphot went on to describe the treatment of the men by their officers, who spur men on by means of thonged whips. It is entirely different to the relationship between the French officer and his troops, which is really that of a father and his children. I have met very few French officers who are not adored by their men.

What will the war accomplish for Russia? Sollanges, and other men who know Russia well, are uneasy as to conditions there. They say the enormous power that lies smouldering in those simple peasants will one day break forth and astonish the world, and that when it does there will be a revolution which will exceed in horror anything the world has yet seen. Sollanges, indeed, told me only yesterday that he considered the order abolishing vodka an exceedingly dangerous one.

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"In a few months you will see something," he said.

"I probably shall," I answered. "For my part I am more afraid of German propaganda."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Of course," he said, "I have been working against that all my life."

Sollanges is a good fellow, but he always knows a little more than the other man.

It is almost impossible for anyone who has not lived in Russia to understand conditions. The entire outlook on life, and the people's ideas and their comprehension of duty, are so entirely different from their Allies. I have often been asked, "Are the Russians treacherous?" I have never found them so, but then they are not consistent, and does not this fact explain many a contradiction.

In 1891 I was in Russia, staying with Prince D. at his place near K. We had been for a long drive one day, my host driving his favourite four-in-hand. We had passed through several villages, where at the sight of us all the peasants kneeled humbly in the road, when we arrived at a rather larger village. Here there appeared to be something in the nature of a meeting taking place. There was a little crowd round what corresponded to a *mairie*. The men struck me as looking surly and forbidding, and when we drove through the street not a hat was raised or an obeisance made.

My host immediately drew up, handed the reins to me, and taking his long whip went up to the group and laid about him with a right good determination. I confess was thunderstruck, never in my life having seen men treated in this way. There was an instant change in the attitude of the group. I could see little sign of resentment. They simply became servile, and many threw themselves on the ground. When he had administered his correction

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Prince D. returned, took the reins and we proceeded on our way.

"I was right, wasn't I?" he said to another man behind him.

"Perfectly," replied the other, "very right, the hounds!"

I was the only one of the party who was even surprised, but I then and there got my first lesson in Socialism.

This was the Russia of the past! The peasant, simple, credulous, vodka steeped, kindly by nature, possessing a force, of which he himself was too ignorant to understand the power.

I think the legends of Russia reveal the amount of poetry concealed in the somewhat stolid exterior of the Russian peasant. An incident showing this happened while I was there, and struck me much at the time.

An old woman of seventy-two who had saved up for many years in order to have a really fine coffin took me into her house to show it off. It was a wonderful affair, painted all over with trails of ivy and here and there rather unrealistic nightingales. The old Zabava was delighted with it, and the thought of future tenancy took away most of the sting of death. Her grandchild of six, who was what they call in Russia an "*orpheline ronde*," because she had lost both her parents, stood by awe-struck at the magnificence.

The next day we heard that this same little orphan had died suddenly in the night of some childish illness. The grandmother was in despair, having no immediate funds to pay for the embellishment of another coffin, but finally solved the difficulty by having the child buried in an ordinary coffin, and having a lily painted in one corner of her own large one.

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January 9.

I have had a long talk with Sylvia about her taking a flat. She was charming as always and thanked me warmly for the interest I took in her.

"I hardly like to leave Madame Saurien now," she said. "She has taken the flat for six months, and if I left her it would not be fair. In March I will make some other arrangements. I agree with you it would be much nicer to have a flat of my own."

"How does your work get on?" I asked. "Do you send many packages away? If your funds are low you must call on me. What are old men good for anyway nowadays?"

Sylvia shot me a look of gratitude which was worth a pretty big subscription.

"You are the very kindest person I ever met," she said warmly, "but I am not going to bother you for money when you have a hundred people begging from you every day. Oh, yes, I *know*! I hear people saying, 'I shall ask Monsieur G. He is the most generous person in Paris.'" I put this down just as she said it, but I blush to say it is far from the truth. I give what I can and that is all. I have no reason to save. Maurescon will be so well off he will not need help from me. "Besides we seem to have ample funds at present. Madame Saurien's friends are very good to her. She says she has only to ask and they give her all she needs. Last week we sent off 200 packages and we have opened another room where men on leave can come and sit and read the papers. Madame Saurien gives them cigarettes and takes the greatest interest in them."

"But there are lots of places open already for them. At every corner one sees a Soldiers' Club."

"That is so, but Madame Saurien enjoys having them so much. She has lots of *filleuls*, and it is easier to entertain them there than at our tiny flat."

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"Does she help the *mutilés* as well?" I inquired.

"Yes, she does sometimes."

"She must be a kind-hearted woman," I remarked, a little ashamed at my previous judgment of her. "I shall look in one of these days and see you all at work."

"Oh, do!" said Sylvia eagerly. "I should love to take you round and I will show you some of the letters we have received."

It was arranged I was to go the first day I could.

At the Club I found Sollanges alone in his corner. Tolson has gone down to Bordeaux on business. The quays are loaded up with merchandise which it is impossible to get moved.

Sollanges showed me a cartoon representing little Tino sitting on a wheel in the water and trying to balance.

"He'll find the water cold," remarked my friend, "but like all Greeks he can swim when he finds himself in deep water."

In spite of the blockade, which is becoming more and more oppressive, the Reservists are still behaving with the utmost arrogance. On Friday they entered the Hall where the Municipal Council of the Piræus were sitting, threatened the Councillors with death and forced them to dismiss officials suspected of sympathy with the Venizelists. All the Liberal Councillors stood up, pocketed their pride in neat packages and resigned.

We spoke of the Allied Conference at Rome, which has been so business-like and short, and which has had such a good effect on Italian opinion in Rome.

"I admire Lloyd George," I said, "he is the most indefatigable man I ever heard of."

"I am full of admiration at this moment," said Sollanges, "for I read that owing to his express wish there was only one eating ceremony given throughout the visit, a luncheon

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given by Signor Boselli, the Premier, and even that was restricted to three courses, but I doubt if it will be a popular innovation."

"To eat while making important decisions, men seem made that way," I remarked wisely. "I know in my own country more business is done over the dinner table than anywhere else."

"I used to like to get my business if it was important done as early in the morning as possible, after dinner I doubt if any man's judgment is quite as clear, though it may be more optimistic and enthusiastic."

"As to enthusiasm, did you ever see anything like the English now? They are determined to win this war, and when they make up their minds, by Jove, they do a thing."

"I see they are tackling the Food problem very satisfactorily and are pushing their plans for home-grown food. The question of the sale of alcohol has also been taken in hand. That's a pretty hard thing to settle, eh?" Sollanges chuckled. "Nothing like whisky and soda, my dear sir, but get the *best*. I found that out years ago or I should now be lying under the daisies. Good spirit never killed anyone, but——"

He was interrupted by Slight, who arrived with a broad grin on his face.

"Have you fellows heard the news?" he asked. "The Japanese have just landed a large army in——"

"Where?" we asked as he paused.

"In 'Life'!" he said and roared with laughter.

These jokes are very pointless, I think.

January 10.

The papers announce that yesterday the Department of State telegraphed to Mr. Gerard, to ask him to explain the

following words which he is said to have delivered during the recent banquet at the Chamber of Commerce in Berlin :

"Never since the beginning of the war have relations been as cordial between the United States and Germany. . . . As long as the present distinguished statesmen, the heads of the Army and the Fleet, i.e., the Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, Capelle and Holtzendorff, remain in power, we are persuaded that these good relations will continue."

And this after the crimes of the *Lusitania* and *Sussex* !

Have Mr. Gerard's words been correctly reported ? It remains to be seen. It is probable they have not. Mr. Gerard has held a very difficult position since the beginning of the war remarkably well. As a Judge "Jimmy" was considered a just and level-headed man, but a Judge is not necessarily a diplomat. The want of training in our diplomats has been a handicap to them in the past. The fact is we are still very provincial and, though we will not own to it, insular. We often remark on England's prejudices and intolerance of other ways than her own, but we neglect to see that we ourselves are quite as narrow and unwilling to accept proven methods.

Mrs. Gerard is the charming daughter of Marcus Daly of Anaconda fame. Years ago when out West on a shooting expedition I met him and spent an interesting hour in his company. Had anyone then predicted that one of his daughters would be an Ambassadors how surprised he would have been.

Such is life in America : transformations which are a continual astonishment to the French mind. They have their good and bad side, these sudden transitions. They happen occasionally in every country, but nowhere else is the rise of the individual quite so rapid and frequent. Every boy knows that he may be President some day, and

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every girl that she may make a brilliant marriage, and will try to in Europe if possible. There is something very stimulating in this attitude towards life.

What we lack in our schools and colleges are ideals. The principle of honour, that there is something in life which money cannot buy. Our young men worship success, and with us success means money, to such an extent that all other values are lost. The real beauty of life and its true meaning is becoming more and more hidden from us. Prosperous we may be, but it is a prosperity at the cost of our soul. At present we are hardly a race, we are a mass of peoples not yet welded into a substance, and it is only by fire that we shall become so. We shall go through our death struggle, and we shall emerge a finer people.

The Conference in Italy resulted in an Ultimatum being sent to Greece. Athens is given forty-eight hours to accept the Allies' terms, and this final note has been signed by Italy. Tino is figuratively being put in the corner.

Sylvia, who takes up the cause of all women wholesale, has been specially interested in the strike of the work-girls at A——. The poor girls have been accustomed to heat their midday meal over the gas in the work-rooms, and when owing to the increase in cost gas was cut off there was fury and tears amongst the workers. Extra wages were demanded both by the *premières* and the *petites mains*. The girls got together and decided that, if they were unable to heat the food they brought with them from home, it would cost them too much to go to a restaurant. Talking made matters worse, and finally a letter was sent to their employers.

The *premières* asked for the same wages as before the war, frs. 5.75 to frs. 6 a day, while the little hands, who are only receiving frs. 2 to frs. 3 a day, demanded frs. 4. The girls arranged the whole thing themselves and signed their

round robin with the word "*Unanimité*." All the working girls of the house waited the reply with fluttering hearts. No reply came, and the big and little hands, numbering 150, departed to interview M. Vignon and M. Millerat at the Bourse de Travail, who listened with sympathy.

In the end, I am glad to say, the Maison A—— acceded to the demands of the anxious little hands, who returned to work and to achieve still greater triumphs.

January 11.

It is a long time since we heard of Zeppelins, but to-night we had a really exciting time. It was amusing, also, because the Zeppelins never came at all. It postponed dinner for half an hour, but after all one must expect little things like that in war-time.

I had two guests to-night—Sylvia and Madame de R. The latter an old friend, who has a heart of gold and the tongue of a viper. She does nothing but good. She also has that keen critical sense which is able to dissect character rapidly. In a moment all your little weaknesses come under the microscope of her shrewd grey eyes. And she is not reticent, she tells you what she sees! People all say, "Oh, what a tongue Madame de R. has. It is too bad the way she cuts people up," and yet there is no one you meet out more frequently, or who is so popular.

I may as well own up at once. I like Madame de R., and I enjoy her conversation now and again. There are times when she positively acts on my system like a tonic, and the older I grow the more I find myself in need of a tonic. To-night I had Madame de R. to amuse *me*, as I knew very well that once dinner was over Sylvia and Bertrand would be entirely occupied with themselves.

Randy was still in his room, and I was arranging some papers before dinner, when I heard the sirens going and the warning of the *pompriers*, then excited voices, and Plumecoq entered and remarked in his usual foggy accents :

" Monsieur is warned that Zeppelins will shortly appear over Paris." Then he drew the curtains a little closer.

" The deuce they will," I said to myself, and finished my letter. I have a *flair* for experience of all kinds, and it was this same *flair* that drove me in a few minutes to put on my hat and coat and descend to the entrance.

I found the hall full of people. There was Madame Pim, from the second floor, in a dressing-gown which I am sure she kept generally strictly for home and private use. The Prince de Z., who occupies the *rez-de-chaussée*, was there also. He is a very old and sick man, and owing to his many debts is spending the last year or two of his life in strictest seclusion.

Then there was the family from the fourth floor, Americans from Brazil, a large family. The mother enormously fat, the father parched and remarkably thin, two olive complexioned boys, and four or five girls, the eldest a really beautiful girl. All these were in the hall, and close behind were a number of servants, amongst whose voices I detected Angélique's piercing note.

Madame Plobus attempted to explain to me that the cellar was full of something I could not hear what, when with a convulsive shudder she subsided on to the floor and was carried on to the family bed. Plobus was out in the street extinguishing the lights. When he returned he refused to speak, though he did say apart to me that the raid had been predicted by the " *Conseilleur de Paris* "—a paper he swears by—for some time.

The scene amused me and I lingered. In an alarm character always comes out, and it was distinctly funny to hear Madame Pim assuring every one that she was not in the

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least frightened. "Why are you afraid!" she kept saying to the shivering South American lady. "Do not be afraid. I am not afraid. See how calm I am." And all the time her face was twitching and the hands which held a small black bag shook.

I went out, strolled down one or two streets, looked at the clear steel grey sky, saw nothing, and returned to reassure the shivering group. Then Sylvia and Madame de R. arrived. There was something so ordinary and every dayish about a taxi driving up that the whole party brightened up, but in spite of all I could urge they refused to move from the entrance hall.

Angélique, reminded of her duties, flew upstairs, and as we sat down to dinner at eight the "All well" of the *pompiers* sounded.

January 12.

Amongst my letters this morning was a small parcel, and I was very grieved to see on opening it that it contained the little personal objects of a soldier—Jean Thibault. The poor lad was one of my *filleuls* and an excellent boy in every way. The few things found on him had evidently been sent to me as he had in his pocket my last letter. There was also one from his mother so infinitely touching in its simple love that I give it here. The address had got wet, but the main part of the letter was legible. Here it is:

"DEAR SON,

I reply to your letter which I have just received. I fear very much that something will prevent your leave, and I long so to see you. Ernest is ready to leave for the Front, and it is eight days that I have received no news from Auguste. No one knows when this unhappy war will

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end. Eugène Bitron de la Vigne is dead, he is the twelfth. It is very sad.

Monsieur le curé died last Sunday, he who tired himself out for his poor soldiers who gave him so much sorrow. He is no doubt in heaven where he will pray to God for us all. Here with us we are not happy, there is much work and very few people. Charles Pasquer has left, he did not know he had to report himself, and the police came to fetch him eight days ago, and we miss him much.

There is nothing more to tell you at this moment. I finish my letter and kiss you with all my heart.

THY MOTHER.

The white cow still lives but feebly."

In the box was a gun-metal watch, a razor, and the Croix de Guerre. As I replaced them carefully I seemed to see before me the fine handsome lad with his straight gaze and clear healthy skin, and the old mother at home hoping nothing would prevent his *permission*.

I hear poor Beckendorff is dead. He was a good friend to the Allies and I always liked him. I have known for some time of his ill health, but his death all the same came as a surprise.

M. Briand handed the Allies' Note to Mr. Sharp. It is an emphatic one on the subject of the Peace proposals. Wilson's reasons and ideas are not very transparent at present, and some pretty hard remarks are made about his policy.

January 15.

I had a twinge of what I recognize as the gout to-day. *Quel temps!* Never have I felt such cold for years. Zero with a bitterly cold wind. Plumecoq got out my fur coat, which I hardly ever wear.

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We had Elton at the Club, back from somewhere I forget where. A good fellow, but when he once gets wound up you can't stop him. He should stick to pictures. Some years ago he had quite a vogue in Paris painting women who all looked as if they were dying of consumption. He was an imitator of Sargent, who, personally, I never admired. There is so much humbug about Art, and Sargent perpetuated many of my countrywomen in a way I deplore.

They all had the same unnaturally bluish complexion, the like of which I never saw on any New York face, and then they were *all* slim. With a stroke of his brush he could cut off inches from some portly matron, and they saw themselves as they wished to be. Once I got on to this trick of his I was on my guard, and directly I saw, on entering a room, a thin pointed figure in full evening dress, holding an equally pointed dog, I knew at once what I was expected to say and said it.

Elton's women were not like that. They were simply invalids dressed up to have their portrait taken.

To-day he was speaking of Greece, and so was Gregory ; their conversation formed a duet :

"One has to dismiss from one's mind the glamour of Greece's past, and remember that she is not a normal country. A number of small tribes over whom the wave of invasion has dashed often, destroying that vital essence to which the world——"

"King's come to time, but he's still fighting for delay. This reply to the Ultimatum is practically a consentment. I guess they don't like the blockade."

"What does not France owe to Greece in her architecture—in the lines of her finest buildings. Is not the Place de la Concorde entirely Greek in expression? And the Madeleine? And the Palais de Versailles?"

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"It was the conference at Rome that clinched it. You'll see that strong measures will be taken."

"How little do they understand," continued Elton in the same monologue, "the utilitarian working spirit of our day."

"Germany's a bit staggered by the formal declaration made by the Allies. They realize what it means in military and economic force." This from Slight.

"Did you read what the 'Times' said. Pretty good, eh?"

Sollanges and I were talking about Sazanoff, who is to replace Beckendorff. I met him several times when I was in Petrograd while he was in office there. We discussed his personal charm and quick seizure of ideas.

"He can empty the mind pockets of a man better than anyone I ever knew," said Sollanges.

Elton's voice went drearily on:

"I had watched the sun covering the rocks of mighty Parnasse with a glow of wondrous red, and the spell of its beauty had woven round me a web of enchantment——"

"Never had that effect on me," interrupted Slight. "You must have stayed up on the mountain most of the time. Anyone can have Athens for all I care with the Acropolis thrown in. The plain fact is that the man in the street is a pretty poor skunk. He hasn't a bit of real patriotism in him. They say the Greeks are genial, it's a geniality which will say 'Good morning, brother,' to you in the street and when you've turned your back stab you with a knife."

"You don't understand them," said Elton. "Read Renan's beautiful words as he wrote them on the Parthenon. You will see the real Greek spirit there."

"I bet Renan never did business with them," remarked Gregory drily.

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January 14.

The capable woman worried me more than usual this morning. She was what she terms worried, but which in honest plain words means in a beastly temper. I had heard her voice raised even in my room, haranguing some one, and hoped against hope that she would overlook the door to my room. No such luck. Presently there came a knock at the door and her rocky face appeared. It struck me then what an admirable example of Camper's facial angle she made. I wondered what she wanted.

"How are you this morning?" she inquired with an attempt at brightness. "Busy as usual I see. I hope this weather suits you."

"Admirably," I replied, "it is very bracing to the temper."

She looked at me doubtfully, then said firmly :

"The weather never makes an impression on me anyway. I'm a very strong woman."

"I am delighted to hear it," I said.

She moved a little nearer the table, and her blue apron caught on the knob of one of the drawers. She hurriedly extricated it and remained awkwardly standing. As I looked at her I felt that she was to be pitied. Nature had been very unkind. I decided I would help her. It would shorten the interview.

"Can I be of any use? Has any difficulty turned up?"

"Oh, no, nothing of that kind. It was just a little personal affair. I hardly like to speak—but I'd better just come straight out with it."

I waited, while the tick-tick of my stenographers in the adjacent room sounded loudly.

"We, that is Mrs. Z. and myself, were talking things over yesterday, and we heard that some medals are being

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given away by the Government, and we thought—we thought, and at least Mr. T. said so, that you who knew so many people could just put in a good word for us.”

She had got it out and had now recovered herself.

“I am sorry,” I said, “but I have nothing to do with the medals given by the Government, and in any case I am too much of a good Democrat to ask for a thing not given me voluntarily.”

It was perhaps brutal of me, and she had the grace to redden.

“Oh, of course,” she said very quickly. “You are quite right, but so many people are getting them, and many who have not done as much as we have. You must not think we are working just for the medals, only the thought did strike me. You understand I’m sure.”

“Yes,” I said, smiling a little in spite of myself, “I think I understand perfectly.”

Perhaps there was a touch of dryness in my tone which reached her, for she stuck out her chin a little more, and said:

“I guess you think I’m just medal hunting, but you must own it rubs one up to hear Mrs. So and So who hasn’t done a thing getting the *Médaille des Épidémies*.”

“It has absolutely no effect upon me,” I remarked, “except that it sounds very unpleasant.”

The capable woman gave an uneasy movement.

“Well, it is a medal,” she said, “and they haven’t any of them in the States.”

“We shall have them in time,” I said encouragingly. “Like epidemics themselves it will spread. If there is another medal for Nuisances I wonder if it will be equally popular.”

“One likes to have some recognition from the Government one is working for,” she said, returning to the charge.

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"But they do recognize you. The Service de Santé often mentions you to me."

She looked at me very hard as if she wondered how the Service spoke of her. I thought it wiser not to enlighten her ignorance.

"And Mrs. Z. too," she said, "she cannot understand how it is that Mrs. R. who has done nothing compared with what she has should be made such a fuss of. It is ridiculous."

This really roused me.

"And what *has* Mrs. Z. done?" I inquired.

"Why she has organized the whole thing," she said surprised.

"Organized! I am sick of the word," I cried. "It has been debased by French and American women alike in this war, till its original meaning is well-nigh lost. A great organizer is rare, but now every woman who, to serve her own ends, starts a Society, duns her friends for money, and calls herself a President without doing any work, is an organizer. Show me the Society where there is no bickering, no jealousy, where the right people fill the right place, and I will show you the born organizer."

"Such a Society is not a possibility," said Miss Capable.

"On the contrary, I shall be pleased to show you several, but they are not run in the papers, and the women who work in them give of themselves, a much harder thing than to give the money of your friends."

"It is a pretty hard thing to get that nowadays," she said with an unexpected touch of humour, "and I don't agree with you a bit. This war has given women a wonderful opportunity to show what they can do. If I had had the money to do what I wanted," she added regretfully, "I should have surprised Paris."

"I am sure," I said, and then I could not forbear adding,

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"There are three ways in which women become famous, Miss B., and money is not one of them. With money you only achieve notoriety."

Her hard grey eyes looked at me quite eagerly.

"What are the three ways?"

"Through great goodness; through men, presupposing charm and no morals; and—genius."

She was silent, conscious that each of these ways was barred to her.

"I am speaking of fame," I remarked consolingly, "not medals!"

January 16.

"Sieur, I want you to come with me to Bedora's funeral at Montmartre this afternoon. It is the least one can do."

"Who is Bedora, and why should we go to his funeral?" I inquired, lazily stroking Rominagrobis's soft fur. It was just after *déjeuner*, cold, raw and foggy, about the most disagreeable day I have seen for a long time. Thermometer at Zero. I had not the smallest wish to go to Montmartre.

"He is one of our chaps who died from the result of the injuries he received the night of that Zeppelin raid," continued Randy. "He was the first to ascend when the alarm was given. They say he wouldn't wait till his engine was properly heated."

"Tut, tut," I put in. "Poor chap."

"You know how it snowed with those little gusts of wind and the machine overturned, falling smack to the ground. He knew me the other day when I went to see him, but there was no hope from the first."

"He got the Legion of Honour, did he not?" I said, remembering.

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"Yes, just before he died. All of us are going this afternoon who can. You will be interested, *Sieur*, and you can put it down in that diary of yours."

When Randy speaks like that I know there is nothing to be done by arguing. We went.

The sky was covered with heavy leaden clouds, and the whole earth seemed bound in a mask of greyness and depression. The *Sacré Cœur* stood out like a frozen symbol. People hurried by with pinched faces, their feet ringing on the hard pavements.

As we got north, nearer the cemetery, Randy looked up.

"There they are," he said.

Flying very low were several large aeroplanes. It was only half-past two, but each carried a lighted lamp. They flew very slowly, huge hovering birds, their lamps glowing red against the dark lowering sky. The funeral cortège of the dead man, comrades and witnesses assembled to do him honour. It was an extraordinarily impressive sight and one I shall never forget. The Commandant Leclerc gave a sad and very touching little address. The chances of life! Only this week Lieutenant Guynemer, that young hero of nineteen, has been awarded the prize of the Académie des Sports in recognition of having brought down twenty-five enemy aeroplanes.

What a fascination there is about flying, and what an appeal it makes to every one with any imagination. And its possibilities! It has made North Pole expeditions *vieux jeux*, if they were not already rather discredited by the undignified squabbles between Cook and Peary!

How the French adore their "Aces," and with good reason. Guynemer, Navarre, and Vedrines, the latter who specialized in dropping spies behind the German lines and calling for them later!

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Some months ago while at the Front I witnessed one of the most touching funerals I have ever seen. It was so simple, and you felt that the thoughts of every man in the little assembly were full of real regret and friendly feeling for the men whose bodies lay in the coffins before us. Under the big plane tree, the altar had been erected. The bright sunlight filtered down through the large flat leaves on to the priest's white vestments and sunburnt bearded face. The coffins were raised on trestles and at their feet were two tall candles. On a cushion covered with black crape and tied with the tricolour ribbon were the dead men's medals. And the requiem was the booming of the guns. It seemed to me that no man could wish a better or more glorious end.

Just before the war I talked with a well-known French doctor who had theories on the effects of flying. He considered that it was the bane of the rising generation, causing nervous diseases and other troubles. The last three years do not appear to have proved his theory. The young aviator to-day is healthy, self-controlled, and not more nervous than other men. And enthusiastic!

Even I, old man as I am, have felt the charm of flying. The glorious moment of exaltation, when to the deafening noise of the engine whirring in our ears one rises lightly, easily into space, and leaving the earth, our oldest friend, pay a visit to those far off nebulous visions, the clouds. Never could our fancy have pictured them as beautiful as they really are. Then rising far above them into a land where nothing is tangible, a land where seemingly nothing is real, where only the sun is familiar, one looks down on a thousand, a million sparkling lights and colours. One sees the inside of the silver lining now, the whole cloud as it receives the rays of the sun. It is hard to believe that these same clouds, glowing with colour and beauty, are those

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we see on earth passing over the blueness of the sky like opaque patches of cotton wool.

The air is fresh, exhilarating. It is another world, the world of air, of unknown space, of limitless possibilities. But in this paradise there is another side. It is often, nay, always frightfully cold, a cold which grips both heart and lungs. And then the days of damp grey fog, where you and your machine wander on through walls of wet grayness.

Randy tells me that flying is often very monotonous, and no doubt it is. But in years to come I can see the sky patterned with dark moving planes, and our peace still more destroyed by hideous hoots and signals similar to those used now in our towns. Quarrelsome neighbours will be able to drop bombs unreprieved on our greenhouses, and never be discovered. Machines of huge size will screech their way noisily through the blue ether and disturb our quietest moments. There will be new laws necessary as to the flinging of ginger-beer and champagne bottles over-board and a new money-making field opened to lawyers. No peace anywhere.

M. Moit, coming from the frontier to-day, says that at Cologne the station has been closed for three days. No one is allowed into the city with either passports or *laissez-passer*. Serious riots have taken place and the military have been called out. I don't think this amounts to much. The Germans know how to quell revolts of this kind. The ringleaders I am told by eye-witnesses suffer such torture that it effectually intimidates followers.

January 20.

I have been gravely remiss. Absorbed in a hundred and one things, which after all are but of minor importance,

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I have allowed the question of Madame Saurien to remain in abeyance. Last night, unable to sleep, I thought over the thing and asked myself whether Randy was right in saying that I ought not to leave a young girl like Sylvia with her. Fond as I have become of Sylvia, the question worried me. But Sylvia has a great independence of character under her soft exterior, and she would, I felt, deeply resent any imputation cast upon a woman who was doing most devoted work. I went over in my mind all the interviews I had had with Madame Saurien. In the night things come back to me clearly and my memory is still good.

I am by nature very unsuspicious, and Randy, even, often accuses me of a too great tolerance, and except when something touches me nearly, not easily ruffled. Why therefore did I have this strange mistrust of a woman I hardly knew? I put this question seriously to myself, and after a long mental debate came to a decision as the hands of my phosphorescent clock pointed to four fifteen. Then I fell asleep.

Last night's decision took me round to see Sylvia's Society to-day. A large room with a number of girls and women busy at work. Bales of goods, packing-cases, and rolls of canvas filled one end. Down the room ran a large table made of planks on trestles, and it was on these the packing took place. Sylvia and an elderly lady were superintending the making up of the bales, entering their numbers in a book and painting the addresses on the outside. At another table, on one side of the room, were a number of smaller packages carefully corded. These, Sylvia explained, were for the prisoners. I read several of the addresses. They were to different camps, Ruhleben, Magdeburg, Münster, and others.

I inquired where Madame Saurien was.

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"She works in there," replied Sylvia, pointing to an inner room. "She attends specially to the packages for prisoners, and says she wishes to see herself that everything we send is absolutely good. Those poor men! It is nice of her, is it not, to take so much trouble?"

"It is indeed," I said warmly. "Shall I go and say how-do-you-do to her?"

"She will be delighted, but would you mind waiting a few minutes? She has three *filles* just from the Front who have come in to see her."

"Of course. Tell me what are those strange looking coloured squares they are packing now?"

"Oh, those! It is a new puzzle called 'How to get to Berlin.' The men love them, and it passes the time when they can do nothing else."

She took me round the room, showing with pride all the stores piled high on the shelves. I could not help noticing how she seems to have bloomed out of late. Her cheeks had a healthier colour, and her eyes were full of dancing joyous lights. Her head was tied up in a handkerchief to keep the dust from her hair, and her long holland apron lent no aid to beauty, but even thus she charmed the eye with the fresh clear tints of youth.

We sat down on a packing-case and talked of many things. Just a little of Bertrand, and how he hoped soon to be able to return to his duties.

"He has gone to see his chief to-day," I said. "It is too soon, but he will not be held back."

It seemed to me that Sylvia looked a little white.

"It is far, far too soon." She spoke quite quietly. "No doctor will pass him yet after such an operation."

"I think so too, but he says France needs every man now."

The door of Madame Saurien's room opened, and three

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soldiers came out. They were all about twenty-five to twenty-seven. Two of them tall fine-looking blond men, the third, dark, with a curious wrinkled skin. They passed out, bowing awkwardly as they passed the different ladies working. Sylvia rose and took me in to Madame Saurien. Madame Saurien was sitting by a writing-table covered with papers. Heaped on shelves all round the room were boxes of all kinds, not cardboard boxes, but boxes made of tin. On the table were weights and measures, a card index file, and several boxes of cigarettes. One of these lay open, the soldiers had evidently taken their toll out of it.

The owner of this room was obviously surprised to see me. For a moment I thought I detected a look of annoyance on her fat fair face, but the next instant it was wreathed in smiles.

"Why, this is a great pleasure, Mr. G. You are very good to find time to come and see our little work here. Has my dear Sylvia showed you everything? The dear child is indefatigable, and I don't know what we should do without her."

"I am full of admiration at the way you have managed things," I said. "You are doing good work, and I hear you are sending things to the prisoners as well as the wounded."

Madame Saurien waved her hand lightly in the direction of the shelves.

"Yes. Do you know it is a strange thing, but prisoners appeal to me more than anything else. What a terrible fate is theirs. Helpless and at the mercy of those brutes. What suffering!"

Her curious grey eyes turned up in her earnestness, showing the whites. It gave a peculiar effect to her somewhat expressionless physiognomy.

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She would have made a marvellous actress, I thought to myself, and she reminded me of some one I had seen or some picture. As she continued talking it came back to me. It was the picture of Madame Blavatsky, the one in which the seer stares straight out of the canvas at you.

"You saw some of my children," she went on, "three poor fellows just back from the Somme. Ah me, justly is it named the graveyard. Only last week two of the handsomest fellows you ever saw, killed. It is heart-breaking. But do sit down."

I sat down. My long life has perhaps not taught me much, but it has taught me how to talk to women and to interest them. In a few minutes we were on the best of terms. Sylvia had been called away, and we were *tête-à-tête*. There are many ways of interesting women, but there is one historic means of reaching every woman's heart, be she who she may, and that is flattery. The method of application varies, but the results are the same. I had no wish to flatter Madame Saurien, but I wished to find out a little more than she wished to tell me.

We skirmished lightly for nearly ten minutes on music, art, and Society, and at the end of that time I decided that she knew nothing about either three interests. I also gathered that she had led a roaming life, though where I could not discover. I chased her figuratively through various cities, trying to find one where she had had a foothold, but she eluded me so cleverly that I became more suspicious than ever.

At my side were some photos, views of some kind. On these harmless objects Madame Saurien's eyes kept turning, with a slight expression of anxiety. Twice she made a movement as if to take them up and twice she restrained herself. I determined to help her.

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"Are these some photos taken by your soldiers?" I asked taking one carelessly up.

She put out her hand eagerly for the others.

"Yes. Not bad, are they? Their kodaks are so small. This gives a good view of Roye, does it not? And this of Péronne; a young engineer took that, now a prisoner. He was a great favourite of mine, and I always make special efforts to send him a nice parcel."

She gathered the photos hastily together as she talked, and as she did so a small paper fluttered on to the ground a yard to my right. I retrieved it as gracefully as I could, for stooping always revives an old pain in one of my joints, and handed it to her.

The door opened and Sylvia returned.

"I am going to carry off this young lady," I said as I rose. "Will you let her have the rest of the afternoon? I think she looks a little pale!"

"Of course," said Madame Saurien hurriedly, pressing her fingers so hard on the edge of the table that they trembled. "The dear girl works too hard."

I said something nice about her interest in Sylvia, and made it an excuse to offer her seats for "Jean de la Fontaine," Sacha Guitry's play, which is having such a run. She accepted, and as I took my leave overwhelmed me with thanks for my visit.

Sylvia chaffed me as we walked away on my silence; but the fact was I was worried. I ought never to have allowed Sylvia to be with a woman like Madame Saurien.

We met Clark, who had just subscribed to the new British War Loan. Even he who is not pro-English admits it to be a fine investment. He had not met Sylvia before, and was much taken I could see with my god-daughter.

Late that evening I wrote a letter. It is a useful thing

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to have friends in the Police. I have found it so on several occasions, and am now again putting it to the test.

January 22.

Soon after breakfast this morning I was disturbed by loud screams. They penetrated even through the felt door. I rang the bell and inquired angrily of Plumecoq what it meant. He sighed heavily and pushed up his shoulders deprecatingly.

"Monsieur is annoyed naturally. But what would you, women were invented to spoil the peace of the world."

"What nonsense are you talking, Plumecoq? Reply sensibly. What is the meaning of this noise?"

"It is Angélique, monsieur, who feels that she has been made the victim of a deception. The concierge's daughter at No. 12. Monsieur has doubtless not remarked her."

Monsieur had remarked her. She was the prettiest girl in the neighbourhood, and a most pleasant sight.

"What about her?" I said. "Is she screaming?"

"No, monsieur. Far from it, she is pleased."

I nearly lost my temper.

"What the devil——" I began. But Plumecoq hurried on, inspired by the expression of my face:

"Angélique has always considered her as a *demoiselle*, till now, when she discovers she has been a wife for eighteen months."

"What business is it of Angélique's if the girl is married or not," I inquired roughly.

"It was Angélique's nephew she married," went on Plumecoq, bewildered.

From what I have heard from time to time of Angélique's nephew, I judged that the loss could not be great.

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"The widow seeks the *rentes* of the nearest relation," added Plumecoq.

Something in the tone made everything clear to me. The screams were accounted for.

Later in the day I stopped at No. 12 to speak to the concierge about some book-cases he is repairing for me—he is the most marvellous man for repairing old furniture that I know—when his wife, full of the news of her son-in-law's death, read aloud to me a letter from the *cure* who was in the hospital where he died, and who happened to come from their own part of the country.

He congratulated the young widow, and ended thus :

"You will see, my dear Madeleine, that Providence, though it moves very slowly, moves with intelligence, and has quietly utilized this terrible war to remove Fanot from your path. May the latter now be a safe and happy one."

It is extraordinary how many people seem to think that this appalling war in some way was engineered to serve their individual purpose !

Five minutes after I had written the above the last post brought me a letter. It was an interesting letter, for it was, in fact, the dossier of Madame Saurien.

I gathered that the title of "Comtesse" she had apparently adopted just for pleasure. Saurien, her husband, belonged to a small family in the Oise. Honest, respectable people. The man himself had lived for years in Montevideo, as a shipping clerk, and had died there just before the war, leaving his wife with very little money. Madame Saurien herself was by birth a Swiss, Sneller by name.

She had come to France directly after her husband's death and had since lived in the flat where she now was. I also learnt that till twelve months previously she had lived under the protection of Monsieur — Deputy for ——. This fact was not generally known.

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So far there did not appear to be anything to take hold of beyond the fact of the bogus title, but I was not satisfied. Where did the money come from she was bestowing so freely on wounded and *filleuls*? Sylvia had told me that Madame Beunier was the treasurer. A well meaning but not very bright woman. Also that the funds came for the most part through Madame Saurien from friends in South America.

January 23.

I spoke to Randy this morning after lunch, and without casting any reflection on Madame Saurien, said I had been thinking over his suggestion about Sylvia, and that I thought it would be a good idea to find a nice flat for her with a pleasant chaperon. He was exceedingly pleased.

"Splendid, Sieur, if only Madame Courtier will consent. I have always hated that woman she lives with."

I said nothing. In a matter of this kind you cannot be too careful. I must be certain before I speak even to Randy. He is leaving to-morrow for Orleans, and will be away several days.

The next thing I did was to go to a house agent, and get a list of flats. By telling the man exactly what I wanted, I found a suitable one almost at once. It was small, but sunny and cheerful, and within a short distance of the Etoile. The drawing-room was brightly upholstered in rose covered chintz, and there were several gay little Dresden china shepherd and shepherdesses on the mantel-piece. The concierge told me that the flat belonged to one of my countrywomen who had been obliged to go South for a rest cure after too strenuous war work. Very little had been put away and she was anxious to find a careful tenant. I told the man I would give a definite reply in a few hours,

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and telephoned to the unsuspecting Sylvia that I would call to take her out to tea at four o'clock.

I also telephoned to that admirable chaperon recommended by the Princess, asking for an interview the following day. A very pleasant voice fixed one for two o'clock.

Feeling I had accomplished a good deal, I strolled down to the Club, and saw in the papers that Greece has made its formal apology to the Entente Minister for what is termed the "regrettable" events of November 18 to December 1. The "regrettable" covers much. The ceremony of solemnly saluting the flags of the Allied Powers will take place in front of the Zappeion on Saturday next. I should like to see that spectacle. Tino's gas-bag has been effectually pricked.

A good many Americans were pretty down on Wilson's latest essay. Tolson, of course, had a good deal to say, and those of us who are in sympathy with the Allies can only look at it either with kindly toleration or indignation at its total lack of comprehension of what the Allies are striving for. Living over here, and seeing the unjust and cruel sufferings of France, and being in touch with the mutilation of Belgium, a speech like Wilson's gets one on the raw. For a young country which has stood for freedom and justice and the advance of civilization to stand by with hands outstretched, not to aid, but for money, while a ruthless murderer goes at large passes my understanding. Many claim that Wilson is wisely preparing the country for war and waiting till the feeling is universally with him. There is no question that the difficulties he has to contend with are enormous, and the Great West is still apathetic as to conditions in Europe. Over here one thinks only of the delays and delays, and the procrastinations in this devilish war, and it is difficult to judge calmly.

Lodge is quoted as asking with some sarcasm, "Will the

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decision of the Senate, now met to discuss Wilson's Note, put an end to the European War ! ”

A brilliant editorial by Gustave Hervé in the “ *Victoire* ” last Wednesday is being much talked of. He says, “ The Peace without Victory, which Mr. Wilson declares to be the only one capable of bringing peace upon earth, why, it is nearly the victorious Peace for which the Allies are fighting and which the Kaiser in his rejoinder to their Note considers as a derision and as a deadly outrage. We are the *gendarmes* of the nations struggling with the destroyers of the public peace of Europe. If Mr. Wilson after the violation of Belgian neutrality is unable to distinguish between the *gendarmes* and the burglars, what confidence does he expect us to have in the discrimination of the judges of the future tribunal of nations ? ”

Sollanges, who is exceedingly shrewd, predicts that America will come in about March.

I sat listening to the different men talking, my thoughts somewhat distracted, and when it was nearly four I got up. “ Now for Sylvia,” I said to myself, and calling a taxi drove round to the *Œuvre des bons Français* !

“ Here I am,” I said to Madame Courtier, whom I discovered tying up a parcel as big as herself.

“ How determined you look to-day,” she replied laughingly, looking up at me. “ You almost look as if you were going to scold some one.”

I made a great effort and laughed back, and while she went to put on her hat, sat down and watched the busy scene. Two *fillets* passed in to see Madame Saurien, and I fancied they were those I had seen recently. There were three American girls working, and two elderly French ladies. The heaviest part of the work was done by a *réformé* and a big *femme de ménage* !

Sylvia came back in a very short time and we went off

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to Sirdar's. When we were comfortably settled at one of the little tables at the far end of the room, I said :

" Sylvia, I want you to do something for me."

" I *knew* there was something the matter," she exclaimed.

" Do something for you ? Of course I will. You know that. Anything in the world. What is it—say quickly ? "

" I want you to make some excuse to Madame Saurien, and arrange to leave her next Saturday afternoon. To-day is Tuesday."

Sylvia blushed scarlet with surprise.

" But," she stammered, " how can I ? It is such short notice. What possible excuse can I make, and besides I have promised to pay my share of the flat till March 1st. Why, whatever is the matter ? "

" I can't very well explain," I answered, " because I don't quite know myself, not exactly, but I am acting as I am sure your father would have done had he been alive, and I beg you will have confidence in me and do what I ask."

" She—she will think me so extraordinary," she murmured, " so rude, and she has really been quite kind. But of course, if you wish it, that is enough. I must find other quarters."

" That's right," I said, greatly relieved. " Now all you have got to say is that an old friend of yours has just come to Paris, and insists on your paying her a few days' visit."

" And who is this old friend ? " said Sylvia, her eyes full of mischief.

" Madame Bonassier ! "

" And where does she live, this dear friend ? "

" No. 19, rue ——. I want you to come and see the place right now. See here, Sylvia," I went on, " you know we have often talked about your taking a flat. Now I want you to be a good girl and take this one. It is charming."

Sylvia fixed a pair of beautiful eyes on me.

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" You have actually chosen a flat ? " she said.

" I have, subject to your approval, and also an ideal chaperon."

" But—but—" stammered poor Sylvia, with an astonishment natural under the circumstances.

" She is *very* nice," I added encouragingly.

" Tell me something about her. Do I know her ? "

" No, but she is a great student of grasshoppers," I remarked gravely.

" It is all a joke," declared Sylvia, putting another lump of sugar into her tea. " You are making fun of me. A student of grasshoppers. You are *absurde*. Tell me," she said very coaxingly, and when Sylvia is coaxing it is very hard to resist her, "*what* is the matter with Madame Saurien, and why are you so mysterious ? "

I hesitated. Perhaps, who knows, I might have been tempted to say a word or two I should have regretted, when who should come into the tea-shop but Randy. His instinct is really extraordinary where Sylvia is concerned. I saw him glance rapidly round and then sighting us in our far corner come rapidly up.

" Why, here you are," he said as he sat down, his face lit with satisfaction. " Who would have dreamt, *Sieur*, of finding you flirting at Sirdar's."

" M. de Maurescon," began Sylvia before I could say a word, " just imagine, Mr. G. is suggesting that I go and live with a student of caterpillars. Caterpillars of all things, insects I loathe."

" Grasshoppers, my dear," I interposed. " They will suit you, they are full of life ! "

Randy glanced quickly at me, and I nodded gravely. We understand each other perfectly, and Randy told me afterwards that at that very moment he guessed, and guessed rightly, something of the truth.

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"Sieur always knows the right thing to do," he said, backing me up. "Do not be discouraged, madame, I myself will come and help you in your studies of this interesting insect."

Sylvia, who had expected a different reply, looked serious.

"You are too provoking both of you, and if it was not that you were *you*," she added, with a very nice glance in my direction, "I should not dream of consenting to go anywhere in this ridiculous manner. However, as my godfather makes a point of it, I shall do what he pleases, but I don't think"—with a pucker of her lips which made her adorably pretty—"it is fair. Madame Saurien will think me quite mad."

Again I hesitated, then I thought of Sylvia's expressive face which showed her every thought. After all she knew me well enough to trust me entirely.

Several people turned up whom we knew, but at last we got away, in time to see the flat before the light failed.

Both Sylvia and Randy were charmed, as I expected, and complimented me on my discovery. The concierge informed us that two or three people had been to see the flat and were anxious to take it, so I determined to drive straight to the Boulevard Malesherbes and conclude the bargain without delay.

"I want you to come and lunch on Thursday next to meet Madame Bonassier, and remember as soon as you are settled I shall expect to be asked to dinner. I must see how you treat your chaperon!"

Sylvia made a little face at me.

"Parfaitement! Mon parrain," she replied. "By that time I shall have put Madame Bonassier under a microscope!"

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January 23.

To-day the papers print Wilson's Note in full. The French Press speak of it as idealistic and rather irritating under present conditions. It is hard, they say, for the Allies, wounded and bleeding, to listen with patience to the dispassionate and long-winded utterances of a nation grown rich on their troubles.

Was it not just forty-six years ago—in 1871—that Jules Favre went to Versailles to negotiate terms of Peace with Bismarck? It is said that Versailles is again to be the scene of Conferences and weighty decisions when the War Council meets there. Even now Versailles is an exceedingly busy place. Military exigencies have completely roused it from its calm dignity, and the guards of the Palace conduct groups of khaki men instead of tourists through the endless rooms. Pictures of long forgotten battles have now acquired a new interest and not only to Tommies. Even I, the last time I went to Versailles, spent some minutes before the picture of the battle of Lens which took place in 1648, on the 20th of August. Somehow those battle scenes seemed to have become suddenly real. I discovered a great similarity between the trench helmets in the thirteenth century and those of to-day, and was exceedingly pleased with myself.

The Germans are working insidiously over here to try and induce France to make a separate and premature Peace. One sees the result of their underground work everywhere, and the worst is that the dirtiest work is done by a strange breed of Frenchmen. I must not write all I know, but this affair of the Bonnet Rouge now coming to light is only the beginning.

If only the Allies can hold out. Everything now depends upon England, and the Spring offensive now so near. Russia

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in a state of hopeless frenzy, her wildest folly yet to come.

The "Tribune de Genève" publishes the news that the Germans have ordered the evacuation of fourteen villages on the Swiss Frontier, and that troops are moving to occupy them. The Swiss Press is also squealing loudly of sudden and severe restrictions the Germans are placing on various industries, forbidding their import into Germany. I am told that the chief paper published in Berlin has two issues printed daily, one for consumption at home and another for propaganda abroad. This is the way of the Huns.

Randy and I were discussing Serbia, the other night, with a man just returned from Salonica. He stated as an absolute fact that out of the gallant little army there are only 3,000 men left. It is sad hearing the destruction of a fine race with the savage virtues of simplicity and courage and a respect for their ideal of honour. The creed of pity for the weak and defenceless is not theirs, they worship strength. It may be that they are ahead of us on this point, and that in our sympathy and protection of the sick and imperfect we are injuring our race.

A case in point came to me not long ago which has puzzled me ever since as to its ethics of right and wrong.

A Serbian officer who had distinguished himself was sent to Paris to be treated for a serious wound. After two months it was found that he would never be in a condition to return to active service. It was then his great desire to go to London with his family in order that they might be brought up there, for he had an immense admiration for the English.

But how to get them away from Serbia? He knew me a little, for I had seen him in the hospital, and asked my advice. Through the Spanish Embassy I have been able to help Serbians occasionally, and also by means of our Embassy in Vienna. I promised to do my best, and then

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asked him to write down the number and ages of his children. This he did. There were three, two boys and a girl, the eldest boy fourteen. Also the wife.

"Only three," I remarked, smiling, for I had become used to having families of twelve and fourteen to deal with. It was a relief.

He hesitated, then he said :

"I have another boy of nine, but he is a cripple. It is no use bringing him, or the two old women, my mother and my wife's mother. They must stay and die there."

It shocked my sentimentality at the time, but on thinking it over I felt that the decision had a good deal of sound sense in it. To bring a boy disabled and helpless all that distance would have been not only a terrible but almost impossible task for the mother with three others. Still, to abandon that cripple and the two old mothers ! It is a question which, as I say, I have not yet solved to my satisfaction.

The rue Lalo may not be an interesting street, but it has the merit of possessing many interesting people as tenants. Punctually at two I was climbing the five flights which brought me to the eyrie of Madame Bonassier. I rang the bell and the *bonne* showed me into a good-sized room, the walls of which were lined with cases of stuffed grasshoppers and the homely cricket.

Then Madame Bonassier came in. People claim that long association with any kind of living creature produces a certain similarity of expression. This thought occurred to me on looking at Madame Bonassier. She was extraordinarily like one of those green restless insects I used so cruelly to impale on my hook as a boy. She was short and very thin, with long arms and thin pointed hands. The eyes were remarkable, and seemed to absorb nearly the whole face. The eyeballs were a yellowish white and

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the pupils full of intelligence. Her dress was a dark green, over which she wore a quaint brown jacket. In spite of this curious exterior, the impression she produced was not unpleasing.

She spoke of the Princess with warmth as a much loved pupil, and listened intently while I told her something of Sylvia.

"I am her godfather," I went on, "an old friend of her father's and am anxious to have her settled in a home of her own. At present she does not take enough care of her health, and overtaxes her strength. She needs some one to look after her."

"I understand," said Madame Bonassier, looking at me with her peculiar eyes. "Marie has spoken to me about her. She tells me she is a charming girl with a great deal of character. If you think I should be congenial to your ward, I will willingly accept the position."

"I am certain you will get on splendidly," I said, trying to infuse a little warmth into my voice. How would this odd little woman please Sylvia? Had it not been for a faith long tested in the wisdom of the Princess I might have hesitated.

"You are, perhaps, anxious for me to come soon," said Madame Bonassier in that low, hollow but pleasant voice.

How did she guess that?

"You are right," I replied. "I am most anxious for you and my ward to move into the flat as soon as possible. How about Saturday? Would that be too soon? How about servants?"

A twinkle of amusement shone in Madame Bonassier's brown eyes.

"If you will leave it to me," she said gravely, "I will see that everything is ready for Madame Courtier Saturday at twelve."

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I was enchanted. "Admirable creature," I thought to myself. Roused from a thrilling study of the interior of a grasshopper she can rise to an occasion like this. Servants present apparently no difficulties to her, and not a question asked! My respect grew, and it was with great cordiality that I wished her good-bye.

January 25.

"Il fait un froid de loup, et il gèle à pierre fendre," monsieur," announced Plumecoq this morning.

"You are late," I said, consulting my watch.

"It is in consequence of the newspapers, monsieur. They have only just arrived and I thought it best to wait their arrival."

The news in the papers was worth waiting for. Ten German destroyers sunk by the British off the Dutch coast. Apparently the Germans, finding the harbour at Zeebrugge was becoming frozen over, made a midnight rush for a German harbour and were caught by the British warships between the Hague and Ymuiden.

I thoroughly enjoyed my breakfast.

Amongst other items of news was an account of a Mlle Fouriaux who has been decorated with the Legion of Honour. She was the matron of a hospital at Rheims of 200 beds, and when the enemy approached had her wounded removed to Épernay. Then when she wished to return to her duty at Rheims she found there were no trains running, so she, a woman of sixty years, tired and weary, started off to walk the entire distance, fifty kilometres, through the thick forest in darkness. After going through several bombardments she has now returned quietly to continue her duties as schoolmistress. These are not the women one hears of in Paris.

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To-day I went with Kilburn to the American Lunch Club. Mr. Van Dyke, Minister at the Hague, gave a talk and recited a poem on France. He did it well. I have often wished I was a speaker, but I am no good except at an intimate gathering of old chums, when I am told I can pass.

The agony of a nervous man when making a speech is indescribable. I had a friend, now long since dead, who as a young man was one of the most brilliant speakers I have ever heard. But when he first began he was afflicted with almost a stammer, repeated himself every minute, and did all the things a nervous self-conscious man does. And he told me this was how he got over it. At one particular meeting in the country, his views were not appreciated and he got a good deal of abuse. Names were hurled at him, and at last a very ugly man shouted at him, "You double-faced mutt, you." My friend turned on him and called back, "I don't know about the mutt, but you're not double-faced anyway. If you *had* another face you'd be jolly well glad to show it to the meeting." The audience screamed with laughter, and for the first time the speaker felt the subtle joy of having your audience with you. To this commonplace little joke he owed his future fame, for never again did he hesitate. The man was cured.

That thrice admirable woman Madame Bonassier telephoned me to-day that the inventory of the flat had been taken and that all would be in readiness for Saturday. My lunch party fell through, but Sylvia wrote me that she had seen her new chaperon and liked her. She also said that Madame Saurien had not taken the news of her departure too well at first, but was now reconciled. So far so good.

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January 28.

The piercing cold continues. Never have I known such a winter. Early this morning there were 10 degrees of frost. In spite of all Herriot's promises the coal question continues very acute. In my fireplace I am burning nothing but briquettes, a kind of condensed coal dust, and some logs of wood which my coal merchant keeps me supplied with. The long queue of waiting women outside the *mairie* and other places of distribution fills one with pity. Yesterday there was a sharp east wind which penetrated to the marrow. In the Bois and at Vincennes no skating was allowed owing to the lack of *gardiens* to superintend, but everywhere else, at the Luxembourg and other lakes, the ice was crowded.

Greece has climbed down and has been properly humbled. Yesterday the ceremony of saluting the flags of the Allies as an act of reparation for the events of last December 1st and 2nd took place at Athens.

It must have been an interesting sight: 2000 Greek soldiers were there and the Ministers of the Entente Powers, with detachments of the armies of the four powers. At half-past three on the Place du Zappeion the troops of the Athens garrison marched past and saluted the colours; after which a salute of twenty-one guns was fired by the Greek artillery. This act of humility is satisfactory in many ways, as it shows that Constantine despairs now of getting help from his brother-in-law. In view of the great offensive now preparing on the Western Front the Kaiser has his hands full. Last Sunday the English had another victory at Armentières. The constant raids they are making are demoralizing the German troops, already discouraged by economic conditions at home and a dawning knowledge that they are up against a wall which will need some smashing.

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They had a hot argument at the Club the other day as to whether the drive on Rumania was or was not a big mistake in German strategy. It is true they have lost enormous quantities of men, and have lengthened and weakened their line, but on the other hand they have gained supplies of which they have a pressing need. The German policy of preparing the way of their armies by propaganda and money so far has proved a success. That Rumanians were bought wholesale is, alas, an indisputable fact. The remnant of the army is trying to shape into form. How much will depend on the events of this spring.

There is no doubt that the French, who have fought so gallantly, are getting tired and discouraged. I see signs of it everywhere in Paris. A long sustained effort is specially hard on the Latin temperament. The women are discontented and say, "In addition to losing our husbands and menfolk, our children are underfed owing to the price of food, and we have no comfort." The men from the Front return to these complaints, and say openly that it is *l'arrière* not the Front which has the real *cafard* and does the grumbling. The spies and pro-Germans, of which Paris is still full, do their utmost to foster this spirit and weaken the *moral*.

This morning I had a short talk with Plobus, who was reading his favourite paper, which voices so perfectly his own views. To-day Plobus was in a specially ferocious mood—what his wife calls "*la tête montée*."

I asked him what he thought of the situation. He folded his brawny arms.

"What do I think? I do not think! I know. Monsieur does not perceive what is going on. The papers he reads! Bah! they have sold themselves! You hear me, sold themselves to the Boche. Who have we in France now to look to? No one. Our leaders open one eye wide and

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close the other. So! Tongues wagging and that is all! Who have the real power? I tell you! *Voleurs! Bandits!* If France had but a King again!"

"Voyons donc, mon ami," interposed Madame Plobus, striving to stem the tide.

"Must I then not explain myself to Monsieur? It is as I say. The feeling is bad and, unless something is done soon, there will be trouble. There are many who would like to set up a guillotine near here." Here Plobus made a somewhat realistic and very disagreeable gesture. "And what could we do? Before the war there were 7000 of us gendarmes and now only 4300, and these they work to death like cattle."

"Well, we should all be much worse off under German rule," said I.

But Plobus was in a bad mood.

"Perhaps," he remarked. "Never as a Frenchman would I live to salute that '*canaille* of a Kaiser,' but the Boches know how to take a man. I can tell, Monsieur, when we were on duty at the German Embassy before the war, and we were up till four in the morning, there was always a glass of wine and a supper. Ah, what a supper! Of *charcuterie*! It warms a man's heart to think of it. Do you suppose at the Prefecture they think of the gendarme's stomach? *Heu!* All night is the same as all day to them!"

"Come, come, Plobus," I put in, "this is rank heresy. You a Frenchman to talk so about an enemy."

"It is true, my tongue carries me away. Food is not everything, but at four o'clock in the morning it takes perhaps a greater place than it should in life."

"Va donc!" cried his wife. "You are a big *imbécile!* It is lucky for you that Monsieur knows you so well to be a true son of France, or we should appear strangely. It

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is I who should be saying things. Not a bit of salad in the market, or a potato; and the *poulets* frozen so stiff with frost that Mère Aubin bought an old hen instead of a chicken, and M. Turier, the *commissaire* that Monsieur knows, can get no coal himself. So what do you think! He bought a petroleum stove, and it appears he was so cold that he sat on the top of it, with results Monsieur can imagine to his trousers. A new pair quite ruined, but there he will have another pair *aux frais de la princesse*. He is one who knows how to arrange his affairs."

I escaped upstairs.

"Well," I thought to myself, "if it were not for the English now, I wonder where the Entente would be?"

There is an element in France, the best, the Royalists, the old upholders of Catholicism and all that it stands for in the nation, that will remain steadfast to the end. But the others? Plobus is like a looking-glass which, while remaining always itself, reflects the passers-by. He would die for France willingly, but sees so much of the under-current of official life and its devious ways that he gets a wrong perspective of the whole, and being an honest man gets mad.

January 30.

I lunch very often on Sundays with the Comtesse de Rousain. She is a clever woman and calls these lunches her "Dominical Causeries."

Tall and fair, with quick bright hazel eyes, she is very attractive. Her memory is wonderful and she has the genealogy of every one at her finger-tips. A long memory is not a desirable asset if you desire to be popular. No one likes episodes of the past suddenly brought up like material-

ized ghosts. They produce an equally chilly effect. It is for this reason perhaps that the "Dominical Causeries" are not the success they ought to be. They lack that friendliness and tolerance which create such a distinctly pleasant atmosphere at little Princess S.'s entertainments.

To-day, directly I entered the room, I saw that the little causerie would be distinctly acid, at least from my point of view. There are two or three people who invariably rub me up the wrong way. You will probably regard me as a most disagreeable old man. Perhaps I am. All I know is that when I meet others equally disagreeable the results are disastrous. There is a school of thinkers now who tell us that around each individual floats an atmosphere composed of matter created by our particular desires and passions. They go further, and tell us that this floating bodyguard was given as a protection, to warn us of the approach of natures likely to do us harm.

I think I am too practical a man to believe this theory, but on occasions I have felt there might be something to it. I am not critical or exacting, and enjoy meeting agreeable people. As long as they are agreeable, and we are able to pass a pleasant half-hour together, I ask nothing more of my acquaintances. As to friends, one chooses them unconsciously and for reasons no man can define.

The world of Paris, if you live in it, is calculated to make one tolerant if anything can, but there have been times, though—very rarely—when the mere fact of meeting some one has set my nerves on edge for the day. It is not exactly dislike, but a far subtler feeling. It is as if every physical atom in one's body bristled at the approach of danger. And all this is preliminary to saying that when on entering Madame de Rousain's drawing-room I saw the Comte de Vard I had one of these disagreeable impressions. It is true I have my own reasons for considering M. de Vard

beyond the pale, but it was a thing apart from that. He is always extremely cordial. To-day he was in uniform, and, though to my certain knowledge he has never been nearer the Front than Beauvais, I was disgusted to see that he wore the Médaille Militaire. How the devil do these men work it? And how have they the courage to wear the symbol of a bravery they have never been called upon to display? At the opening of the war Vard went into the munition business with a rich industriel as partner, and from that time to this has remained comfortably in Paris.

Mrs. Ville Adams, formerly Mrs. V. I. Adams of Chicago, was also there, with her silent, uncouth but very clever husband, and Mrs. Stone from New York, a wealthy widow, who is running a hospital near the Front. Her talk runs ever on her "*dear poilus*"; "*the salt of earth, I love them so. So grateful, and they just adore me.*"

Mr. and Mrs. Pierson, from the English Embassy, a rather dull but nice couple. The Baroness de Ney, divorced; a Secretary from the Italian Embassy, M. di Santuce, finally Isse Bey, an Egyptian over here on some diplomatic errand.

The conversation, rather sticky at first, soon became lively. Madame de Ney, who did not care a bit what she said, told a funny story about a *poilu* and a flea. She described the details of the flea's adventures with such fidelity that little Mrs. P., filled to the brim with English propriety, blushed to her ears. Isse Bey was enchanted. Madame de Ney's fairness appealed to him, and the devil which shot out of her blue eyes found an echo in his black discs.

M. de Vard described an interesting experience of his at Verdun. As I knew the man had never been there, it had perhaps an added interest for me, for it was more likely to be true. He related that some German officers, having surrendered, were brought into a room where General —

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and his staff had been having supper. One of the Germans noticed the glasses on the table and remarked, "At our mess we drink the All Highest's health in the skulls of your men." This endearing reminiscence was followed by others of a like nature.

"Mr. Pierson," appealed Mrs. Ville Adams, "do tell us. Is it really true there is to be an offensive in the spring, and when will it start?"

"That of course depends," said Mr. Pierson with great gravity. "The weather is against us."

"Oh, how English!" whispered Mrs. Ville Adams to me, not at all seeing she had asked a silly question. "Always the weather."

Mrs. Ville Adams did not like the English, as in her youth she had wanted to marry a Scotch baronet and had just missed it.

To turn the conversation I spoke of Briand's speech and especially his flattering and gallant remarks about women.

"The Princess must have been kind," put in Madame de Ney, shooting a glance at me through her half closed lids.

I don't like that new rouge she is using now, or perhaps she is putting it too high up. I must tell her some day.

"What Princess?" put in Mrs. Ville Adams, quite at sea.

It was at this moment that I heard Vard's voice, and Maurescon's name. I stiffened immediately. Little Madame de Ney seemed anxious to talk to me and bent forward with her naughty, fascinating smile.

"I wonder what you would say about us," she said, "you who know so many of our little failings, if you were to write a book of witticisms about us."

I was listening to Vard and hardly heard her; I answered at random, carelessly with banality:

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"Nothing but good, madame."

Vard was saying :

"Maurescon likes Paris too well to hurry to the Front, and when you have friends——"

"I think you had better not continue," I said. "There are some who like Paris too well ever to leave it at all."

A streak of colour came into Vard's face. He would have replied, but as if by general consent every one began to talk. Madame de Ney, her eyes sparkling with mischief, started to tell another story which must have been more amusing than that of the flea, for everybody roared with laughter. I have a confused recollection of something about a Zeppelin raid, a wandering lady and a well-known Minister, but I was boiling with rage and striving to regain command over myself.

The lunch was nearly over. After, while I drank my coffee, I made up my mind what to do.

Vard and I left the house almost at the same moment. He turned into the Parc Monceau and I followed him.

"I should like to speak to you," I said loudly and distinctly.

He turned his head and hesitated a moment ; then, shrugged his shoulders.

"As you will."

The Park was empty except for a nurse wheeling a parambulator in the distance and a few children playing. Over grass and tree was a heavy sprinkling of snow. The sun a red gold disc in the veiled sky.

I went up to Vard.

"I want you to explain your insinuations at lunch just now about Maurescon."

Vard gave a short laugh.

"You seem pretty badly upset," he said. "Perhaps I hit the right nail on the head, eh !"

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The blood mounted to my head.

"I have just two words to say to you," I said ; "Maurescon is quite able to settle this matter with you himself, but this time I am taking it in hand. Perhaps you don't know much about Americans yet. In a few minutes you'll know a little more."

Vard looked at me curiously as if weighing in his own mind what I should do.

"What you said to-day is of no consequence," I continued. "Every one knows Maurescon too well for it to matter except to me ; but I do not propose to allow a skunk like you to take a man's honour into your vile mouth."

"Well, my friend, and how do you propose to prevent it ?" said Vard. And he smiled mockingly. "Go home and smoke a pipe of 'Maryland,' is it not, tobacco, and settle down. At your age excitement is bad."

"It's going to be bad for you in a minute," I remarked. "You will either make a full apology here and now and write me a written statement to the same effect, or I shall go to General —— and explain to him your little arrangement with Cohen, a little arrangement which also must be abandoned at once and for ever. You won't get a second chance. From now on, it will be greatly to your interest to walk straight."

The man turned literally green. My words took the starch out of him in as quick a time as blotting-paper sucks up ink. He attempted to speak, began, faltered, and finally remained standing before me without a word.

"Well ?" I said. I had no pity. He was one of those vermin who ought to be killed—only our laws do not allow of it. If we had been in the West a rope and a tree would have settled his difficulties. "I am going home to smoke that pipe you recommended just now. I give you one minute to answer."

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"I will do what you wish," he muttered huskily. "But what guarantee have I of you that you will not?"

"You have none," I answered. "Your secret is mine till I die; when I do the proofs will go to Maurescon."

He looked as if he could kill me, but the Park was too public a place.

"I apologize," he said.

"I shall expect the paper I ask for by eight to-night." Then I turned and left him.

I may as well write down here that I do *not* know the exact arrangement Vard had with Cohen, but I had very strong suspicions, shared by many. In my young days I was an exceedingly good poker player and I have learnt the value of a good bluff properly worked. Chance led him to play into my hand and I took my opportunity. I can no longer fight, but I have done a good turn for France to-day.

The walk home was agreeable. As I neared the Champs-Élysées, a motor pulled up near me and the Baroness de Ney put her pretty head out. She looked saucily at me and asked:

"Where is M. de Vard? I thought he was with you."

"He is in the Parc Monceau," I replied.

"Poor Vard," murmured the naughty Baroness.

February 1.

The frost still holds Paris. The air cuts like steel, and, though we had a little snow this morning, the temperature was no warmer. The thermometer went down to 4 below zero (Centigrade) or 25 (Fahr.), and the papers report this morning there were 9 degrees of frost.

It is considered to be the coldest spell we have had for

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twenty-two years. I think this is true, for yesterday, talking to Sindfurd, we remembered the year 1895 and of my buying with some other men a few sleighs. They were more or less of a novelty in Paris, and they made one of those ephemeral sensations violent and soon forgotten.

Angélique, who knows all the old sayings, declares that to-morrow, the 2nd, we shall know if the cold is to continue. The saying goes :

" À la chandeleur
L'hiver cesse, ou prend rigueur."

All round Clermont-Ferrand they are having the most bitter weather : 23 below zero (Cent.) at the aviation ground near. At the village of Coursanges, wolves have come into the streets and attacked the children.

Yesterday, roused to a sense of duty by the bitter cry for coal, I chartered a *camion* and accompanied by a young fellow here, attached to the Red Cross, made a determined attempt to get coal. At last we succeeded in obtaining a ton, and then distributed it with as little delay as possible to a number of poor houses. M. Herriot has requisitioned a number of military *camions* to help with the distribution of coal, but it seems impossible to cope with the demand.

In to-day's paper there is a notice of M. Auguste Rodin's marriage at the age of seventy-seven to Mlle Rose Beurre who, of nearly the same age, has been his faithful companion for fifty years.

Rodin began his career as a designer for plastic ornaments, later working for the Sèvres Factory. The " Age of Bronze," produced when he was thirty-eight, first brought him into notice, but for years his merit was not fully recognized and he was bitterly criticized. Fame and money came to him late in life after he was somewhat

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embittered. Whether Rodin will live in future years and be considered as highly as he is to-day it is of course impossible to say. His exquisite head issuing forth from the rock, now in the Luxembourg, must, I imagine, always remain one of the perfect things on earth, whereas his Balzac and other figures of the same kind "ne me dit rien" personally.

I have known Rodin for years and the last visit I paid him at Meudon I shall never forget. He had had a fall a few days previously and had injured his knee badly. The doctor had insisted on his remaining in bed. The room was large and untidy. Rodin, in a white shirt confined at the neck by a spotted necktie, was busy at a small bas-relief. Before him against the wall was a large wooden "Christ" of the thirteenth century, one of the most beautiful I have ever seen.

Scattered in different places over the room were carved pieces of wood and stone collected by Rodin during his travels, for he had a mania for collecting and would buy when he had the money whatever took his fancy at exorbitant prices. In the corner near the window sat Mlle Rose Beurre, a quaint-looking figure with long grey curls falling on each side of her face. She had a bowl on her lap and she was preparing spinach.

This man, who had just given 400,000 frs. worth of treasures to France, lived in the greatest discomfort. Mlle Beurre, not liking servants, preferred to do her own cooking, as in the days before Fame touched them. A chauffeur, who was changed frequently, and a Jap, who divided his time between the garden and the house, were the only attendants.

Poor Rodin. His time of recognition and prosperity did not bring him much happiness. His mind is now weakening and, in view of protecting the treasures presented to it,

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the State has been obliged to exercise as long as he remains at Meudon supervision over the house and its contents. It allows Rodin a pension of 100,000 frs. a year, I understand. This of course more than supplies his needs. The sad part is that as long as he insists on remaining at Meudon he is in a sense a prisoner. The house is full of treasures which now no longer belong to him, and as he has a generous wish to give away any object at hazard—Rodin has always been very devoted to the fair sex—the State is obliged to take precautions.

What a busy little town Jassy has now become. Temporarily the capital of Rumania, it is the scene of unceasing and anxious movement. Ministers, Consulates, Banks have all had to find quarters as best they can. The French Legation I hear has found a home in the Conservatoire of Music, and the pianos are all loaded with weighty papers. The Queen goes about freely in the streets. She looks in her deep mourning for the young Prince Mircea the symbol of her country's grief. The peasants are all in the gaudiest colours, for when they had to fly they put on their best in order to save their holiday dresses.

The Russian troops are beginning to arrive and plenty of munition. This is encouraging.

The evening papers publish the German Note given last Wednesday to Mr. Gerard. After a preamble on the loftiness of their motives and the usual effort to throw the blame of the continuation of the war on the Allies, they show their hand openly and declare war on the whole world in order to starve the Entente by blockade.

From now on all neutral ships encountered in proximity to the British, French and Italian coasts will be torpedoed without warning. One thing made clear by this declaration is that both Germany and Austria realize that their Food question is becoming serious. Bethmann-Hollweg declares,

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"As soon as in agreement with the High Command I become convinced that a merciless submarine war will bring us nearer to a victorious peace, that war will be begun. That moment has arrived. Last autumn we were not quite ready, but to-day the moment has come."

The question every one was asking at the Club was, "What will Wilson do?" The general opinion was that this last insult was too great to be borne.

This evening I dined with Sylvia and her chaperon. They are very comfortably settled, and I could see the two were on very good terms. The flat looked cosy, and the dinner provided by Madame Bonassier excellent. I asked Sylvia about Madame Saurien.

"Is she reconciled to your departure?" I asked.

"I think so now," Sylvia said rather doubtfully. "She was annoyed at first, but only for a little time. She seems worried about something, and has not been much at the Society lately."

"I think Madame Courtier should take a rest for a few weeks," remarked Madame Bonassier. "The work at that place seems too much for her."

I was enchanted at her perception and backed her up; but Sylvia in this case was obstinate.

"You are all in a conspiracy to make me lazy," she declared. "I am perfectly well and I like the work."

I said no more, and we talked of other things. I had done all I could and things must take their course. It was while Sylvia was out of the room for a minute that Madame Bonassier said to me:

"You will have to be patient. Madame Courtier is very loyal, and does not like to desert a friend. I think I understand your position and will do my best."

I was amazed at her perspicuity, but before I could reply Sylvia came in.

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There was something in Madame Bonassier's hand-grip at parting which made me feel like a conspirator.

The cold was intense to-night.

February 3.

The papers this morning give the Note with fuller details, and the remarks of the American papers. Even Hearst's publications, always avowedly pro-German, are roused at this last crime and speak of War.

England remains calm, and apparently not at all dismayed. It appears that she has provided against the attacks of the submarines by laying an enormous mine-field, in length about 320 miles, which reaches N. and S. for a distance of 170 miles. It shuts in the German coast on the North Sea except for one narrow strip and will cause much trouble to Germany's crafty water rats.

It is not pleasant to hear one's country treated as a negligible quantity by Germany, and with polite but amused contempt by the Allies, but Wilson's policy so far has brought us to this. I rage inwardly but futilely.

The men I know here cannot say enough on the subject, but I am sorry to say there is amongst a great number of Americans here one very strong desire and one only at the present moment. It is to get back to "God's own country."

The announcement of the blockade has raised quite a flutter amongst housewives, and there is a rush on grocers. Angélique has again lost her head. After the sugar episode I told her seriously there must be no hoarding in future. Salt and macaroni, *pâtés* of all kinds are very difficult to get, and many women are laying up private stores before the card system comes in.

M. Clémentel, Minister of Commerce, has been elaborating a scheme on the same lines as that already started in

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England, to mobilize the citizens and to intensify national effort. We are to hear the result shortly.

A charming book by M. Brioux, who interests himself so much in the blind, has been published. Many of the incidents are full of pathos and all are true.

Some friends of mine are making an interesting experiment, that of adapting the Montessori system for children to the blind. How far this system will awake their other senses is still to be seen, but the effort seems very promising. Different kinds of material are given to them to touch and metals.

Different dimensions are taught by discs of cardboard. The weight of clothes is learnt and the sense of touch developed in the same manner. That of hearing also is educated by means of pouring a variety of grains varying in weight from one cup to another.

It is a new system as regards the blind and has to be studied. One enthusiast hopes that by its means a blind man may be able to know on entering the size of the room, if empty or furnished, and its height. When we think of the keen ears of animals and birds one realizes the limits civilization has imposed on us. Without the incentive of hunting for our bread, and with policemen to keep us from being murdered in the streets, we have allowed our senses to become dulled. Unfortunately so many of these blind soldiers have received such a shock at the time of their deprivation of sight that the awakening of their senses may take long ; but the attempt is one of great interest.

Frenchwomen have already taken in hand the question of the future of the blind and maimed, and are busy finding wives for them. There are one or two girls I have heard of who have declared themselves as willing to marry a blind or maimed man. I must own that those I have seen

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have not been good-looking, but that has, of course, nothing to do with it. I admire them with all my heart, as I think every one agrees that constant association with blind people is depressing, though they themselves are often very cheerful. The matchmakers proceed as follows. The blind man and the self-sacrificing lady meet at some friend's house and it is suggested that the lady shall give the blind man lessons in some language, three or four times a week. After this *ça va tout seul*.

An amusing speech is recorded to-day by Herr Heins in the Prussian House of Deputies on Saturday last. He is reported to have said that the feminist movement in England has destroyed all family life there, and that the proof was that more married men than single offered themselves as recruits for the Army ; in order, says Herr Heins, to escape from their wives. This, I suppose, was by way of a complimentary comparison to the German *Hausfrau*.

The English Government has put the nation on its honour not to use more than these quantities each week : Bread, 4 lbs. ; meat, $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. ; sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. This appeal to the women of Great Britain will be responded to, it is hoped. They have done such wonders since the war that they will surely rise to this new demand. The Englishwoman is so essentially conscientious and she shows at her best in places of responsibility. A Frenchman, who has much to do with the Service de Santé here, said to me the other day, " In any position of trust I would rather have an Englishwoman than anyone in the world." This remark was in no way, I am sure, meant to disparage the Frenchwoman. It is simply a question of national characteristics. Frenchwomen have not been educated to efface their personality before routine work.

It is intensely difficult for them to do the same thing regularly for a long time. Their minds, naturally quick,

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love variety, and in working with the other sex they never forget that they are women. They are not brought up with the same *esprit de camaraderie* as an Englishwoman or one of our own girls.

One of the Geneva papers declares that a feverish anxiety exists in Berlin. All kinds of rumours are pervading the town, and M. Zimmermann, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who is not at all popular, was faintly hissed in the streets. The little word "faintly" speaks of German discipline.

February 4.

The cold greater than ever. I registered in the little thermometer outside my window 12 degrees this morning at eight. A cold *yellow* fog hangs over the city. Altogether, I have seldom seen a nastier day. Another thing depresses me, though I am almost ashamed to write it down: I did not have my *café au lait* this morning. Not any milk to be had. There are many things I can do without, but my morning coffee and my evening smoke are really what make life endurable.

I wonder if Mr. Wilson's game of golf which he took, according to the "New York Herald," yesterday inspired him. To-day it is announced that he was closeted with the members of the Cabinet for three hours, and then later took counsel with other politicians. America stands meanwhile waiting with bated breath the result of these weighty conferences.

It appears that this is the longest Cabinet Council since the one held after the sinking of the *Lusitania*. That crime we took lying down. Will it be the same with this new insult?

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Mr. W. J. Bryan declares that under no circumstances will America go to war, but the papers show the trend of public feeling. We as a people are becoming roused to a sense of our responsibilities and will when called on fight for the Freedom of the world.

Precautions are being taken everywhere in the States. The harbours are watched, so that no interned German ships can leave without special permits. The Panama Canal is also guarded for fear of dynamite outrages. Rumours have been current for some time that in view of possible hostilities between America and Germany attempts to destroy public buildings will be made, and it is significant that yesterday soldiers were posted round all the important buildings in Washington and all big cities.

Gregory is very cross, for the money market has of course gone to pieces again.

February 5.

I should like to have been present on Saturday at the historic scene when President Wilson made his statement of sixteen minutes to Congress. In those few words which committed a nation of 100,000,000 people to a policy of war there must have been something strangely stirring. The whole assemblage rose as one man, and wave after wave of applause rolled out, shaking the very roof beams.

"I can do nothing less, and I take it for granted that all neutral Governments will take the same course," were the words.

I feel as if a great weight had been lifted off me. For months I have fretted at America's attitude, for I have felt that while we were talking and longing for Peace, the

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Allies were fighting and dying for it, and there is a great gulf between the two attitudes.

Mr. Gerard and Mr. Penfield will go to Barcelona and sail on one of the Spanish Transatlantic Line steamers for Cuba. The sinking of an American ship will mean the instant declaration of war.

Bernstorff is reported to have said with a sneer of real Prussian insolence, "Perhaps with so many ships being kept in the American ports I shall find one eventually to take me home."

The cargo destined for the German submarine *Deutschland* caught fire and was destroyed soon after the news of the rupture with Germany was announced.

The excitement here was tremendous, and the Embassy was besieged yesterday by people asking if Mr. Sharp thought it was safe to go home. There is something in this to make one smile. It is not precisely the moment to cross the Atlantic.

I went to the Club, buying on my way many paper medals, for it was the day for the *tuberculeux*. There is no more urgent or better charity, as consumption is gaining ground appallingly in France.

Gregory's face as I entered looked like a smiling moon.

"Now you see," he was saying to a handful of men, including Tolson, who laughed sarcastically.

"Two years late," said the latter.

"Impossible before," said Gregory, his smile persistent under his wiry moustache. "Fairbank expresses things in a nutshell when he says that the delay has had the good effect of consolidating the country and levelling divisions, so that to-day the President speaks for all. It's no use shaking a tree before the fruit is ripe."

"If he thinks he speaks for the West, he's jolly well mistaken," said Tolson. "Their idea is to let Europe manage

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its own affairs. A man I know just back from California says they have this written up in all the stores, 'Don't talk war, talk business.' "

The discussion went on with a good deal of warmth, and I as well as others aired my opinions bravely. In my heart there is a great, great relief. As I listened to the different points of view, and the excited voices, I thought of one of Wilson's remarks when speaking to an opponent who was attacking his policy, "What we need in this discussion is a little more light and less heat!"

As regards our households at this moment these words could be reversed. "Give me heat and I will dispense with much light!" The cold continues intense. Yesterday the coldest yet. Thermometer registered 15 degrees below zero (Cent.) or 5 degrees above zero (Fah.); 27 degrees of frost. Coal is impossible to get and the distress is very great. Potatoes are frost-bitten and vegetables of all kinds almost unobtainable. Round the different places where clothes are distributed there are large crowds, and the Opera House has been utilized as a waiting place for the women and children who come for coal.

I had a chat with Sylvia to-day on the phone. She says Madame Saurien has not been well, and has been absent a good deal from the Society.

February 6.

I feel restless to-day, an unrest born of the excitement and strain of the last few days. A longing to hear what other people were thinking drove me again to the Club.

Here I found Tolson of course, expressing his views very strongly as to the prospect of the other Neutrals coming in. It is really amusing to see, since Mr. Wilson's last energetic

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move, how we are all rather at a loss. We have so got into the habit of criticizing and, if you will, abusing the Administration, and now we have to accord a reluctant approval of the way things are going. Tolson, however, is still having last shots.

"I can now hold up my head," he declared to us, "when I pass a Frenchman. I had begun to wonder what the States were coming to."

"To a decision," remarked some one silyly.

Tolson pretended not to hear.

"In this case it is clear," he continued, "that Germany deliberately forced Mr. Wilson's hand in order to end the war quicker and on better terms for themselves and——"

"It doesn't look that way to me," put in Cannon, the Director of one of the largest Banks here. "The Germans haven't at all given up the hope of beating the Allies yet. On the contrary, they consider they are the winners. They know we're in no shape to do anything for another six months, if even then. By that time they expect to have starved out Great Britain."

"I guess they thought we'd take any insult," said Tolson, "after the way we've been fooling all these months. I——" And there was more what shall I say—Lava?

"The question is whether the other Neutrals will come in," said a man. "Will they all dance to Wilson melodies?"

"The Dutchies are trembling in their little sabots. Hindenburg the great and dreaded is casting flaming ogre eyes in their direction, and Falkenhayn I see has reappeared in public view and is now at Münster, thirty miles from the Dutch Frontier." This from that quiet man Slight.

"I should like to get home," said Durmer. "I have to see after urgent private affairs."

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"Stay right here, old man," said Gregory. "The Atlantic water is very cold at this time of year and the supply of life-saving jackets is running pretty low I'm told."

"Brazil will be the first to join," I said, "and if she comes in the rest are bound to follow."

"All but Switzerland," said some one.

"The Swiss are Germans at heart, say what you will," declared Durmer, "and I can't think why the hotels here don't clean out all the waiters and concierges the Swiss have over here in hundreds. Half of them are spies, I bet."

I agreed entirely with this view. Personally I do not care for the Swiss, and have always considered them as both insolent and untrustworthy. I once heard an hotel proprietor—poor old Bernaud, long since dead—describe them as, like the Germans, willing to live on a dog's wage, sleep in a dog's kennel, and accept a dog's kicks.

I hear the excitement in the East of America is intense. The enormous size of the country is shown remarkably in the present crisis. The West, far away from the scene of war, is occupied with her own affairs, and enthusiasm is hard to rouse. The enthusiasm is in the East. But I know my country, and that she will rise gloriously to the coming struggle. Count Bernstorff was taken by surprise. So far was he from expecting the rupture that he was actually talking about allowing American boats special facilities. The American Embassy in London has asked the Swiss Minister to take charge of U.S. interests in Germany.

The weather was colder than ever yesterday and to-day. The temperature is given yesterday at 5 degrees (Fah.), the lowest since 1895, when the Seine froze. All day I have seen people, chiefly women, carrying their little sacks or baskets with 5 kilos of coal—10 lbs. Up to about two o'clock there has been a yellowish fog which combined with

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snow is really appalling. Before dinner a keen east wind blew for a little while, and now I look out there is bright moonlight. The weather is as extraordinary as everything else in this extraordinary *époque*. All over the city were carts and cars literally stuck fast. Impossible to move them. Petrol is getting very scarce and taxis are in consequence difficult to get. In England they are suppressing all motors except those on Government service.

A little French soldier was describing to me to-day the action of the new asphyxiating gases used by the Germans, particularly deadly. It simply wipes out life for fifty yards. The masks now provided for the French soldiers are not strong enough for this new devilry and there have been many deaths. Horses have also been killed in great numbers. A story exists—how authentic I don't know, but related by Grimm—of a chemist from the Dauphiné who once invented a fire it was impossible to extinguish and of which water only increased its intensity. This invention was shown to Louis XV, who, though then engaged in a losing war, declined to use it as he feared to increase the misfortunes of humanity. I hope Louis the Gay really said this.

February 10.

Randy is rather on my mind. He does not get strong as quickly as I could wish, and he is doing all he knows to get passed for the Front again. He is to see the doctor on Monday. He came in this morning.

"You are engaged to spend this evening with me, *Sieur*," he announced. "This is to be my party. We dine at the Ritz and afterwards go to see the new *revue* at the Folies

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Bergères. Madame Courtier and Madame de Blois are coming."

"Oh, really," I said. "Have you asked them?"

"Certainly," he replied gaily, "and aren't you grateful to me for choosing some one as pretty as Madame de Blois to amuse you? I know how particular you are and I took special pains," he added wickedly.

Madame de Blois is attractive and very amusing. Randy, I felt, had done his best.

There were a good many people at the Ritz I knew and the chief gossip of the moment was the case of General——. Sylvia had a very becoming gown on. A mass of fluffy black tulle, out of which her shoulders rose a dazzling white. Randy talked gaily as usual, making us all laugh. It was a very pleasant dinner.

As we were waiting for the motor in the hall, M. de Lassigny came up and spoke to Sylvia. I could hear him asking her to dine with a party he was getting up. Then he turned to me.

"You will honour me," he said.

"The motor's here," called Randy, and the most casual observer could have seen that his face was like a thunder-cloud.

"Just a moment," said Sylvia, and as if in response to some request of Lassigny's she wrote something on a card and gave it to him.

Then we all went down the steps, but as I got into the motor I was amazed to see that Randy's eyes were blazing.

All the way to the theatre Randy hardly uttered a word. Sylvia made one or two attempts to talk, but meeting with only monosyllabic replies gave up the attempt with a slight shrug of her pretty shoulders.

During the performance Randy devoted himself to Madame de Blois, much to the pleasure of that frivolous

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lady. I was completely puzzled. What had happened? Towards the end of the evening I thought Sylvia looked very pale, but she chattered in her usual vivacious style to me and her eyes were exceedingly bright. One or two men came over to our box to speak to us, for Sylvia is very popular. The show was good, but I think three out of our party were very glad when the thing was over.

We dropped Madame de Blois at her house and then took Sylvia home. Randy went with her to the door and I heard them talking. Then he came back to the car, and said :

“ I think I’ll walk back, *Sieur*. Good night.”

And that was all.

February 11.

We are still on the anxious seat as regards war with Germany. There is no question that the opinions held by Americans here, as to the situation, are not universally shared yet on the other side. How can they be? Distance softens much.

I have been making an experiment, urged by the thought of National Duty, spelt with a big D, and also by some doctor’s articles in a magazine on our ignorance of food values. I thought I knew something of these latter, but it seems I was mistaken. He writes that “ We are going to make the Huns healthy in spite of themselves by preventing them consuming the enormous meals they indulged in before the war,” and then goes on to state how he himself benefited by a strict regime. The doctor simply enthused over lentils, and sneered bitterly at beef and mutton.

I wonder. For some days now I have forbidden Angélique to give me meat twice a day and entirely to eliminate all

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entremets. The first day passed off well. I was upheld by the feeling that I was doing something to end the war. My bit ! But yesterday, returning with an unwonted appetite, engendered by the keen air, it was a distinct blow to find a *purée* of lentils and some cheese for lunch.

For one moment I struggled with myself. Should I go out to some restaurant ? For after my stringent orders I did not dare to refuse the fare. Then I sat down and ate the *purée*. It satisfied me momentarily, but later in the afternoon I began to feel exceedingly hungry. Deeply ashamed of myself, I went into a café and had something alcoholic and some ham and bread. Such was my fall.

To-day I have spoken to Angélique and eliminated lentils from my diet. "They do not agree with me," I said, and Angélique who is nothing if not quick said, "Parfaitement, monsieur," with complete understanding.

I still keep to the new regime, however, and my meals are much curtailed. So far I have failed to feel any of that lightness of the body described by the doctor and certainly no special vigour. Perhaps it will come. The only results I have noticed have been an uncomfortable sense of wanting something at all hours of the day, and that want is spelt in four letters—f-o-o-d.

To-day 7 degrees below zero again. People have an unhappy look in the streets, especially when an east wind is blowing, as it does now on most days. At the Club we are distinctly less genial. Mr. Gregory has a theory on the cause of this phenomenally cold winter which fails to comfort.

He claims that from now on the winters are to get colder and colder, and has even ordered, though his order is of course placed for after the war, a new system for heating his house in the Bois. He is also to build an enormous coal cellar. In the meantime he and his family, unable to heat

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their house to a liveable temperature, have gone to an hotel where they are lukewarm !

The Seine is still covered with ice floes, and at Joinville on the Marne the river is frozen for 20 kilometres.

Even the Judges of the High Court are suffering !

One of them, after having sat all day in an unheated court, announced next day that he was not going to repeat the experiment, as he had shivered all night instead of going to sleep. He therefore proposed to adjourn to his private room where there was a wood fire. Counsel accepted the idea with marked enthusiasm, and in a few minutes the hearing was resumed.

Owing to lack of space, the registrar had to write on his knee and the official shorthand writer sat next to the Judge ; but these drawbacks were unanimously voted as of no account in comparison with the advantage of being warm.

The Judge who told me about it declared that the case before the Court related to a commission on the sale of furs, but I think this was because his mind was running on warmth.

Rominagrobis is putting on flesh. I am sure *she* has not had her meals curtailed. She looks so comfortable, and has such an air of repletion after meal-times that I feel positively envious. She is now sitting opposite to me ; I feel she is searching out my thoughts and despises me. She certainly looks severe.

February 12.

Another *vente de charité* is announced. Amongst my letters was an alluring little blue card from the Marquise de N., graciously inviting me to a sale at which she herself would have a stall. She added that the chief attractions

at this stall would be a basket of green snakes and two lion cubs. A funny coincidence, as I happened to have been reading in an old book of a *vente* which took place during the siege of Paris in the January of 1871 in the house of one of the Ministers of the day.

The prices were instructive. A box of cigars fetched 1,000 francs ; a goose 200 francs ; 10 francs for a pound of potatoes ; 60 francs for two sticks of celery ; and a box of bonbons 150 francs !

Many fashionable women were saleswomen, and the names of Charles Hugo, Floquet, Balli, Meurice, etc., were mentioned as being there.

Courteline has just published a book of witty sayings, but there is one point which I would dispute with him. He says, " Youth retains all the pleasures, leaving none to age." This touches me up. Just because I am old do I not enjoy, and enjoy keenly ?

There are many things I feel with a far intenser pleasure than formerly as a youth. The trouble with youth is that it does not realize *what* a good time it is having. It takes everything as a matter of course. The epicure sitting down to a well selected dinner enjoys it more keenly than a man who has never studied good living and who simply eats to relieve hunger.

This idea of youth has been overdone. Granted a man has taken reasonable care of himself, he can enjoy life after fifty as much as a young man of twenty-five. Real enjoyment, like everything else that is good, is a task and has to be learnt. The real trouble is ill health, and not one's years, that makes people grouch on age. Between the outlook of the old and the young on life is the difference one experiences between reading the history of an epoch with which one is thoroughly familiar and coming to it with crass ignorance.

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Frankly, I am tired of this eternal lament on the misery of old age, and the continual harping on the joys of youth. The indulgence of our appetites is not everything. It is but one side of life and not the nicest side. It is the cry of materialism, this regret of the past. In Rome and Athens old age was dignified and beautiful. Men did not whine because they were old. Age was regarded with honour. Very different to the present fashion when it is the fad to groan and grumble for youth that is past.

At the American Club to-day Captain H. J. Reilly was the speaker. He told us some interesting facts; and amongst others that the standing army of the States is now only 110,000, well equipped, and the officers trained and well disciplined.

The White House is calmly waiting for *the* ship to be sunk. Mrs. S. said to me this afternoon that she did not wish to be *it*, and had given up her trip; but last night at a dinner a well-known American declared with tears in his eyes that such was his love for France that he would willingly be the one to be sunk in the next ship; to be in fact the *cause*, if by so doing he could bring America to declare war, and help to end this destructive and awful struggle.

Another man said to me rather sensibly that the German Powers are challenging a war Power of \$200,000,000,000 and a financial and industrial system that can be indefinitely mobilized.

One of my *filleuls* escaped from Germany—where he worked for a long time at Essen—described that vast military establishment working with feverish energy to turn out shells and guns; 2,000 Belgians are employed, 300 of whom are women.

Essen presents, he says, a fantastic gigantic vision of chimneys and smoke furnaces. The smoke from these

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latter obscures the sun and in an atmosphere full of clouds men and women work in Hades.

Yesterday I heard at first hand the following. A countryman of mine was talking to one of the Prussian officers of high rank before the war, and the question of the conquest of England came up. The American said :

“ What do you intend doing if you conquer England ? ”

“ There is no *if*. We shall conquer her, and then immediately impose an indemnity of twenty thousand million pounds.”

“ Twenty thousand million pounds ! ” exclaimed the American. “ It would be an impossible sum to pay.”

“ Yes, of course,” replied the German, “ but we shall occupy England till they do. They must work ! ”

“ You would never get them to do it. How can you compel them ? ”

The Prussian smiled evilly.

“ Have you never heard of the lash ? That is what we shall use.”

“ My God ! ” cried the American. “ You are speaking of slavery.”

“ Exactly,” said the other. “ Now you understand. All great nations have used force in their extension, and the German Empire will go farther in its extension than any nation yet.”

That these were the intentions of the ruling powers in Germany before the war is not doubted by anyone who has read much of German literature or lived in her towns and cities. They planned to destroy France, to keep her head to the ground for a hundred years, and then to take England, their most dreaded rival, in hand. After that they could defy the world.

What life would be under German rule, the invaded countries could tell. I have some posters giving the

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orders and different proclamations in the captured towns and they speak for themselves.

Sylvia, who has been singularly quiet yesterday and to-day, dined with me to-night to meet Mrs. Tolson, whose husband is away, and Sollanges. Sollanges is a great admirer of Sylvia's and considers her one of the prettiest women in Paris.

He was very cheerful to-night and, in contrast to the gloomy views every one seems to hold at present, declares that Germany is in the hardest straits herself, and that her army when it ceases to be nourished will collapse. "You can go as far as your rations go," he said, "no further!" I hope he is right. Somehow I feel we are a long way from the end.

Mrs. Tolson was feeling how very far away America was.

"I see Bernstein, with 500 others, 200 of which are his personal staff, has received his safe conduct from England," she said, "and Mr. Gerard, whom the Germans have been keeping as a hostage till Bernstein started, has also got his safe conduct; so"—and her voice sounded very melancholy—"if he starts by way of France and Bordeaux I shall try and send mail on his ship. It may be the only mail that will ever reach America for goodness knows *when*."

We all tried to cheer her up. Sylvia told of the riots now taking place in the colliery districts at Westphalia, and I gave a moving picture of the great cold and frost.

"All the Berlin schools have been closed," I said, "and orders have been given to make bread with a mixture of turnip pulp and bran."

"Is that so?" said Mrs. Tolson. "How *can* they eat the nasty stuff. It is bad enough here now. Not even a *brioche* for breakfast!"

"What would you?" remarked Sollanges unsympathetically. "It is war. Only last week 80,000 tons of wheat

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were sunk destined for starving Belgians. What is a *brioche* compared to that ? ”

“ Oh, of course,” said Mrs. Tolson hurriedly.

She is a really nice good-hearted woman, one of the best, but never having had to deny herself anything in her life she can't adjust herself to a world without *brioches* and *pâtisseries*.

Sollanges went on to talk about the great Senussi leader, Sey-ed-Ahmed, and his wonderful and secret power. He was considered as the rising Mahdi some years ago, and various learned and also clever men wrote grave and gloomy articles as to his growing strength and power and the terrible meance he was to the British Empire.

He was one of the many bogies stirred up to provide discussion and last week the British completely defeated his forces, and so, in spite of all predictions, for all practical purposes Sey-ed-Ahmed has ceased to exist.

“ I expect Randy will go to Tours soon,” I said to Sylvia just before she left. “ The doctor won't pass him for the Front. It is a great disappointment to him.”

She looked quickly at me, and after a moment's pause said :

“ I am sorry to hear that. Do try and keep him quiet.”

“ It is difficult. By the way, I want you to do some pictures with me on Friday. Will you ? ”

“ I *am* so sorry,” said Sylvia, “ but I am very busy all this week and I'm thinking of taking on some work at the Gare du Nord : they need help badly. Good-bye, and I have so enjoyed this evening.”

So the old man's little attempt to adjust things failed.

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February 13.

The Germans are arranging for the deportation of thousands of Belgians to work in their munition factories. Poor wretches ! The submarines are doing too well, and there are loud squeals from Holland, as they are threatened with being cut off from the rest of the world.

Randy has been moving heaven and earth to get back to the Front, but I can only say I am delighted that the doctors absolutely refuse to pass him yet. Till he is well enough, to keep him quiet, he is to be sent down to Tours, to take charge of an aviation corps there. Since last night neither he nor I have mentioned Sylvia. Quite suddenly he announced at lunch that he was taking the afternoon train to Orleans. From there he would motor to Bordeaux with D'Obrigny and stop at Tours on his way back. In this way he would not be in Paris again for some weeks.

I said I would go and see him off. Just before the train started Randy said :

" By the way, Sieur, I came across Vard the other day, and he just tumbled over himself to be polite. What's the meaning of it I wonder ? "

I gave him a slight sketch of the situation and he whistled.

" Le vilain coco ! " he muttered.

The doors banged and Randy got into his compartment. Then he leant out and said casually :

" Let me have a line to say how you are and how Mme Courtier is getting on."

I nodded and the train went off. I went too, and called on Mme Roolgens, who has just arrived from Belgium, and who gave me some vivid descriptions of her stay there. Her husband is an old friend of mine and one of the best, and now, alas, a prisoner. His wife is a nice comely body,

distinctly *bourgeoise* in her ideas, and with an extraordinary flow of language.

Many wires had had to be pulled before we succeeded in getting her and I forget how many children—for the Belgians have what I may call *une fertilité désolante*—out of Belgium. The ship they took was stopped by the Germans on its way to England and returned to Zeebrugge, causing annoyance and delay.

“But what was our trouble, compared to that of several escaped prisoners who had got on to our boat and were within a few hours of safety; one, a boy of nineteen, who had already tried to escape twice before. His comrades, when they saw there was no hope, tried to persuade him to dress up as a woman, in the hope he would get off. He could easily have done so with his smooth hairless face,” said Madame Roolgens with tears standing in her eyes, “but he declined, that brave boy, saying as his companions were caught he would remain with them. And they have gone back to the horrors of a German prison.”

“You were lucky to get through with so little trouble,” I said after a pause. “I was afraid that set-back to Zeebrugge would detain you some time longer.”

“Indeed, yes, and I can never say what we owe you, but Louis will some day. I don’t really think the children suffered, except the baby—it was so difficult to get milk.”

Once on the subject of children Madame Roolgens has much to say. I interposed a question:

“How are they off now in Brussels—could you get all you wanted? One hears such different accounts.”

“Oh, yes,” she replied. “It was just a question of paying high prices. The poor, of course, had a bad time. I know of one lady who got in a big stock of groceries at the beginning of the war, and when she left the other day

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sold everything off. And actually on current prices she made 3,000 francs profit ! ”

“ A curious commercial mind,” I remarked.

“ As to those Germans,” exclaimed my hostess, “ they spend their whole time laying down rules. If possible they would like to settle the hour to take one’s bath. The smallest details have an interest for them. An officer will use the men under his command to find out through the servants everything that goes on in the house. Your servants are bribed, and you don’t know whom to trust. The Government issues orders as to what colours are to be worn, and I can tell you no one takes any chances about disobeying ; an unfortunate draper who dressed his window with a number of khaki handkerchiefs was arrested and put into prison, where he still is.”

“ And what about the famous newspaper every one talks of. It is still published, is it not ? How do they do it ? ”

Madame Roolgens laughed gleefully.

“ It is a mystery. Every day a sheet is left at one’s door ; it is as miraculous as one of Arsène Lupin’s mysteries, and *how* it annoys the Germans. There is a large reward offered, but all concerned so far have been loyal. There are even cartoons and take-offs on Bissing which make one die with laughter.”

“ And how is your sister ? ” I inquired. “ I heard she had escaped.”

“ Oh, yes, Anna got away months ago and is now in England. On account of Édouard’s articles they refused to let her go, but she managed to get to the Frontier with the help of an old servant of hers. There you know the wires have all been electrified for months. She says they got two broad planks and placing them against the rails put her on them. Then the ends were taken and they shot her over,

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Can you imagine Anna arriving on the other side ! But she did it ! ”

I could not. Anna weighed at least 190ⁿ pounds, but it shows what we can all do in war-time.

Madame Roolgens' eldest boy entered, a fine lad, and with him was a little terrier.

“ Our only pet now,” sighed his mother. “ You remember my beautiful cats ? ”

“ Of course,” I said. “ I remember they were the finest Angoras I ever saw. You had to leave them ? ”

She looked distinctly troubled.

“ It was dreadful leaving them, but what could we do ? The house had to be shut up, and I had not the heart to kill the poor darlings, so I put them all into the empty nursery with lots of food and water. They would have quite a good time before they died, as of course they must. But I did give them one treat. Antle, my little girl you know, had several cages of canaries, so I placed the birds in their cages all round the room, in order that my darlings might have fresh meat to console them.”

Can anyone deny that a woman's make-up is an extraordinary thing ?

February 14.

Gerard is now at Berne. The Germans tried to force him to sign a treaty regulating sea traffic, but without success ; 165 American journalists came with him. It is supposed that there are 2,000 Americans still in Germany, only 300 pure Americans. It is said they are one and all anxious to leave.

Poor Mrs. D.'s daughter, an English girl of only twenty-two, married in 1912 an officer in the Prussian

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Guard. Since war was declared the mother has heard no news of her. At the best her position must be exceedingly unpleasant. I know of two American girls in the same case. These finishing schools, so much the fashion of late years in Germany, have much to answer for.

All Americans here are feeling this strain of waiting. One of the New York papers asks piteously whether German policy is to fool America. The steamers are still hung up, so far the Administration has not accorded them an escort. It is a trying moment.

Yesterday the Seine was a superb sight. The sunset was a glorious red, which coloured the masses of floating ice as they drifted slowly by over the swirling water. Flocks of birds—wild ducks—were flying and screaming near the bridge; their long green necks, outstretched and glistening, reminded one of those on Japanese screens. Their ease and grace as they circled, now flying low and now drifting on the floes as the current bore them down, was a delight to see.

Poor Madame M. died a few days ago. She was a popular woman in Paris and entertained largely. A Frenchman pronounced her epitaph, "*Encore un fourneau qui s'éteint*," and it struck me sadly.

She was a foreigner and she remained a foreigner to the end. I wonder does one ever become one with another nation? I think not. And what is the attraction that makes one live far away from one's own country? I cannot answer, only in spite of my atrocious accent, which has held its own peculiarity against every temptation, I prefer to live in Paris.

A story which is going the rounds of Paris anent German methods is as follows. It is stated to be strictly true.

A French lady was confined unexpectedly in one of the large towns in Germany. The Hun doctor who attended

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her was exceedingly kind, and looked after her with the greatest care. She felt deeply touched at the consideration she was receiving at the hands of the enemy, and when recovered, she asked, while thanking him gratefully, what his fee was. "Madame," he replied, "I have already received my fee. There is nothing more required." Then, seeing her astonishment, he added, "I blinded your child at birth!"

The thaw at last to-night and a slight misty rain.

February 18.

I had just got back from my morning's work when the telephone bell rang and I heard Sylvia's voice rather agitated.

"Such a strange thing has happened," she said; "Madame Saurien has not been to the Society for three days."

"Perhaps she is ill," I suggested.

"No, for when she did not come on Saturday Mrs. Brown telephoned to her flat, fearing she might be ill, and the *bonne* answered that Madame had gone out a few minutes before, but she expected her in for dinner. So Mrs. Brown left a note."

Here the *demoiselle du téléphone* cut us off, and after a maddening interval of protestation, indignation and entreaty consented to put us into communication again.

"Are you there?" called Sylvia.

"I am here," I replied. "Please continue about Madame Saurien."

"Well, to-day we all came as usual to the Society, but still no Madame Saurien, and, what is stranger still, her room is all unlocked and all her papers tied up and in order and a soldier sitting there who will not say a word.

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It almost looks as if she had been—well, you know what I mean."

"It is extraordinary," I said. "Evidently there is something wrong. Please take my advice for once and take a few days off."

"Mrs. Brown has gone round to try and find out more," said Sylvia, ignoring my remark. "We are all waiting anxiously for her to return."

"So am I. It is a thrilling situation. But tell me how do you get on with Madame Bonassier?"

"She is an old dear. How clever of you to have discovered her. We get on capitally and, really, I am a thousand times more comfortable than I was before. She is a wonderful manager and I don't spend so much either."

"Good," I said. "Where are you telephoning from?"

"The post office round the corner. There was something I wanted to tell you. Oh, I know. We lunched with the Princess yesterday and she was *so* kind. One of the nicest women I have ever met."

"I know."

"But I *do* wonder what has happened to Madame Saurien," said Sylvia, harking back to the exciting theme. "I must go back and see if Mrs. Brown has returned. I will telephone again."

There was silence. Rather worried on Sylvia's account I walked up and down and waited. Presently the tinkle sounded again.

"It gets stranger than ever," said Sylvia; "Mrs. Brown went to the flat and found it all shut up. She spoke to the concierge, who was very cross, and who said Madame Saurien had gone away to visit a friend and would not be back for some weeks. And not a word or a letter! Mrs. Brown *thinks* Madame Saurien must have had some unpleasantness with the concierge—she was *so* disagreeable."

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We don't know quite what to do. I wish you'd come round and give us your advice."

I thought for a moment of that buzzing group of femininity. No, I would not go round.

"I am afraid I can't," I said hastily. "I'll give my advice over the phone. It is very short. Shut the place up till you hear from Madame Saurien."

"Oh, do you think so?" rather doubtfully. "And all our poor prisoners?"

"The best plan," I returned firmly. "See if Madame Bonassier does not agree with me."

"All right, I will hear what the others say," said my dear girl a little coldly. "Au revoir."

I felt I had not risen to the situation in her opinion. Later came a little note:

"MON CHER PARRAIN,

The question has been settled for us. We stayed at the Society till four waiting, and then went to the Chinese Umbrella and had tea. We talked everything over and settled to carry on as best we could for the present, when what do you think? On our return to rue——we found all the doors closed and a notice written up that the work would be transferred to another *locale* as the flat had to be repaired previous to the arrival of a tenant. And all this without a word to us!

Mrs. Brown went round to see the man who let us have the rooms and who has always been *so* pleasant. He said he was very sorry to have caused us inconvenience, but he had the chance of a good tenant and what would you? He had to live!

Mrs. Brown said she had no patience with him as he sat there shrugging his shoulders and smiling, and if there was any law in Paris she was going to have it, though as we were only *lent* the rooms I don't see what she can do. Do

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you? But she says in Philipsburg, Kansas, they would never do a thing like that. Ladies are properly treated there.

We are all indignant. What do you think?

Your affectionate

SYLVIA."

I replied :

" DEAR SYLVIA,

Accept the inevitable with as charming a grace as you can. It is less wearing in the end. Ask Mrs. Brown to be lenient to us. If she is ever in Philipsburg in time of war she may find a difference there too. In war work as everything else remember that true saying, '*Surtout pas trop de zèle.*'

Your devoted

GODFATHER."

Later I heard that Mrs. Brown, like an agitated woodcock, had been besieging all the ministerial offices, till at length a nervous collapse put an end to her activities for the moment.

Madame Saurien is, I hear, being taken care of.

February 19.

I had a dream last night ; so vivid that even now I can remember everything distinctly. Something has been on my mind for days, and I do not know whether it was just imagination laying her fevered hand on the ruffled surface of my brain cells, or whether it was permitted by the great laws which govern us all, for a soul in mortal agony to project itself through space, for some special reason before dissolution ?

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Or was it Rominagrobis's fault ?

The dream began with a feeling of confinement, which grew and grew until it amounted almost to agony. Then I became conscious that I was in a small cell in which everything was white, except a blot in one corner. My eyes focused on that dark shadow, and before me it materialized into the form of a woman, a woman praying. The face had the chalky hue of terror and the lips quivered in ceaseless motion.

I could not see the eyes, which were cast down, but the whole attitude of the figure was one of despairing supplication. The room seemed filled with wild fear, a fear which gripped me at the throat and made my heart beat madly. The cause of this awful suffering was hidden from me. I was only conscious of a maddening terror which throbbed in that confined whiteness.

Then the door opened and a priest came in, his tall spare shape drifting like a grey wraith across the room. I heard the deep tones of his voice as he began to recite prayers. On and on went the almost chanting sound till a feeling of numbness wrapped me, and the time passed in a mist of unreality.

Suddenly I seemed wide awake and a dart of positive pain thrilled me from head to foot. The two figures were still there, the woman's face still convulsed with the same awful terror, but it seemed to me the room was lighter and the white walls reflected shadows now.

And then—a dead sound reverberating on the passage boards coming nearer, nearer till it stopped just outside.

The woman had raised her head at the first sound and with one hand resting on the edge of the bed remained stiff and tense, every nerve concentrated on that coming something.

And I, I seemed to share the agony of that poor creature

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who dreaded what? My pulse went like a piston and my chest was held in a grasp of iron.

There was a brief pause at the door, then it was flung open. The woman gave a shriek so appalling in its desperate agony that the men in the act of entering paused. She flung her arms round the stiff figure of the priest, grasping his arm in a madness of terror.

Four men in the uniform of the French Guard entered and went up to the bed. I covered my eyes in a despair beyond words. I wanted to speak, to call out, but I could not. A mist formed before my eyes.

Oh, those shrieks. A soul caught in torment and without hope. Some words of command, then that slow steady tramp to the door and down the passage echoing, echoing.

When I clearly saw again the bed still stood with its white covering and empty chair, but that heavy oppression which had held me in its clutch had lifted. I fixed my eyes on the chair, and presently two eyes looked out at me from it. Larger they grew and larger, and yellower and yellower, till all at once I realized it was Rominagrobis. She had climbed on to my bed and was watching me with rather an anxious expression.

I was strangely shaken, both face and hands were covered with a cold perspiration. I lay awake for some time thinking and wondering, and never in my life have I been so relieved to see Plumecoq as I was this morning. His long and quaint face seemed to make things normal again.

I shall never hear of an execution without remembering my dream. Were I a Judge could I ever condemn a human creature to death?

I had done right according to our laws, but they are only the laws of man!

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February 20.

Mr. Greyson writes me from England that the War Loan has been a gigantic success; the campaign was organized in a masterly manner, and on new lines. Apparently a Committee was formed. Mr. Kennedy Jones was asked to take up the propaganda for the Loan. He thereupon called on three men: an expert on advertising; a former editor of the "Globe," who dealt with the Press; and a Member of the War Savings Committee, who engineered the arrangements for lectures. Red Tape was eliminated, and as they gave their services voluntarily, initiative flourished, and their success was great and deserved.

England is no longer the sleeping lion. She has risen and is facing the enemy calmly, but with grim jaws and clenched teeth. Friends tell me who have been over there that there is no discontent at the new orders regarding meals, theatres and motors. They are taking the war as an experience. It is like living in opera and it gives a curious impression. No one is afraid or seemingly disturbed. They are simply seeing the thing through. They are a great nation and after this war will be still greater. The new generation will have a fresh vigour and a wider fellowship.

Dr. S. has been to Paris a few days on leave. He told me a curious fact. Speaking of the general good health which prevails in the Navy, in spite of the strain they are under, he said that after the Jutland battle there was an extraordinary number of cases of appendicitis amongst the men. How little we know about ourselves after all, and the cause of disturbances on that strange and mysterious composition—the human body.

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February 21.

A day of cold damp horror. A yellow fog of that peculiarly thick and heavy quality which one associates with large factory towns. *Mardi gras* passed very quietly. The action of the Metro authorities in not allowing any trains to run after ten killed the evening theatres. Indeed it grows less and less attractive to go out at night. There is something depressing in the sight of the empty dark streets with a few benighted foot passengers stealing along. So many of my friends have given up their motors that I act frequently as a sort of collecting bus and gather in any friends who are invited to the same house. I should have given up mine long ago were it not that I am obliged to keep one for some private business with which the Government have entrusted me. I know people wonder at me, but the world is always wondering. Even the old man in the moon has a questioning aspect!

Mr. Chamberlain declared in his speech yesterday to members of the Stock Exchange that the war may be over this summer. If only he is right. Here in France our man power is so reduced that it would seem we had almost reached the limit, and yet we who stay at home have not suffered at all physically. There is food in plenty and we can buy all we want. In reality the civil population is not taking the war as seriously as England, but they have suffered mentally. That large limb of France torn away and which still lies bleeding is like an open sore. It hurts always, aching dully.

Mr. Penfield presented yesterday to the Austria-Hungarian Government a Note requesting them to state exactly their point of view relative to submarine warfare. The German papers seem rather doubtful now as to the success of their plan to starve England. So far, since their des-

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perate challenge was thrown to the world, the loss of tonnage has not been perceptibly greater than before. In fact the English are meeting the danger very successfully. Sollanges says nineteen have been caught since the fifth of this month. Old Jack Fisher is at the head of this department.

I have had a short chat with Mr. Gerard. He left last night. There is no doubt conditions in Berlin are exceedingly bad, and the *moral* of the people distinctly lower, but I gathered that as a nation the Huns are *exceedingly* strong. Mr. Gerard looked worried, and thinner than I had ever seen him.

One of his staff is reported as saying that in Berlin now each hen is placed under the care of a sentinel, eggs being of priceless value !

Sylvia made me laugh to-day. She told me of a pretty lady, Mrs. Elson, who was relating what she was doing in war relief work. "It is really delightful," she said with a smile which demanded sympathy, "to wake up in the morning feeling that you have something to do. Before the war I had nothing to pass the time to lunch but to see my dressmaker. I can *never* be grateful enough to the war."

February 26.

To-day we begin the stale bread regime. On my plate this morning were two bits of toasted bread. Gone are the little golden crusty morsels to which habit has made me a slave. Not even a *pistolet* is allowed. I know my Parisians well enough to know that this will not last. We shall have modifications which will help greatly, but for the moment it is Lent in earnest and a Lent enforced, as a man said to me yesterday :

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" All our sins we have bombarded,
All our sins we have discarded,
And we think we're doing very well.
We are eating righteous leaven,
We are on the road to heaven,
But, damn it, we regret the road to hell."

Very irreverent, but smacking of truth.

Plobus has given me the *carnet* of *sucre* for the household. It is a large piece of paper or rather cardboard and on it one has to relate the history of one's life. The only thing they forget to ask is the colour of one's hair. In a few days all these statements will be verified by an employé who will have private and confidential interviews with the concierges. Any incorrect statement will speedily be found out ! When it came to putting down Angélique's age I hesitated. She is well over forty, but I determined to be on the safe side, so took my pen and wrote "twenty-five." I did not see that it concerned the sugar man, and might injure her matrimonial chances.

Five Dutch cargo boats were sunk in the Channel yesterday after receiving safe conducts from Germany. The feeling is intense in Holland. She is in an awkward position. So near to the big savage wolf and somewhat isolated.

Sollanges was rather funny to-day. We were all talking of the sugar cards and Gregory said :

" We shall be having before this time next year, probably in the next six months, cards for coals, essence, milk, eggs, as well as sugar."

" And I," said Sollanges plaintively, " who had vowed never to touch another card."

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February 28.

This thaw has affected me badly. I was so hoarse this morning that Plumecoq looked at me with anxiety, and suggested sending for the doctor. I said "No" very snappishly. I always dislike having the doctor. It is ridiculous, but it seems to settle the question as to whether I am ill or not ill.

But as the day wore on and my fever increased I came to the conclusion that "he might perhaps give me some little thing to straighten me out," and to Plumecoq's relief I gave the order for M. Flecy to be telephoned for. The reply came that he would call directly he got back from the hospital.

I smoked hard all the afternoon, knowing that I should be forbidden to do so later. We are all children at heart.

At five Dr. Flecy arrived, agreeable as always.

"Et bien, mon cher ami, comment ça va?"

I explained my symptoms while the usual procedure of sounding, feeling my pulse, etc., was gone through. Finally, having thoroughly examined me, the oracle gave out: First, that I had a sharp attack of *grippe*. Second, that I must keep warm. Third, that I must have a very light diet. Fourth, that I must remain in bed for some days. Fifth, that I must take some medicine that he ordered.

There was a little rather disjointed—on my part—talk on the war, and he was gone.

I lay and thought the thing over. Had he told me anything that I did not know already? I guessed I had the *grippe*. Every one is having it or has had it. 2nd. I knew that common sense would make one keep warm. 3rd. I had no appetite for any but the lightest of food if any. 4th. Whether he had recommended it or not I could not have got up. 5th. The medicine was probably either quinine, which he knows agrees with me and which I could

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have got made up myself at the chemist, or aspirin. Result : Was there anything that he had said that I did not know already ? There was not, but he had diagnosed my case, told me definitely what the matter was, and assured me that I should soon be better. Half the patients who call in doctors do so, though unknown to themselves, to have a treatment of suggestion. The doctors who can inspire confidence, and can suggest to the patient a speedy recovery, soon make an enormous fortune. And it is a perfectly honest trade.

One of the best books I ever read on the attitude of the public towards their doctors and vice versa, is that of Dr. X. I quote a passage which is interesting :

“ There exists an art to cure illness which calls itself Medicine. The man who has studied this art should be able infallibly to recognize and cure patients. If he is unsuccessful it is because he is incapable or else his science is worth nothing. This manner of thinking is natural, but at the same time absolutely unjust. There exists no science of the healing of illness before which medicine stands ever ready. The human organization with its infinitely obscure and hidden life ! Every new discovery proves to us that this complexity increases the further we penetrate its mystery. A host of illnesses develop in a manner wholly inexplicable, and the forces which fight them are vague and secret. It is impossible to know the best means of sustaining these forces. There are, without doubt, illnesses which are more or less comprehensible by themselves, but always and everywhere they follow their course in so hidden a manner that all the resources at the disposal of science are insufficient when it comes to defining them.

“ The public have not the smallest idea of what life is, any more than it understands the science of medicine. Here is the explanation of the majority of misunderstand-

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ings, the origin of faith, blind of some in the omnipotence of medicine, and of the mistrust, also blind, which that same medicine produces in others. And both sides have the most unfortunate consequences."

The *Orleans*, the first American ship to pass through the blockade, arrived yesterday at Bordeaux. The crew and Capt. Tucker are being fêted grandly. The *Rochester* is still to arrive. As the latter only sails six knots, there is no reason why the Huns could not torpedo her easily if they choose, but I doubt if they intend to do anything of the kind in spite of all their bluff. The *Orleans* crew will probably long for another voyage of the same kind. Apparently women threw flowers to them from balconies, and banquets were pressed upon them. The voyage is spoken of as historic, a very popular word nowadays! The public mind is caught by something so easily if it is a little spectacular. In reality there are thousands of sailors doing things far more dangerous as a simple matter of course, and their duty, whose names are never heard of. At a moment like this, when I think of our attitude during the war, these sort of exhibitions make me tired. I should like more self-restraint.

The *Laconia* sunk! Another tragedy with a record of great bravery shown by Capt. Irvine and his men.

On Monday President Wilson^W made an appeal to Congress for power to arm ships. He says, "We must defend our commerce and the lives of our people. It is devoutly to be hoped that it will not be necessary to put armed force into action. The American people do not desire it and our desire is no different from theirs. I am now not proposing war or any steps which would lead to it."

The chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, Mr. Flood, announced that he would immediately produce a

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Bill granting the President the power to arm ships and a credit of \$20,000,000.

The War Loan in England has been an amazing success. It has beaten the German total by £400,000,000.

March 4.

I am still tied to the house, prisoner of the *grippe*. So prostrate have I been that even reading was impossible, and I have only been able to scribble a few lines to friends who overwhelm me with kind inquiries. I have been distinctly peevish to Plumecoq, who has borne with patience many disagreeable *observations*. Illness and depression are to him what manure is to a plant: they give him fresh life. Had I succumbed to the *grippe* he would have been truly sorry, but how he would have luxuriated in the funeral!

To-night my doctor, rushing in to see me about seven, was caught and captured for dinner.

"You must dine somewhere," I said to the tired man. "Why not stay and have a quiet dinner with me. You can leave directly after."

I gained my point. During the war doctors are terribly overworked. The world, the civil world, goes on having its appendix out, its babies born, and its usual long list of ills, and half the doctors are away at the Front. Those who remain look haggard and tired.

A good dinner and an excellent bottle of Château-Laffitte put new heart into my old friend; and, still thinking of the book I had been reading, I got him on the subject of medicine, and on the new process invented by the Englishman Dugan and perfected by Carrel.

"Wonderful," he said, "and if used rightly would

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prevent 80 per cent. of the amputations now performed. You must go over to Compiègne and see the results obtained. I will give you a note to Carrel. He will be delighted to meet you."

"I expect to go to Rheims in a week or two, and will stop at Compiègne on purpose," I replied. "But now, doctor, tell me something as between man and man. You know bed is an excellent place for reflection, and this question interests me. You who are known to be one of the greatest diagnosticians in Paris, tell me how much is guess work, intuition if you will, how much experience, and how much absolute certitude in your decisions."

He laughed and hesitated.

"The human organism is so complex," he declared as he devoured one of Angélique's cheese *soufflés*, "that each new discovery causes us to reconstruct our previous theories. There are still many illnesses which baffle science and, while in this war we have made marvellous advance in all surgical cases, tuberculosis and cancer are gaining ground at an appalling rate."

"I believe you," I said, but still sticking to my point. "But it is the question of diagnosis that interests me at this moment. It is a mystery to me how a man can see twenty patients perhaps in the course of a morning and in twenty minutes diagnose their case exactly and truthfully."

"We do our best," said the doctor, who had finished the *soufflé*, "and experience does much, more perhaps than you can realize, but medicine is not an exact science and probably never will be."

"What an appalling responsibility for a man to have in his hands," I said.

"Yes, and one I can only face myself because of the knowledge that, in spite of mistakes, often terrible mistakes, which happen inevitably to every doctor, for we are human,

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I have been able to accomplish a certain amount of good."

"Indeed, yes," I said warmly, "few men have done as much."

Plumecoq entered and took away our empty plates. The bright but pleasant glow from the shaded lamp, the crackle of the cheerful fire, and my excellent Château-Laffitte, all invited conversation.

The doctor lit a cigar and leaning back said:

"Frankly, the thoughts of my early days as a student are painful memories. I entered my profession full of the noblest ideals implanted by a good mother, and I was met by a crushing and degrading materialism. For the time the faith in which I had been brought up, and which is engrained in me, was completely obscured and for many years I became an absolute disbeliever in the immortality of the soul, and regarded the body as merely an interesting study. Every step forward Science makes is made at the cost of life and suffering. How is it possible for a doctor to obtain skill and knowledge without practice, and how is that practice to be obtained but at the cost of those who are destitute and at the mercy of their doctors. The juggling of human lives that takes place in hospitals of every large town is not a myth, it is a painful reality, as every doctor knows."

"You mean—" I said as he paused.

"I mean that the process of getting one's experience is a nightmare that every decent practitioner must look back on with disgust."

"I think I understand."

"And when I think of my first independent practice! while I was cultivating that gravity of manner which conveys confidence, for without confidence in many cases we could do nothing."

"Your mother lived with you at D., did she not?"

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"Yes, and I remember one day a woman came to see me complaining that her nerves were all twisted up in her blood. I asked her some questions, gave her some medicine and sent her away reassured. 'What was the matter with her?' asked my mother when she had gone. 'The matter with her?' I replied; 'how can I possibly tell? Nerves all twisted up in her blood.' 'But you looked so certain,' said my mother, really astonished, 'I was thinking how wonderful you were.' Rather ashamed, I added, 'I will examine her more fully to-morrow and see what the trouble really is. Probably it is imagination.' The next morning the woman was dead."

"She would probably have died anyway," I said reassuringly.

"That has nothing to do with it. The trouble was *I* did not *know*. My mother's face, though she said nothing, I never forgot, and it is to the remembrance of that woman I owe the little success I have had. Every patient since that day has had the best that lies in me at their service."

A call came on the telephone and he hurried off.

March 6.

Bertrand has gone on a Mission for a fortnight. There is some idea of his going to America for the Government on aviation business.

A curious situation, demonstrating our national system of politics, with its constitutional limitations, occurred at the last session of Congress. More than 500 of the 531 members of the two houses are ready and anxious to act. The House of Representatives has acted by an overwhelming majority, but the Senate's decision was retarded by a little group of eleven Senators who "blocked" all dis-

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cussion. Senator Stone, Chairman of Foreign Affairs, held the floor till the House rose. Four hours!

The *Rochester* is in! More celebrations!

One of my *filles* brought me in to-day an interesting souvenir in the form of a German knapsack. It is covered with hair and really beautifully made. Now the prisoners brought in have only waterproof *musettes* made in haste. Helmets of copper with the silver eagle of the Guards are no more procurable.

Jean Laforge tells me that the Germans are laying traps of every kind for our troops as they advance: mines, poisoned water and pitfalls; even attractive souvenirs, from watches to saucepans, are filled with fulminate of mercury and placed where they will catch the eye.

A temperature of 30 degrees (Fah.) this morning. The ground is still frozen beneath the surface.

Germany has owned up to the plan she made to enlist the help of Mexico and Japan in the event of her unrestricted blockade, and to embroil her in a quarrel with the United States. Her little plan was to offer Mexico the states of New Mexico, Oklahoma and Texas. Japan to take the Pacific States. A delightful little plot!

Sylvia has been spending the day with me. I cannot go out yet. She told me some gossip, of a duel which has taken place between X. and C. It resulted in a very slight wound for X., and has created quite a stir in Paris, but is not officially known. It is judged best to ignore it.

The Princess sent me some wonderful orchids, which Sylvia has arranged with taste. While she was thus occupied we had a little talk about Randy.

"I miss Randy," I said reflectively. "He is so lively. The house seems different when he is here."

"He certainly has a very bright disposition."

"He has always been like that. Did I ever show you the photos I had taken of him when he was about fourteen?"

"No, never," replied Sylvia with some eagerness.

I opened a drawer and produced some, which she looked at very earnestly.

"He hasn't changed much."

"Not a bit really, or in character either. He always was the straightest, truest boy in the world. He has never lost a friend."

Sylvia looked very hard at me.

"But you are partial naturally, *mon parrain*. I think from the little I have seen of M. de Maurescon that he is very changeable. Of course all men are more or less. It is one of their worst traits."

"Dear me," I thought to myself, "what *has* Randy done?" Then aloud: "You are wrong, my dear, and when you know Randy better you will own it. Under his smiling manner he feels things very keenly."

Sylvia rubbed the edge of the glass bowl with her little pink finger. A slight frown puckered her forehead.

"I don't believe men ever *feel*," she said; "it is the curse laid on women from Eve downwards."

"Again I am sorry to disagree with you, my dear Sylvia. I assure you I feel personally things as much as any woman. Were you, if I may ask, thinking of feeling pain or pleasure?"

"Oh, pain, of course," said Sylvia. Then she saw how absurd she was and burst out laughing and the pucker disappeared to make place for a very charming dimple.

"Sit down," I said, "and I will tell you a story."

She stuck the last orchid in the bowl, and sitting down in Randy's own brown chair declared herself all attention.

"Well," I began, "a *poilu* I knew had a wife he was

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devoted to. They had known each other five years, and after waiting three, had been married two when the war broke out."

"Five and three and two," counted Sylvia mischievously on her fingers, "quite a calculation."

I paid no attention and went on:

"My *poilu* had only been a month at the Front when his widow received the news of his death. For some weeks she was very miserable, and would hardly see any one. She only went out to buy the food she needed. In a shop just down the street there was a greengrocer she patronized. The *patron* was struck with her pretty face, so pale and sad. He selected his choicest apples and carrots for her, even adding a few radishes as an offering. Before the year was out they were married.

"I have heard of such things," said Sylvia, and she lit a cigarette.

"About six months ago," I continued, "the *poilu* came back. He had been wounded and imprisoned in Germany and had only just managed to escape. He was frightfully changed. His face so injured as to be unrecognizable. He went to his old house, and the tenant to whom it had been let told him the news, never dreaming who it was. What do you think he did, Sylvia?"

"Another Enoch Arden?" she said questioningly.

"He shot the other man, and then gave himself up. His trial comes off next month."

"Oh, can nothing be done?" cried Sylvia. "Poor man, what he must have suffered."

"I think he *felt* a little," I said, and rang the bell for tea.

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March 12.

The English have taken Baghdad ! A city of romance if there ever was one. Tolson, who has been over in London on business, got back yesterday and we were all glad to see him. For the first time since I have known him he praised the British. It was, perhaps, rather a reluctant admiration, but he owned candidly from now on he could only take off his hat to British organization.

Tolson is an honest man and in spite of long years of prejudice and, perhaps, a spice of national jealousy he was forced to admit that the English have come out grandly during the war. A great many of my countrymen were taken in by that curious habit the English people have of depreciating their country and themselves. It does not come, I think, from modesty, but rather from an intense and secret pride. How often have I heard Englishmen run down their country's methods, and compare them unfavourably with German organization or some other system under discussion. They criticize themselves openly in a way no other nation does. It seems strange to us who lose no opportunity of impressing our superiority on every one. Objectionable as our way undoubtedly is, it imposes in very much the same manner that the constant sight of an advertisement acts suggestively on the mind. England goes on her way serenely, indifferent to passing opinion, content only that history will give her her just meed of glory.

March 16.

Soon after eleven this morning while at the Bank I heard the news that the Czar had abdicated. I suppose this has

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surprised no one who has followed Russian events closely. As long ago as May, 1914, the seed was already sprouting. Many thought that the coming Revolution could be held back till after the war, but a force like that moves quickly.

Nicholas II has had what one might call an uncomfortable reign. I have never thought of him as so many do, as a traitor, but merely as a weak-minded, weak-willed man. And in a king this is almost as unpardonable as the other. His grandfather fell in 1882. In 1905 the Czar himself had a nerve-racking escape at the ceremony of Blessing the Neva. The saluting guns fired case shot instead of blank cartridge.

Then on June 24, 1904, 60,000 strikers rioted and there was a terrible massacre. Besides there have been countless assassinations and tragedies of all kinds, inseparable from such a Court.

The Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch has been appointed Regent, but this is considered only a temporary measure.

March 17.

The Mission to the United States has left. I went to say "*Bon voyage*" to General Joffre, for whom I have much admiration, as much for the man as the soldier. He looked remarkably well and up to the mark. It would be, I think, almost impossible for a stranger to guess his real age from his appearance. On his left arm shone the stars of the Maréchal of France. I have heard many people regret that the baton was not presented to him at a public ceremony instead of privately.

V. looked pale. I could see he looked nervous, and he spoke jerkily.

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"What a beautiful day," he said. "The sea will be very calm. Not a breath of wind. It is really perfect."

Perhaps I should have been as fearful as he were I in his shoes. I understand the battleship is well protected by wires and nets and is guarded for 1,500 miles out.

There were only two or three to say good-bye. The Mission had been decided on hurriedly when news of the English one had been settled. K. was desperately anxious to make part of it and, in spite of snubs, directly he got wind of the date the Mission was to leave, he arrived on the platform, and not joining the others, jumped into the train. I caught a glimpse of his face watching us through a window!

M. R. is what the French call supple and very clever. He has got rid of one or two men not congenial in a way worthy of Machiavelli. There is every likelihood of his being President if he lives.

Poor X. ! Broken down and in a nursing home. His violent temper has been his undoing. A man of remarkably high powers, he was within an ace of succeeding and now he is barred everywhere. His wife, a tall fine woman, enters a room like the rising sun. She wears eccentric clothes, but is handsome enough to carry them off. An imperious Juno with some of a Juno's failings.

The Revolution has taken place with comparatively little bloodshed. It began practically on the 9th, and the Duma still has control. Outwardly all is well, but beneath is a seething mass of unrest, and I am told that the Germans are intriguing far and wide. They have been very numerous the last few years in Petrograd, and have dominated opinion there to a considerable extent. They had not yet got hold of Moscow, which is still very Russian.

I have been feeling fagged all the week, and have been advised by my doctor to take a trip to my little Bon Repos,

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on the Normandy coast, a Paradise where few people penetrate.

It has been a glorious day, one of the first days when a feeling of Spring fills the air. One smelt the earth and it was good. Before I had got past St. Germain I felt better and the long smooth road to Évreux passed like a dream. Two punctures delayed us, and we did not hit the sea till after sunset, but we passed Trouville and Deauville bathed in a wonderful afterglow.

At Bon Repos all was cheer. The kitchen reflected on its copper pans the red fire, and I feasted on *poulet* and Normandy *galette*. Everything had that indescribable taste country things have, and the salt of the sea whetted my appetite. The guardian angel of Bon Repos appeared shortly after dinner bearing in her hands the shining copper brazier, or *bassinoire*, used in Normandy for centuries. It was to impart that delicious warmth to my sheets which induces sleep. Whoever thinks of such a thing in Paris, and yet how comfortable it is. After all, our ancestors lived most comfortably. They ate good unadulterated food, slept warm, and went out in all weathers, and lived, unless the plague came their way, to over ninety.

My door opens on to a flight of steps. I left it open, and as I write can see what I imagine is the Great Bear shining over the little duck pond.

March 18.

I left my enchanting farm to-day. The sea was a tossing mass of green grey waves whipped by the keen wind. Across the bay Havre stood out in a long rim of earth half hidden by haze.

A loud quacking of ducks and geese came in on the little

gusts of wind and sounded deliciously friendly and cheerful.

I don't like the country for long, but I like it desperately for a few days, and I fancy there are many people like me. We spun down the long hill to Honfleur and a strange fancy made me stop at our Lady of Grace, that quaint little seventeenth century church. It was originally built by William the Conqueror's papa, and is hung all over with the votive offerings of the sailors. There are pictures of every kind of ship that ever sailed the ocean and quaint words of *remerciements* to our Lady. I bought a curious old print from the owner of the shop near, intending to give it to Sylvia, who makes a collection of all the pilgrimages in France.

The old woman, like all human things, had evidently wanted something to love and has concentrated her affection on a fat red hen. Being ignorant of poultry I do not know the breed. This bird walked about the shop with a regular proprietary amble, and I was told that she shares at the table the meals of her mistress.

A short lunch at the *Cheval Blanc* at Honfleur, and, delight of delights, as I ate I watched the sun come out and suddenly light the red sails of the fishing boats into burnished copper. The ride had been chilly and the sun was very welcome. On and on past Lisieux, with its great Saint, "petite sœur Thérèse de l'enfant Jésus"; and then Evreux in its valley, the firm straight road flying under our wheels.

A paper bought at hazard told me that Bapaume was taken. The advance goes steadily on. My spirits rose and I took the wheel for an hour.

The trees on each side were bare, the branches stretching out in their hard brown cases, but beneath was the budding life ready to burst forth at the first warm days. The reddened buds hardly showed at close quarters, but in the distance the road was one long haze of lovely purple pink.

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To me the much abused month of March is an enchanting month. It is the month of expectation. The whole world is waiting to see what marvels the brown clods and dry bare branches are going to bring forth. The bursting of a shrub or tree into a glory of greenness is one of the most wonderful sights possible. To-day everything is a symphony in brown, but in three weeks or less hills and valley will be veiled in green as bright as emerald. What green can compare with the fresh green of young grass, especially as one sees it as one draws near the coast of Ireland, and if the sea is blue the sight is beyond words.

The French Ministry is in trouble. M. Ribot has been asked to form a Cabinet. For a long time trouble has been in the air and no one was surprised.

March 20.

The catchword so familiar to all Parisians has ceased to exist, "The Germans are at Noyon." It was started by M. Clemenceau in "*L'Homme enchaîné*," who kept reminding its readers that the enemy was still at Noyon, only sixty miles from the capital.

The liberation of the provinces has begun. Such touching scenes have taken place. One at Roye of an old man, tottering and white haired, who since the German occupation has hardly left his cellar. When he saw the French troops arriving he did not recognize them. He was expecting the red *képis* and trousers, which now seem almost historic. The new blue clad soldiers were the soldiers of victory and freedom.

At Nesle 2,000 people were in the streets waving flags and weeping with joy. The women threw their arms round

the soldiers in delight. The Germans have burnt everything in their retreat, cut down fruit trees and razed everything to the ground. The inhabitants are literally starving. The official *communiqué* says: "Furniture, crockery, linen have been carted away by the enemy and every scrap of food."

At Barleux the wells were found to be poisoned, and when the Press correspondents entered what had been Bapaume it was still burning. The German humour had burst out on leaving. They had taken a portrait in oils of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, former President, had cut out the head and stuck it on a dummy figure which they placed on the balcony. They had also carried off the bronze statue of General Faldherbe and replaced it by a long stove pipe in imitation of a cannon, its mouth pointing towards the British Front.

M. Serge Basset declares that Bapaume as a town no longer exists. "In the total destruction, from the Faubourg d'Arras to the Faubourg de Péronne, Gambetta Street, Rouen Street, Péronne Street, not a building was intact. Pieces of paper and books were strewn at our feet," he writes. "A register slightly burned by the fire fell at my feet and I read, 'Catalogue for the use of M. Cossart, notary, commencing January 26, 1870.' What a coincidence!"

He speaks of the calm and ordered work of the British troops. One feels more and more that destiny is on the march and that it will not stop until the final crushing of the Hun.

Another describes Péronne with its collapsed towers and castle now a vast dung-heap. At the end of a garden there was a portal with Corinthian columns and the word "Palais" carved on it. Formerly the Palais de Justice. Here a famished cat implored piteously for food. A large

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placard stuck against a house read: "Nicht ärgern nur wundern"—"Do not be angry, only admire."

The new Ministry does not comprise much that is new, M. Ribot, who was already a close *collaborateur* of M. Briand, and his ideas are well known. In reality there are only two unknown quantities: MM. Violette and Steeg. The present Cabinet is perhaps the wisest solution at the moment—but otherwise? The destiny of France—what will it be?

The Czar, it is said, has been taken with the Czarevitch to his estate in Lividia in the Crimea. An interchange of courtesies has taken place between M. Milioukov and M. Briand.

The Germans, in the papers, hint that Hindenburg is retiring from the Western Front at his own pleasure and not from the pressure of the English guns. They hint at a formidable movement later.

March 21.

The Germans are trying to explain their retreat, giving dark hints of what is in store later for the Allies. It is, however, somewhat difficult to explain a retreat of 135 kilometres into a semblance of victory.

Last night I went to speak to Plobus about a question relative to an impossible parrot my neighbour overhead has recently installed in his flat. There are things that can be borne and others that cannot. The parrot belongs to the latter division. Plobus was sewing a button on to his uniform. He was doing it with all the deftness of a sailor, but his brow was black.

"Eh, Plobus. Things going well?"

He shook his head.

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"They are rotten!" he said. "Our Government will lead us to destruction. After all, William II has a head. Napoleon himself never thought of all the strange combinations he has done, marrying his relations right and left into reigning families and planting them like flowers in a garden, his spies and friends. Il est un lapin celui-là!"

"Well, the Russian Revolution has passed off quietly," I remarked.

"Wait and see, monsieur. It is not yet over. And here, too, there is much brewing. I do not say a revolution like that of 1773, but all the same a movement, a big movement!"

"Holy Cats!" I said. "You take a black view of things, my poor Plobus. To my mind things are going better now than they have for some time."

Plobus did not answer, and his wife put in:

"He always prophesies disaster. Pay no attention to him."

"Women! Pah!" said Plobus, snapping his thread. "Women believe everything they want to. Only the other day the Kaiser addresses an appeal to the women at Dresden who were starving and they, who a few moments before were about to make trouble, turned round and went home."

"*Vrai!*" cried Madame Plobus. "They must be a poor lot, those Germans. If I and Bérengère were starving it would take something more than a few words to keep me quiet."

Her eyes flashed and a glint of passion hitherto unknown to me transformed her shrewd grey eyes.

"They have got rid of Lyautey by their *politique*," went on Plobus; "they will stop at nothing."

"There is something more urgent even than *politique* at this moment, and it concerns that parrot!"

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They looked at each other, and then Madame Plobus said :

“ The bird disturbs Monsieur ? ”

“ Disturbs is a mild word,” I replied somewhat warmly. “ Why should Madame C. for a whim be allowed to render one’s life unbearable ? ”

“ It is a very rare bird,” remarked Madame Plobus. “ Madame C. told us yesterday that one of its notes was extraordinary.”

“ It has not one that can compare with this note,” I said, quietly taking out a 20-franc bill, and slipping it into her willing hand. “ I leave this matter of the parrot in your able hands, my friends.”

A 20-franc bill can accomplish much. That extraordinary and rare note was heard no more in our peaceful dwelling.

March 22.

I returned home to-day to find Randy. A Randy rather pale and with a nervousness very strange to him. We had lunch and exchanged the news about the various people we knew. Presently he said :

“ The doctor says I am so much better I may get through the medical test in May.”

“ I am very glad to hear that,” I said, lying, and wishing I could throttle that doctor. “ How did you manage to get round him ? ”

“ Oh, I said absolutely nothing. The fact is those other fools did not know what they were talking about. Mallin says with another month or two’s rest I shall be as well as ever.”

“ That’s good news,” I remarked.

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There was a pause, then Randy spoke in rather an odd sort of voice :

" I daresay you have noticed, *Sieur*——" He stopped.

" Noticed what ? " I asked, wondering what was the matter.

" Noticed—oh, well, you know. I daresay you have seen that Sylvia and I hit it off rather well."

" I wasn't struck with your congeniality the last time you and she dined together with me," I remarked drily.

" Oh, then ! Well, that was all a mistake. I saw her this afternoon, and we have settled to be married as soon as the year is up. Say you're glad, *Sieur* ! "

I was so glad I could hardly speak, but I stretched out my hand.

" God bless you, Randy," I said. " She is a dear girl. I was afraid——"

" So was I," said Randy with perfect frankness, " deadly afraid. I am the biggest ass that ever lived, and she is the most forgiving, generous, sweetest——"

" She is," I said. " You need not tell me."

But he did for more than an hour, till Filson dropped in to tell me he had heard on inside authority that the war would be over in a month.

It is now after twelve as I write these lines, but I will just add that if I had searched the whole world over I could not have found a daughter more to my mind. Fate has arranged everything in its own marvellous way. How pleased Des Fosses would have been, and what a strange chain of circumstances has led from my first meeting him in China, in my far-off youth, to the engagement of his daughter to my adopted son.

Sylvia combines a knowledge of the world with the extreme freshness of youth, and this combination is very hard to beat. She has tact, a quick temper undoubtedly,

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but I like that. A woman without temper is like an egg without salt. She savours too much of Thackeray's Amelia type to suit me. A temper should be short and not long, quick and not slow, sparkling and not sullen.

The rain is coming slowly down off the roof on to the stone balcony outside. It drips slowly, lingeringly, then quite suddenly a little quick patter of a run, so fast you cannot count the drops. It is like one's life. The sad moments are so long, so terribly dilatory, and the glad moments like that little run, gone in an instant. To-night the moments go quickly!

March 24.

I have been asked by our Government to go on a little Mission which, of course, I must not talk about even here. I have not been to Nancy since the early days of the war, just after the severe fighting. I shall probably start on Monday. Randy has been for two days pig-sticking with friends in the Yonne. He writes the weather is abominable and that he has killed nine boars. He seems wonderfully well and has no more headaches.

March 26.

Enchanting Nancy! Full in these disturbing tempestuous days of a certain quiet dignity. Bombs—600 of which have fallen in nearly three years—have been unable to disturb that curious atmosphere of bygone days. If men ever do return and visit their former abiding places, then the Place de la Carrière surely is haunted. You stroll through its wondrous gates of wrought iron, thinking maybe

of your *permis bleu* for the war zone, or of why you did not bring a warmer overcoat, and straightway you look up and see gay sedan chairs, and smirking beaux, for they did smirk in those days of long ago. They saunter down the long alley where they must find little changed and you find *them* strangely in place.

The Place de la Carrière is one of the few places left to us still unmodernized and still untouched by a vulgar hand. Its houses, simple and unpretentious, with their small white windows, are modesty itself. You enter one, and you find a large hall, from which a beautiful stone staircase, beautiful by its lines, curves its way upwards. The rooms are very large, filled with eighteenth century furniture—for it was Stanislaus who loved Nancy and made it the charming thing it is. No jarring note hurts the eye. Everything is mellow with that colouring age alone brings.

The Marquise d'E. has a house in this square, also characterized by simple dignity. She showed me the 180 panes of glass broken by a bomb which fell next door to her house only a week or two before my visit. The house on which it fell belonged to a retired Order of Nuns, but they luckily escaped a few moments before by the cellar.

We went to look at the ruins in the street at the back. Several other houses had been wrecked there too. In one a fine carved old door stood upright in the midst of ruin.

Now, Nancy wraps herself in complete darkness at night. No trams run later than seven. After a delightful dinner with the Prefect, I was lent a tiny lantern to guide me back to the hotel near the station. I felt like Mr. Brown escorting Miss Matilda home after the rout.

The great refugee homes instituted by Madame Mirmont were intensely *émotionnant*. Hundreds of women, turned out of their homes in the Meurthe-et-Moselle, were cared for here. They were well treated and supplied with good

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food and clothing, but after all it is not home and they find the time long. Madame Mirmont realizes this and has supplied them with the means of earning a living. The girls are taught housework and sewing and trained to be good housewives.

An old woman told me of the farm she and her husband owned at Parux. They were well to do, and it was one of the first farms seized by the Germans on August 4. They had 7,000 gold pieces hidden in a butter pan, and the Germans got it all. Another, Mère Pigot, had had seventeen children, four of whom were shot by the Germans as they were getting into the cart which was to take them to safety. Her husband, a man of sixty, was tied to an artillery horse's tail and dragged without mercy till he died.

The children were all in school during our visit and their singing of the song "Ceux qui restent" was the most pathetic thing I have ever heard. The tiny ones sang "Avec les soldats nous march—march—marchons. Tra-lala!"

The Prefect has done his duty very quietly and efficiently and is exceedingly popular in Nancy. He told me his youngest daughter, aged six, had played a great rôle in the town. After every bombardment he took her out in the town with him and thus subtly instilled courage into fearful hearts. She was a fascinating mite and had already discovered that bombs caused tears.

"Ne pieure pas," she lisped to a little friend. "Ta maman est dans la cave."

The type of face here in Lorraine is fine. Many of the girls are really beautiful, with Irish blue eyes, light brown hair, and fresh colouring. They pride themselves on their endurance. "On est dur," they say with dignity. This is everywhere the characteristic of a border race.

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March 28.

I was interested to take a trip over the old battlefields of 1914, to see what changes had taken place since my last visit to Nancy.

We started at one, going through the St. Nicolas Gate and across a level plain. There are many *usines* here and the sky was thick with black smoke belched by the high chimneys. Nancy is a rich town and formerly commerce thrived.

Against this sombre background of smoke rose two slender silhouettes, the towers of the church of Saint-Nicolas-du-Port. The two towers are entirely unlike, but the dark haze of smoke obliterated their fine outlines and they appeared in the blurred distance like two gigantic shells. Yesterday the snow fell in showers, but to-day the air was fresh and, oh, the joy of a clear sky after the drifting sleet.

As we left the town the tocsin sounded. A Taube was in sight. It was hardly visible to the naked eye, but its position was indicated by tiny white specks on the blueness. The guns of the French watching defence were on it.

There were huge dumps of purple slag on each side of the road, and presently we passed a bridge, left the wide canal, and were accompanied for a long way by a tiny stream which ran like a green serpent beside us.

Then came Léomont, reminding one of the ruins of a feudal castle with its shattered walls and large gaps. I could see a few years hence, when the war had become ancient history, gaudily painted motors stopping at the foot of the hill, and streams of tourists struggling up the steep path to the one-time farm. Over the walls will, perhaps, be signs stating that tea and souvenirs can be obtained, and on the wall behind which that gallant defence was made will be a board of postcards. But that is not yet.

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On another hill at a short distance had been another farm, and the firing between the two had been intense. Standing on that height of Léomont, with its glorious views, the whole scene of the hotly contested battle lay before me.

The wind cut like a knife, but its very keenness had cleared the air. Lunéville lay on our right with the hills of the Vosges beyond. Soft pure colourings of pink and mauve. A huge sausage floating not far off gave indication of the lines.

A dark patch was pointed out to me, looking surprisingly near. A wood! That is in Lorraine. The Germans were as near as that. Everything around looked peaceful, the wind taking the roar of the guns in another direction. In two and a half years the farm had taken on a picturesqueness in which much of the terrible had disappeared. What a difference to when I saw it before, when men still lay as they fell, and gaping holes and fallen stones were coloured with the horror of war.

Just inside what was formerly the farmyard was a little grave. It was made of some red bricks taken from the window of the farmhouse, and over it was a cross with the tri-coloured bow nailed on. A *képi* hung forlornly down. There were other mounds on the hill-side. Graves unknown. Every scrap of shell had been picked up, to be sold later.

We looked again at Nancy lying in her hollow cup, and then followed the road to Vitrimont, a little village which is being rebuilt by a group of San Francisco ladies.

Then on to Lunéville, to shake hands with Mayor Keller, who had much of interest to tell, for he bore the brunt of the German invasion and shared the people's suffering and distress.

The road from Lunéville to Gerbéviller will always be to

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me the road of Death, peopled with a thousand shadows who speak to me from the past. It seemed odd to see it now like any other normal road. The last time I passed along it, there were men still standing in the trenches by the roadside, their rifles stiffened to their dead hands. I could not realize at first that these figures were not living men. They were, perhaps, more frightful than those poor prostrate forms drenched in blood that lay still, showing the agony of death.

Those remembered figures vividly haunted me, those dead Chasseurs defending the land they loved. That ditch had sheltered five, and by that crooked trunk there had been a little grey blue heap. A man's face looked out at me from that clump of willow. He had been shot kneeling, and both hands were extended as if to ward off something. In the large brown eyes had been a look of great surprise.

And those little heaps of earth dotted everywhere. Is this all that remains, I asked myself, of all that desperate heroism and agony? And then it came to me how they, these spirits of the past, would never be forgotten, for there in the middle of a ploughed field, in a cottage garden close to where the passing footsteps fall, in the woods, and in the open spaces of the village where the children play, are the crosses of wood, reminders of those who loved and died for France.

Of those thirty hostages who were taken out of Gerbéviller and shot in cold blood by the Germans, only an immense mound bears witness now, but even the children tell the tale and look with awe at that tragic spot.

Gerbéviller reminds me in its present state more of Pompeii than anything else, only the houses are blackened by fire as well as ruined, for here all the damage was done by the soldiers wilfully. Quantities of inflammable material

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looking like macaroni was first thrown into each house, and then the combustible bomb. The scorched fruit trees still cling to the walls, and wherever there is a spark of life have been carefully trained.

Here and there are houses where their owners have patched up a room, two perhaps, and live. It was in one of these makeshift rooms that I discovered a woman breaking up some wood. I talked to her. She was withered and old. Life had done its worst to her and she had become indifferent and hardened to misery. There was no exaggeration in what she said. She spoke in short dry sentences, narrating the facts baldly.

"When the Germans arrived I and other women and some children took refuge in that cellar." She pointed to where a hole gaped black in a ruined wall. "Rosalie, one of the children, was dying when they carried her down. The corpse stayed with us. We had no food or water. We could hear the cries and shouts of the soldiers as they set fire to the houses and presently they came to where we were. When they saw us they fired shots down through the door. Four of us were killed and one child had part of her head blown away. They told us to come out, and when we climbed up the ladder they seized us and beat us, striking us with their rifles. I and two others got away into the fields where we stayed for three days, till we were able to come back."

"And your husband and children?" I asked.

"Ils sont morts," she answered.

Looking at the ruins of the once beautiful Château de Lambertye, I was told another story by a tradesman who was a witness and knew M. Le Grey well.

M. Le Grey was a retired officer, who had two sons in the army. He lived with his wife in a house in Gerbéviller, intending to end his days in that peaceful little spot.

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Shortly before war was declared, on July 28 if I remember rightly, three men called to see him. They said they knew his sons, who had asked them to call on their way to Lunéville, as they wished to entrust him with a mission of importance from the Government. In a basket they had two carrier-pigeons. He was to keep these till the first French troops arrived at Gerbéviller and then let them loose.

M. Le Grey was not satisfied with the explanation, and after the men had left, spoke to the Mayor about it, and of course the pigeons were never let off. When on August 24 the Germans arrived one of the first persons they arrested was M. Le Grey. "Why did you not let off the pigeons?" they asked him roughly, and seizing the old man they placed his face to his own door, and raising him from the ground nailed his two hands to the lintel. His shrieks were awful to hear. After two hours they shot him.

In Gerbéviller the Germans seem to have outdone themselves in cruelty, perhaps because they were drunk and full of the fever of coming victory and triumph. It was their first taste of blood and the savage in them sprang to life.

"And how is Mère Larose?" I inquired of a nun whom I remembered seeing during my last visit and who had behaved with great heroism. "Has she recovered?"

"Ah, Monsieur remembers," she answered. "She is at Nancy, quite insane, there is but one hope for her, that she may die."

Her story is one of the saddest ever written, and I may as well write it here before I quit Gerbéviller and its bitter memories.

Mère Larose had had five children, four of whom died young. The second, a boy of twelve, was the only one left her. The husband had deserted her, but she was a hard-working woman and made a livelihood washing, which sufficed for her son and herself. The son, exceptionally

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handsome, was *simple*, and could only assist in household matters. He was all she had, and the mother loved him with that extra love mothers have for those absolutely dependent on them.

When the Germans came to the house, the boy, astonished at their strange uniforms, pointed to them and laughed. This was enough. They seized the boy and dragged him away, the mother holding on to them begging, entreating. "*Heraus!*" they cried and struck her down.

The town was reeking with smoke and the smell of fire when she came to. Half mad with anxiety she went down the main street calling her son. The glare of the burning houses and the shouts of the drunken soldiers confused her and she had no idea which way to take. She staggered on through the dusk and at every fallen body she stopped and looked, her poor heart torn with an anguish no hell could equal.

"Gustave! Gustave!" she called; and mocking voices heard her and echoed, "Gustave! Gustave!"

At the foot of the main street there flows the little river of the Mortagne. Here one of the fiercest battles had taken place, a battle, though small, as glorious as any which have brought glory to French arms. The bridge separating the town in two had been destroyed. There was a mass of debris lying around, and across one of the stones lay a huddled body. No other eyes could have recognized it, but Mère Larose knew in one instant. Her son. Over his head lay a German casque and when she removed it two sightless eyes stared upwards. What torture had he suffered before they shot him one can only guess, sufferings echoed in the agony of his mother's soul.

Have I written too much of the sorrows of Gerbéviller. Surely these sorrows are a part of the burden the whole world should share.

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April 1.

Poor Plumecoq was made a *poisson d'avril* this morning. He received a letter saying that an unknown benefactor had left him a million francs, in return for Plumecoq's once having given up his seat in a tram. It also asked him to communicate at once with Monsieur Poisson, rue de la Gaîté.

It is not in Plumecoq's nature to suspect a joke, and when he laid the missive gravely before me he had an added dignity befitting an *héritier*. It was a difficult task to undeceive him, and when at length I convinced him, the shock was great. His mind roamed round in search of the culprit, and finally settling on Plobus he went down at once to see him.

The result of the interview was that Angélique waited on me that evening owing to the sudden and severe indisposition of Plumecoq. Several times during the meal, regardless of its application to myself, I heard her muttering, "Que les hommes sont bêtes!"

The next day Plumecoq reappeared with a very discoloured cheek, which he explained by a story of how he had collided with the corner of a cupboard in the dark.

The legacy was not mentioned again. I myself have always suspected Grégoire, but it remains a mystery.

"Paris is growing used to the war," said Sollanges to me to-day. "What will every one do when it is over? It has provided the excitement of a thrilling play which never ends, and for which one does not yet realize the price we pay for our seats."

There is a good deal of truth in this. Instead of the élan of enthusiasm and devotion shown at the start, everything is settling down on a business-like basis. But I regret to see that the women here—the leisured *bourgeoisie*—are

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giving up nursing and other good works, and are devoting themselves as formerly to dress and gossip.

April 2

I have never seen two quite such happy people as Sylvia and Randy. They both go about with curious uplifted and joyous expressions, which love alone brings.

It is strange that love, which is perfectly natural and our proper heritage, comes to so many for such brief sojourns and so frequently with such bitterness. There is something fundamentally wrong; but when will it be set right?

Randy comes up for a few hours when he can. I do not see him as much as formerly, but of course I expect this. The only shadow in the future is that Randy will and wishes to return to the Front. Not even his engagement to Sylvia would make him wish to retard by a day the hour when he will be pronounced fit.

I admired this and said so, but Sylvia took a different view.

"Of course he must go," she said, "but I don't think they ought to take a man before he is fully recovered."

"I don't think they will," I remarked consolingly.

Anyhow it won't be till May."

"May!" screamed Sylvia. "It is unheard of; I shall go and see the doctor myself."

She would have done it too, had not Randy absolutely forbidden any such thing.

"There isn't a man living who could refuse her anything," he remarked, "and a nice individual I should appear."

It is nice to be young, in love, and in Paris in the spring-time. Paris is specially fond of lovers and shows her nicest side to them.

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April 4.

President Wilson's message to Congress last Monday is given to-day. It is a wonderful indictment of Germany. He first refers to Germany's declaration, as announced by him to Congress on February 3 :

" that on and after February 1, they intended to sink any ship that might endeavour to approach either British or Irish ports, those on the West Coast of Europe, or those controlled by Germany's enemies in the Mediterranean.

" This threat has been carried out to the best of their ability. All ships regardless of their nature, their cargoes, or their destination have been sent to the bottom without pity, without warning and without the slightest suggestion of assistance or pity for those on board these vessels, whether friendly neutrals or belligerents. Even hospital ships and vessels conveying food for the sorely tried inhabitants of Belgium—and regardless of the fact that these latter vessels had received safe-conducts from the German Government to take them through the forbidden area, and that they carried distinctive signs which enabled them to be identified without the slightest possibility of error—have been sunk with the same absence of pity or respect for principles.

" The challenge has been issued to humanity at large. The United States will decide quietly and firmly, setting aside all passion and looking merely to the defence of their rights. They will enter into war because it is forced upon them, not against the German people, but against the responsible Government of Germany.

" Armed neutrality would not be practical, as prudence requires that submarines should be attacked as soon as they are observed. I therefore ask Congress to say that a state of war exists, to take all measures necessary for the defence of the country and to use all the national resources to bring the war to a victorious conclusion."

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It is interesting to see the main points of the President's speech in short terms :

“ Germany has deliberately rejected international rights. The submarine warfare is a war against all countries, a challenge to humanity at large.

War is forced on the United States against the responsible Government of Germany.

Armed neutrality is not practicable, as submarines must be attacked as soon as observed.

I ask Congress to declare that a state of war exists and to use all national resources for victory.

We must give the most generous financial support to Germany's foes.

Our co-operation will comprise the mobilization of all material resources and the immediate addition of 500,000 men to the army.

These 500,000 men should be raised by compulsory service.

Hopes of future world peace are strengthened by the Revolution in Russia.

Prussian spies have been in our Government offices since the start of the war, and plots have been organized by diplomatic representatives.

Such a Government could never be a friend of ours.

We will use the full strength of the country to annihilate the enemy of freedom.

We desire no conquest, no indemnity and no material compensation.

Germany's Allies have given us no provocation.

Rights are more valuable than peace.

We shall fight for the rights of nations to have a voice in their own Government and for the liberties of small countries.”

A fine speech, but two years too late !

PARIS IN SHADOW

April 7.

Yesterday was a great day for every American. At three o'clock President Wilson signed the resolution declaring that a state of war exists between the United States and Germany which was voted at an early hour this morning by the House of Representatives by 373 votes to 50, with eight abstentions and four absentees. The voting took place without confusion and with a dignity befitting the occasion.

The only comic note seems to have been provided by Miss Jeannette Rankin who said, sobbing, "I want to stand by my country, but I can't vote for war," and left the Chamber, according to the papers, in an almost hysterical condition.

You can't drive sentiment out of a woman!

April 18.

I have been away since the 14th. I was obliged to go to Havre last week, and thinking the change would do Sylvia good, took her and Madame Bonassier with me. Unfortunately the weather, which has been so consistently disagreeable and ill-tempered, all the Winter, now again had a bad fit of the sulks. Before we had reached Évreux the day, which had begun superbly with the brightest of blue skies, clouded over, and a heavy snowstorm came on. The roads were horrible and we churned up mud and sleet.

Before Lisieux we had two *pannes*. While we were waiting, rather cold and cross, Madame Bonassier again earned my gratitude by making us some hot tea in an incredibly short space of time.

The next day we spent at Havre, and then Sylvia sprung

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on me her wish to see Mont-Saint-Michel. I cannot say the idea tempted me, but she was so anxious to go that I gave in. The sun happened to shine and we were deluded into the idea that the day would be fine. Our plans resolved into going to Avranches, sleeping there, seeing the Mount early, and then to motor back, stopping at Argentan.

We started, lunched at the Hôtel d'Angleterre at Caen. The winding streets at Caen seemed to me filled with a very sombre crowd. The war has taken a heavy toll in Normandy.

We were rather a peculiar trio, Madame Bonassier, in a costume of lace and ribbons beyond me to describe; Sylvia, beautiful in a pretty grey motoring cap and veil; and my uninteresting self.

There is a good deal to see at Caen. To me the tower of St. Jean is its chief treasure, but there are many curious bits of architecture and strange carvings to be found in hidden corners. It is, alas, a dirty town, and one has to close one's nose to many disagreeable whiffs. A town built on a network of canals, and of these many are stagnant. The Caennais, like all Normans, are shrewd and exceedingly fond of money. Since the war, small change is very difficult to get, the peasants hoarding every sou they can in their stockings. The paper money is filthy and certainly a medium for disease. It is a great racing centre, and there is much tribulation over the Government's law forbidding it at present.

Madame Bonassier made a joke about the town being really "Quand?" waiting and wondering when it was coming to life.

We met several friends and stayed so long that we did not get to Avranches till sunset. We strolled up the hill to the big church overlooking the bay. It was rapidly growing dark. In the porch of the huge door stood a little

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group, a few women in black, a soldier or two, and some of the frock-coated men, with their black *serviettes* tucked under their arm, that you see everywhere in France—the *avocats*. All were hanging on the lips of the town-crier who was reading by the aid of a lantern the *communiqué* of the day.

These people seemed to me an example of the real country. They had suffered, and suffered willingly, that their country might be free for their children. France was a real thing to them. It was very different from the intriguing, the wire-pulling, the indifference of the men at the top, the men who control "*la politique*," which is ruining France.

Over the sea there was little light, and, to the right, grey slanting stripes showed that at some distance out it was raining heavily. The Mount looked gloomy in the failing light.

Here at Avranches there were no warm sheets and the rooms were icy. No fire was to be had, and the landlady told me that life was becoming very difficult. In the midst of the country hardly any milk and no butter! In Normandy! Provisions all sky high and very bad.

"Do you think the war will be over soon, monsieur?" the old grandmother asked me, tears rising in her worn, kind eyes. "I have four nephews killed and my son wounded. My grandsons are now in Champagne."

I said what I could. There is a feeling now that the war may be over before next winter, and I tried to inspire her with hope by saying so. How could we any of us live in this nightmare of sorrow if we were not upheld by hope?

The whole of our return journey was made in blinding snow and it is April 18.

Angélique, who came in this evening to tell me that Madame R. had sent me a case of my favourite *confiture* "*myrtilles*," remarked that "*de voyager dans un temps*

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pareil " was strange taste and likely to kill me. Monsieur at his age, and with a tendency to rheumatism.

I have no time to write more. The table is covered with correspondence, and I must get to work.

Sunday, April 22.

I had an early lunch with the Princess S. this morning, and later we went off to St. Denis to see the raising of the Oriflamme of St. Denys. This wonderful ceremony last took place on June 7, 1914, just two months before the war, in memory of the battle of Bouvines, which took place on July 27, 1214. But the enthusiasm then was a different thing from that shown to-day. Sorrow opens the heart, and the crowd which packed the Cathedral to-day have been sorely tried. They have tasted the supreme bitterness of pain.

The soldiers, of whom there were many, colouring the audience with their blue coats, have had the experience of being for months face to face with Death, and no man is quite the same once he has had this.

The Oriflamme of St. Denys is really the old Labarum of Constantine. Its origin is told by legend as follows:

Constantine, then a pagan, in 313 was staying near Châlons. One day, at three o'clock in the afternoon, while the sun was still bright, he perceived in the sky a radiant cross surrounded with the words, "In hoc signo vinces. Prends ce drapeau et tu auras la victoire!"

The army also saw the same sign. As Constantine was on his way to fight Maxentius, a rival he feared greatly, he adopted the sign on his flag, and was victorious.

Later the cross was added to his purple robe. A fresco of the ninth century, depicting the anointing of Charle-

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magne, shows us again the Oriflamme, now covered with flames of gold, which gave it its name. Charlemagne deposited the precious standard at Montjoie in the forest of Marly, where it remained till the invasion of the Normans, when it was brought to St. Denis and placed on the tomb of that saint. After that it was lost sight of for many very long years, but its real significance is remembered now in this time of sore trouble. Its history has the charm of all ancient traditions and rouses feelings which lie hidden.

The Oriflamme itself is an oblong standard, the colouring a rich rose red, with long streamers. In the centre is a white cross on one side and on the other a circle in which is written: "Montjoye Saint-Denys." Round the cross is written: "Vive le Christ qui aime les Francs."

During the long wait before the procession started, the Princess whispered a great deal of this information, of which I was very ignorant. She spoke of its connection with Jeanne d'Arc, and added:

"The blue of our national standard is from the cope of St. Martin, the red from the standard of St. Denys, and the white from the standard of Jeanne d'Arc."

I have rarely seen her so interested.

Banners hung round bearing the names of the principal towns of France, giving a festive appearance to the old grey walls. But the great basilica itself, with its arched and perfectly vaulted dome, gave me a feeling of satisfaction and full pleasure.

The constant movement of the pressing crowd around us, the waving branches, the bright red of the Cardinal's robe, made the re-enacting of the old scene of long ago vivid and real. Close to me was the tomb of Philippe le Bel and his wife. The still, marble figures were the embodiment of peace, and what a contrast to the straining masses around.

Around the altar were grouped white flags, each bearing

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the name of some town still held by the Germans, crushed in the mighty grasp of Prussian militarism.

The Princess was very quiet. Her vivid little face was pale, and she spoke but briefly to the people who came up to speak to her.

"What is the influence in all this?" she asked once. "I feel as if the spectre of the past was coming to life. Charlemagne must be with us, and all the mighty ones of France's dead past come to help her now in her hour of need."

"That is what has helped her to fight," I answered. "No nation without traditions could fight as France has done these three years."

There was a stir in the dense crowd and Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, followed by Monseigneur Pons, members of the Committee and various diplomatists, entered. I recognized among them M. Iswolsky, Sir Henry Austin Lee, General Cherfils, and then M. l'Abbé de Roquetillade, *cure* of the basilica.

It was a clear cold day and, as the procession moved up to the altar, the lights from the windows fell on the vestments of the priest, lighting up the purples and reds to a brilliant beauty.

The Cardinal's scarlet robe was a dash of colour, glorious in the dark surroundings. He himself is a man of medium height, with a thin nervous face, which lights up pleasantly when he smiles. People pressed forward to kiss his hand on which shone the Ring. He gave his hand indifferently, smiling casually, and stopping here and there to speak to some *poilu*. I could not help wondering what it would be like to offer one's hand to hundreds of people who would kiss it with devout reverence. Humility must be difficult in some circumstances.

Vespers were sung, while my thoughts wandered, and

then the "Magnificat," after which Monseigneur Pons, the Cardinal and M. l'Abbé all preached, moving down for these addresses to the centre of the church. I must say frankly I found these addresses somewhat long, especially as we were at the upper end and unable to hear a word.

I caught the Princess closing her eyes, but whether it was from fatigue, or whether she was evoking the spirit of the past, I could not guess. Then the Cardinal returned and things moved more quickly.

The Oriflamme was placed on the altar and blessed, after which it was held high in the air by a man in khaki, while the procession formed, and everybody, including the Cardinal, walked round the church, and even went outside. The master of the ceremonies had a somewhat hard time with the flag-bearers, who were a little hazy as to the direction they were to take, and got mixed up. One distracted boy, losing the others, lifted up his voice and wept. White-clad youths bearing lanterns appeared suddenly in places where they had no business to be. The twelve boys who bore the *quête* boxes also got muddled, and I fear the receipts must have suffered.

No one seemed very sure of his part, which, perhaps, is not surprising, as the ceremony takes place so seldom; but nothing could mar the beauty of the scene and its ancient charm.

To me it was affecting to see the rush to catch the streamers of the Oriflamme as it was carried down the aisle, and to see lips pressed fervently to them. And with each kiss there was a prayer for victory. For France. For Peace. For many there would be no more happiness; but the wish for their country was as whole-souled and fervent.

"I wish I had lived in the year 800," declared the Princess, as we left the church and discovered our motor amongst the crowd of waiting ones. "Life was cruder, but

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so simple, and one was not tortured with the imaginary shackles of civilization."

"Umph!" I replied. "I prefer to enjoy the benefits the intervening years have brought us."

"You American!" laughed my companion. "I can see the lesson of my service was wasted on you, but seriously, my friend, it was beautiful, was it not?"

It was.

April 25.

I went down to Châlons, expressly to see the work Dr. M. is doing amongst those poor fellows who are suffering from nervous shock.

A student under Charcot and Babinski, he is now one of France's first authorities on cases of mental aberration.

He came towards us as we entered, a young slight man, dressed in white linen, and greeted us with great charm of manner. His room was plainly whitewashed, and the furniture of the roughest kind. On a table in the corner was a pile of papers, all to be dealt with "When I get the time," said the doctor.

On the wall in front of us was a water-colour sketch in bright colouring. It was a country scene of a farm, cows, a running stream, a man fishing. Though evidently done by an amateur, it showed talent and a love of the country.

"It was done by one of my patients," remarked the doctor, "by a man who had lost all knowledge of his identity. He could remember nothing absolutely when he first came, now it goes better and we hope for a recovery. He works at this scene and has reproduced it over twenty-nine times. Each picture is always identically the same, even to that clump of flowers in the right-hand corner.

The scene is doubtless one he knew well in former years, and for some reason or other deeply impressed on his memory, though the power of recognizing it has temporarily gone from him.

"A curious case," I said.

"Yes, but not infrequent; we have many here who lose all consciousness of themselves and their homes for weeks and months."

We went into a large dormitory, bright and scrupulously clean. The men—there were about ten—stood up, their eyes fixed on the doctor, who evidently had their liking. He went towards a bed where a man of forty-five was lying.

"This case is not melancholia," he said. "It is anxiety and a fixed idea carried to an extreme point."

"Comment ça va, mon vieux?" he said to the man, who sat up in bed and placed both hands before his face as if in despair.

"They are going to shoot me," he said very low.

"Shoot you! Come, why should they shoot you? You have done no harm."

"That is true," replied the man. "I have done no wrong, no wrong at all, but they are determined to shoot me all the same." He burst into loud sobs and, catching the doctor's hand, called out despairingly, "What shall I do? God have mercy on my wife and children."

"Will he recover?" I asked, touched by this futile misery.

"Yes," said the doctor, "there is hope for him." Then, placing his hand on the shoulder of a sturdy man of twenty-five, who had the roundest black eyes I ever saw, and a shock head of hair, he continued, "Here is a friend who was brought in some weeks ago, with the fixed idea that a devil possessed him; but that is all over now?"

The young man looked at the doctor affectionately.

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"Yes, monsieur le major, but I insist upon being taken before the *conseil de guerre*, all the same."

"And why, my friend?"

"Because, owing to my great esteem for you, I wish to clear myself in your eyes."

"But why?"

"To prove to you that I am worthy of your confidence."

"There is no need of that, my friend."

"Yes," said the man in the same dull even tones, "because, in the first place, they say I failed in my duty, and in the second place that I failed, and I desire to clear myself. I implore you, monsieur le major, to have me brought before the Tribunal."

The eyes kept their strange fixed stare, but the man spoke perfectly distinctly and calmly.

The doctor passed on and presently said:

"When he first arrived he had most terrible fits of anguish. He was very religiously brought up, and a few months ago, led away in a fit of excitement, did something which preyed upon his mind, thus arousing an hereditary taint. He thought the devil put into his mouth every word he spoke and prompted his every action. He now imagines that during his military service he committed some trifling error which has been exaggerated through the devil's influence into a crime. This is what he wishes to have straightened out."

"Is Planceau here?" asked the doctor presently, stopping in front of a room.

A man came out, the pure type of degeneracy. The deformed ears, the loose mouth, the badly shaped and pointed teeth, the growth of hair on the forehead, all spoke in plainest terms. The eyes were brown, a mixture of sullenness and vague entreaty in their sombre depths.

This was a case of some dissociation between the will

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power and the muscles. The doctor, while talking, lifted first one arm and then another in the air, and the man continued to hold them there in the same position quite unconsciously, till suddenly the doctor called his attention to the position of his hands, when he dropped them.

"How do you feel to-day, Planceau?"

"Well, monsieur le major, I thank you."

"You are comfortable, the food is good?"

"Yes, monsieur le major."

"What do you like best to eat?" continued Dr. M. His manner towards all his patients was gentleness itself, and they all appeared completely at their ease with him.

"I do not care, monsieur le major."

"You would like to see your wife, would you not?"

"Yes, monsieur le major."

"Or that lady who brought you the biscuits?"

"I do not care at all, monsieur le major."

The man looked absolutely indifferent.

"You would like to rejoin your regiment?"

"Yes, monsieur le major."

"Or go home?"

"Yes, monsieur le major," replied the man again.

"Utter lack of interest," said the doctor as the man went away. "A hopeless case." And he gave a short history of the case.

One of the *infirmiers* came up to us.

"Solon is cross. He did not eat his dinner to-day," he reported.

"Bring him here."

A man of about thirty-four came to us, his head bowed, and an air of stubbornness about him. Dr. M. put his arm round his shoulders and said kindly and softly:

"Well, Solon, you are not well that you do not eat?"

"Yes, monsieur le major, I am well."

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"What is the trouble then, the dinner, not cooked to your liking perhaps?"

"No, not that," replied Solon.

"What then? Tell me. Some one has been annoying you?"

The man did not answer, only shuffled with his foot, his eyes on the ground.

"Tell me," said the doctor coaxingly. "Some one has said something you do not like. Is it not so? Tell me about it and I will see what I can do."

"It is insupportable," said the man, still looking down.

"What did he say?" persisted Dr. M. "Let us hear."

The man looked up at him now.

"Oh, they said—they said——"

"Yes," encouraged the doctor.

"I cannot stand it," they said.

The doctor patted him gently on the back.

"Did they?" he said soothingly.

"They did, monsieur le major."

"But you must eat now, my poor Solon. Now you have told me all about it, you will enjoy your dinner. Is it not so?"

"Yes, monsieur le major."

The cloud had lifted, and the man moved away with the air of some one who had cast a burden to the ground.

"He will soon be well now," said the magician.

We moved on, and I noticed a tall man leaning against a window. A book was in his hand and I saw the title: "L'Astre noir," by Léon Daudet.

"Brought in tied to a stretcher some months ago," said the doctor quietly to me. "He is now almost well."

Then he showed us another man, one of those strange cases of irresponsibility, a complete inability to connect

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ideas ; a dangerous fault in a soldier, as he might, if sentry, leave his post in pure inattention.

The man was an ordinary type, with quick amber coloured eyes which did not rest long on any subject.

"Where are you from?" asked the doctor.

"From the Ardèche, monsieur le major."

"What are 7 times 8?"

"Fifty-six," said the man without hesitating. Intelligence, good feeling were there, but some connecting cog in the wheel of the mind had slipped, and he had become an incurable, hopeless, incapable.

Shell-shock produces such surprising results. In some it paralyses the brain for months and in others it produces nightmares of horror. There are those who develop a morbid fixed idea, and they are the most difficult to treat, and others who throw every care to the winds, irresponsible as birds. In all cases gentleness and kindness with the necessary restraint are absolutely essential.

I have described but feebly something of the doctor's methods with his patients, but the number of patients who leave each month cured prove their efficiency. When I thought of the long hours of unwearied patience, the frightful strain on nerves and body for months at a stretch, I marvelled.

"Don't you get weary, doctor?" I could not help saying as we returned to his room. "Limitless patience," for the first time I understand the full meaning of those two words.

"Oh, sometimes," he said, smiling, "but very rarely. The mind is my life study, you know, and when you are intensely interested you do not weary readily. During the months I have spent here I have gained enormously in experience."

I looked at the eager sympathetic face before me, the

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thin spare figure. The whole glowed with the spirit of the enthusiast, the messenger of hope to so many darkened minds, and I carried away with me something, perhaps, of that fine spirit.

April 29.

The most glorious day ! The trees seemed to have burst their hard brown cases in a night and all around the Arc de Triomphe and down the Champs-Élysées was a film of softest green. Ethereal and indefinite and yet full of promise.

The Bois was a seething mass of people. The sombre garb of the women lightened only by the gay coloured coats of the children. These latter represent the Spring and the Future. How quickly nature heals. In a few years the war-stricken countries will be covered with a new vegetation and the children of to-day will be forming a new race for the morrow.

The French have had a set back in Champagne. The steel is lacking for munitions, and without munition bravery counts for so little. The British fire has been deadly, and their supplies unlimited, and in this way their losses have been fewer in proportion. How I hope to see our troops take their place in those armies which have fought through these terrible years, but the training takes time. The battle of the Scarpe has been appalling and is still going on. The Germans are employing their picked troops. There is no question now of an organized retreat. They are disputing to the death every inch of the way.

The unrest in Athens is great and the atmosphere distinctly unhealthy.

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May 4.

I met B. from the London Embassy to-day. He is over here on a mission. I must confess till I had this talk with him I had no idea of the appalling peril of the submarine. B. did not mince matters, and said that unless the question of submarines were settled or comparatively mastered in a very few weeks, the condition of England would be most serious. On the top of this I saw a friend of mine in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and he also was full of gloom. In December, he declared, there will be famine in Europe. I looked out of our Club windows at the gay avenue, fresh and smiling in its spring dress of green; at the crowds walking; at the rushing taxis. Were we all living over a crust of ignorance and deception? The French Government keeps its people in the dark about many things, and treats them like children. The papers dole us out our daily food, the menu of which has been carefully prepared by the *chefs* in charge. But as Lincoln said in his well-known words, "You can't fool all people all the time." The reverse in Champagne has filled every one with uneasiness. The national character goes quickly from despair to delight and jumps back as quickly. It bothers itself little as to the future.

Many people think there should be more restrictions as to food, and that some mild rationing should be enforced.

The gravest question at the moment is coal. Impossible to procure any. What will happen next winter? After last year one is anxiously interested in this question.

The *Rochambeau* has had a narrow escape. I have just called up W. and also B. who were on her. They both say it was touch and go, and if the captain had not been mighty quick they would have known the flavour of sea-water. They were so close to the coast they could see it distinctly. In this, it is not unlike the attempt made, alas, so success-

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fully on the *Lusitania*, which was close to the Irish coast.

A British transport, the *Arcadian*, went down in the Eastern Mediterranean, 279 lost, on April 15.

The Chilian Minister has asked for his passports at Berlin. If only all the Neutrals would come in, the war would be at an end in a few weeks.

Sylvia lunched with me to-day and discussed her summer plans. She has been asked to go to a hospital at Deauville in June, and I am much in favour of the plan. She and Madame Bonassier could take a small villa there near the hospital, and it would be within easy reach for Randy to run down when he gets a few hours' leave. The sea air will do Sylvia good. She needs a change after the winter.

I volunteered to take them down one day soon in my motor to find a suitable villa.

"What does Madame Bonassier do all day?" I asked rather curiously.

"She is writing a treatise on grasshoppers," said Sylvia, "and I am really surprised how interesting they are. Did you know that they have what corresponds to a brush and comb to clean their wings and feet?"

"I did not," I said. "And neither does Madame Bonassier."

Sylvia's face dimpled all over in that delightful smile of hers.

"I don't wonder you are incredulous, but I have seen them in the microscope."

"Do they have dressing-cases as well?" I inquired.

"I give it up," said Sylvia. "It is no use attempting to impart knowledge to anyone as sceptical as yourself."

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May 5.

I heard more about the escape of the *Rochambeau*, when W. dined with me last night. It seems the passengers kept their heads and watched the events calmly. The sea was so smooth that W. was able to see the approach of the submarine, as it came along like some swiftly gliding fish. It was a strange feeling to stand on the deck and wait for the shock of death. Perhaps not death but uncertainty and fear.

It looked at first as if the torpedo would strike the middle of the ship where they were standing, but they were moving faster than they realized, so the torpedo trailed off to starboard, where its wash was plainly visible to every one on deck. The gunners were so quick in their response that the crash of the 3-1 inch gun was taken by many to be the report of the torpedo's explosion.

Several women exclaimed "Oh! Oh!" but that was all. There were many pale cheeks but no outward excitement. Perhaps the very smoothness of the sea and the beauty of the day helped to restore confidence.

W. told me that he had been on the *Titanic*, and that it was the confusion in the dark and the rough seas and wind that made for panic. It was indescribably terrifying, whereas on a fine day, when the sea is like glass, there are not the same fears to embark on its surface.

Half an hour later the submarine came again to the surface and was at once fired on. The hopes of the crew declare their enemy sunk.

America, W. declared, is rushing the building of boats. It is a race now for time.

Mr. William McAdoo announces a first loan of \$200,000,000 to France.

The English are continuing their successes and have gained considerably on the Sensée-Quéant line.

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The beauty of these spring days. One has to have been in Paris through those long days of cold and dreariness. Rominagrobis and I literally bask in the sun. Never have I so appreciated the wonder and glory of the coming of summer. But the sun casts deeper shadows, and men write me from the Front of the unspeakable horrors there, the putrefying corpses, the tainted water, and the curse of flies.

May 6.

Are we going to have a piping hot summer? It looks like it. To-day at the Club the members all had a somewhat wilted aspect. The sudden change affects men of my age specially.

Several friends are leaving for America and went to Bordeaux yesterday. E., one of the best fellows in Paris, had decided hastily to go. Business and a bad manager called him imperatively. Then Madame O. has to rejoin her husband, whose mission keeps him on the other side of the Atlantic. I wonder how I should like to cross now? However brave a front a man puts on, there are always secret qualms. Many men, I am sure, would rather fight than meet death in that defenceless, cold and treacherous way.

The papers to-day speak very plainly about the length of the war, and that there is no chance of an early peace. An address is quoted of Mr. Lane's in Washington in which he states that the submarine losses now average 162,000 tons a week. Mr. Hoover states that Germany has a food supply that will last two years. She has 18,000,000 cattle left, and an abundance of coal and iron. In view of this declaration, founded on knowledge of facts, we must prepare for a long and hard fight.

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The end is certain ; but, optimist as I am, it is no use blinding my eyes to the gravity of the position. I do not think that the Germans have any real hope now of starving England to a finish, for England is a country which a great statesman once said you *cannot* down.

Lord Curzon announced the united mind of the nation when he said, "The ultimate conclusion of the war will not be affected even if the submarine menace takes even greater proportions." And this was said with the lists of April and March losses in his hand, alarming as they were.

800,000 tons and more monthly will only make England tighten her belt. She will eat less, but she will not flinch. It is the country of the "Iron Duke" !

The possession by Germany of the Belgian ports adds greatly to our difficulties. Admiral Jellicoe declares in an interview that there is no infallible manner of catching submarines, and the inventions recently adopted take time to put in action.

Randy is between Fresnay and Craonne, where there is desperate fighting. The Germans have brought up enormous reinforcements.

A reporter of the "Times" states that they have probably 4,500,000 men in the field on both fronts, 500,000 on the line of communications, and 1,000,000 men in the west ; and of this number there are sixty-eight divisions between the sea and the Oise.

To be still confronted by 6,000,000 Germans makes the later stages of the war a serious matter for all the Allies, and we have besides to reckon with the 500,000 men of each successive German class as it is called up. The 1918 class is already incorporated, and the 1919 class is still in the depots !

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May 7.

The desperate struggle continues near Bullecourt. I was told yesterday that the English have ammunition enough now to continue the same intensive bombardment that they are showering on the Germans for another year. This is good hearing ; but all the English officers I have seen lately from the Front are pessimistic about the early end of the war. They are full of confidence, but say the end cannot be for eighteen months to two years.

Sollanges says *five* years now. We all hooted him, and every one had arguments to prove that the war could not possibly last more than two years. Tolson gave a slight but very roseate sketch of what America was planning, and Gregory had some wonderful and very convincing statistics, which were very encouraging.

Sollanges assumed that pose of being an oracle which always rather annoys me. He did not argue. He simply sat and looked wise. When we had all aired our views, he turned to Tolson and said :

“ Keep on hoping that the sun will shine.”

Tolson was very mad.

The Government is taking severe measures about bread and flour, also coal. We shall not be able to get white bread or flour after the 10th of this month, only a very dark mixture. It is, perhaps, the first real test of endurance Parisians have yet been called on to bear. The *bourgeoisie* have not shone in this war. The newly rich, of which there are many, dress extravagantly, and the big shops are packed with dense crowds all day. The contrast the busy streets present on these fine May days to that of the Front, only eighty miles away, is very striking. When one is young, long regret is impossible.

A friend tells me that “ The Merchant of Venice ” given

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by the Shakespearean Society was an enormous success and wonderfully put on. It was a living picture by Paul Veronese. I did not go. These precious days are too good to spend in a theatre.

Madame de R. says that never have Parisians looked so ridiculous as now with the present fashions, and I really agree with her. Very loose about the upper regions of the body, distinctly floppy, and below the waist tapering inwards to the knees.

The skirt ends shortly below the knees, showing pink legs covered by a transparent black stocking, and strange deformed looking shoes. I have watched in front of me women walking, and wondered how on earth they manage to do it. The heel enormously high throws the whole weight on the toes and the result is distinctly painful and unbeautiful. There are no pretty feet—only strange Chinese looking deformities.

The first Duma since the Revolution was to be held on Sunday, and I wonder how it will pass off. There have been several *émeutes* in the Nevsky Prospect, but nothing grave.

May 18.

For the third and last time I went to say good-bye to that dear woman Mme. O. The last two weeks of indecision have nearly worn her out. All her friends have said good-bye twice before and each time a telegram from her anxious husband on the other side has stopped her at the last moment. I regret much that she did not sail as arranged on the *Rochambeau*, which was escorted, owing to Penfield's presence on board returning from Vienna.

This time I feel it is good-bye for *de bon*. The *Espagne*

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is to bear her away from us to the States. What a curious thing charm is. I have seen a thousand prettier women who have been unable to stir one to a moment's interest, but Mme. B. has that inexplicable something that men feel but cannot explain. Women hate, and men adore her. Sincerity, worth, cleverness, are all beside the question! I think myself that the great secret of charm lies in a warmth of sympathy.

Mme. B. talked brightly of many things, and of her great anxiety to rejoin her husband. She is really plucky. Suddenly she said :

"What do you think, *mon ami*? To-day I actually went to have my fortune told and I feel encouraged. The good creature told me she saw nothing bad in my hand." She saw me smile. "Oh, it is all very well to smile! Quite natural, my friend, but wait till you trust yourself on a boat in the great ocean, with nothing but a leetle slip between you and a U boat. Things look different then. My palmist tells me she has many Americans and men—hard-headed business men—who come to her."

"I am not surprised," I replied. "I believe I would go myself. I believe in doing anything which makes one more comfortable."

May 28.

This warm, damp weather has brought everything out in a rush, and the chestnuts' green has an indescribably bright and radiant colouring. In the little gardens on the fortifications, where the *réformés* and the *tuberculeux* work, one can see the lettuces change astonishingly from day to day. As they say in the States, after a shower you can hear the cabbages growing.

The English Guards have had a great success. Every

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day there have been crowds to hear them. To-day, after playing in the Tuileries grounds, they marched round the small lake with the fountain, taking up a position at the top. There they stopped for a few moments, and massed together, their drum-majors standing close to the water and their brilliant uniforms reflected in its blue depths; they gave a final and farewell rendering of that catchy tune, the Crinoline dance. The tune still rings in my head, and the scene was one which seizes on one's memory and remains graven on it like an indelible photo.

The day was perfect, and sitting under the green trees in the Tuileries I enjoyed my afternoon; but it is that last glimpse of those glorious beings by the water which I carry away with me.

Afterwards the "golden lambs," as an English lady called them, were carted away in motors waving farewells to the enthusiastic crowds. Why they did not select a better programme for their concerts puzzles me somewhat. To my mind a military band is not intended for classical music. What we all love and expect from them is light, cheery, catchy music which warms our hearts and raises our spirits. I speak but as one of the crowd.

The Russians are still a source of worry to every one. Their offensive still hangs fire, and precious time is being wasted. This is not, as a Paris paper expressed itself the other day, the time for processions and cries of liberty, but the time for grimmer business. Many people fear the next thing will be a separate peace with Germany.

America has taken a good step in forbidding any one to have passports for the purpose of attending the Stockholm peace meeting, and the French Government is to follow suit.

I see many more American uniforms about the streets, and we are hard at work organizing railways, depots,

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etc., all over the country. Little towns are springing up in the same way that they do in the great Western States. Before the onrush of our practical business men the old French methods, which have been kept tied and bound with that reverence for custom engrained in French nature, will disappear. As a nation, we thoroughly understand business and worship it.

The strikes which have been simmering here lately have been chiefly caused by Spaniards in German pay. The Government is still strangely lax about passports, but is now bestirring itself, and has selected the most prominent ringleaders and placed them rather late in a concentration camp. The strikes for the "semaine anglaise" have been rather amusing than otherwise. Gangs of little strikerites walked the streets shouting:

"On s'en fiche.
On veut la semaine anglaise
On s'en fiche.
On aura nos vingt sous!"

They have won and the "semaine anglaise" is to be passed as law shortly.

There is a great question now of a change in our manner of living. The idea of having an English breakfast does not appeal to me. We discussed it to-day at the Club, and Chivers, who is always well primed with the latest doctor's fad, declared that a heavy breakfast was the only healthy way of living.

"It stands to reason," he said. "We wake with our stomachs empty and rested, in the right condition to digest food."

"But to digest one must feel hungry," said Tolson, "and to be hungry one must have burned our reserves of energy. In the morning I feel as flat as a sole."

"I understand that is often the result of late dinners,"

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Chivers replied. "In this matter the French are much to blame. Henry IV dined at ten in the morning and was a remarkably strong man."

"Please quote some one a little nearer my own time," said Tolson. "It would take a pretty good doctor to convince me that dinner at eight was a bad thing."

"The perfect method," went on Chivers, "is a breakfast at nine of bacon and eggs, if desired a fried steak, marmalade, toast, and coffee or tea. Lunch at two, to consist of fish, vegetables and cheese, etc., and in the evening merely a light pudding and perhaps a vegetable. Heavy dinners will inevitably kill a man ten years before his natural time."

Tolson looked so glum that I came to the rescue.

"I thought you were dining with the Dalembergs to-night," I said to Chivers.

The Dalembergs are noted for their fine *cuisine*.

"I am," he replied with a touch of defiance.

"And I met you at the Courins last night," I continued. "When did you begin on your new diet?"

He laughed.

"I haven't yet," he said. "I've merely discussed it with my doctor. All the same, I believe this new breakfast habit will, as the buttermilk fad did, insidiously work its way into our habits."

June 2.

I start next week for a trip to the Front with three other men: H., the great journalist; C., one of our senators over here to see and judge of conditions, and D., the English writer, considered the greatest authority on Social subjects.

Why am I going? It is a little difficult to say exactly. For several reasons. First, because I have been urged to

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warmly and sincerely by H., whom I have known for a number of years ; secondly, because we are going in my motor, and where it goes I like to go to ; and thirdly, lastly and chiefly, because I have a great longing to see something more than I have seen of that changing and thrilling piece of earth called the Front, and this is a unique opportunity.

Rominagrobis understands, as she always does, perfectly. Her eyes, the pupils of which are like two black slits—it must be going to rain—are fixed upon me, then she rubs her head against the sleeve of my coat. After which she gently, very gently raises herself with a graceful elastic movement on to the table and sits down by a large photograph of Sylvia, and makes a noise like an electric fan.

This afternoon I was talking to S., who has lived here for years, and who was feeling very blue as to the after effects of the war on the world in general. He claims that immorality and vice of all kinds have greatly increased since the war, and drew a gloomy picture of the future. It may be so, but it is too soon to judge.

I myself have been wondering what effect the great cloud of spiritual emotion now passing over the world will have on art, on the character of our worship and our ideals. Such a cataclysm as the present war cannot pass and leave men as they were before. It sweeps aside prejudice, false conventions, superstitions and beliefs. Like the tornado in the vast plains of America, it destroys ruthlessly all that has been erected by man and Nature. At first, religion had again the ascendancy. Soldiers rushed to the priest for confession before the charge, and the Catholic Church was increasing her propaganda. She had a great opportunity, but this time, as before, her politics have destroyed much of her influence.

Yesterday, standing in front of a large engraver's store in the Boulevard de la Madeleine, I saw an old priest gazing

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in rapt pleasure at a sketch of a soldier kneeling before a comrade, his head bound, and saying, "*Mon vieux*, if I die tell my mother that I confessed yesterday to monsieur l'abbé!" The priest looked long and earnestly, his lips moving. But how much of this will remain after the fear of death and the triumph of war are over?

I notice amongst thinking people a great tendency to worship a more spiritual God. Less material and less personal. Perhaps we are returning to a kind of pantheism. Man is always hunting the elusive in some form, and the idea of something evanescent, unformable and indescribable has a strong attraction. Christianity, beautiful and perfect as it is, does not entirely satisfy us now. It does not comfort those bereaved on the whole, or only those with whom Faith is strongly developed. The cry on every one's lips is "Why, why?" Were we put on to this earth to defend certain portions of it or to enforce individual views. "Civilization," cry others, "the struggle of race." The superior civilization must dominate, or all things of the highest must end. After the slaughter, the triumph, and the renaissance of a purer life.

After each war a nation becomes stronger, hardier, and with finer ideals. Is this so?

I shall never see the results of this war. All that I hear is the thundering of the cannon, the groaning of thousands and the weeping of women bereft.

June 5.

We have just arrived at Compiègne. The headquarters of the French army are here, and there is much movement. Leaving Paris at about 4.30, we had a charming drive in the cool of the evening, for earlier in the day the sun had been very hot.

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The woods are all full of leaf, and shaded greenness, and brought rest to my tired eyes. Chantilly we glimpsed in the distance, and at the urgent request of Mr. C., who we discovered at once had the real sight-seeing microbe, we turned a little out of our way to go up to the château. I and the two other men had seen Chantilly before, but when we saw Mr. C.'s real pleasure and appreciation we did not mind the little delay. A child once said to me that Chantilly was like a palace in a fairy tale, and to-day it looked like one, its moats reflecting the most glorious pink and mauve hues in the sunset.

At Compiègne there were lots of people I knew at dinner, and we were a quaint and medley assembly. War workers were mustered here in great force. Press parties, taken in a rapid tour to the Front, stay here on their way back and forth. One group of ladies looked somewhat a novelty in their emancipated dress. In khaki, with hair cut short, it was difficult at first to tell them from men. But they appeared practical, and the general later told me they had done excellent work and shown great bravery.

Compiègne is very popular because the cooking is good at the hotel. It is the last stepping-off place from comfort. Mr. C., who speaks but little French, made a deplorable pun on this, saying that the town heralded discomfort—Come pain! I could see Mr. H., who is very stiff and learned, had some difficulty in concealing his disgust at this atrocious joke. Later, before going to bed, I had a most interesting conversation with General P., who is here for two nights.

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June 6.

We left Compiègne at five this morning and had only gone a very short distance when the first sinister note was struck : a poor little village, not more than thirty houses, all in ruins ; then a little farther on another. The road seemed deserted, only here and there were signs written. "Remontes des armées," "Convois double" peeped out from the green of the beeches and limes.

Nature, persistent as ever, ignored the destruction around. Wild roses fell over the hedges, and here and there a clump of wild poppies stained the grass like blood.

Is it really only three months since the Germans were forced back from Bailly ? It seemed hardly possible when we saw the trenches taken and retaken so often by the Germans and French.

We got out and walked down those long trenches, which crossed and turned here and there at right angles. The planks bent under our feet, squelching in the water collected there during the last rains. Here were still holes through which rifles had been thrust, and barbed wire in twisted masses, but over all had grown greenness, softening and obliterating, till there was little to recall that deadly fighting. The humming of insects rang in our ears, and buttercups had spread a yellow canopy over the edges of dug-out and trench.

Farther up the road were many dug-outs showing plainly the tastes of their occupants. Some with neatly fashioned cupboards, others with mirrors, and one or two with clever arrangements for cooling and keeping the water.

The next village was nothing but a mass of debris.

The church or rather chapel had only one wall standing. In a neighbouring ruin a priest had arranged an altar where he said mass to a few people every Sunday. D. insisted

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on photographing this temporary chapel, and so we came in for a rather touching scene. An old couple, whose house on the opposite side of the street had been destroyed, had just arrived and were looking at their former dwelling, and at the solitary chimney which stood up in the blackened heap around it. Their minds seemed unhinged by the shock, and when we spoke to them they looked at us with dazed eyes, and kept repeating, "This was our house. This was our house."

Even D., who is not easily moved, was affected at the sight of this despair, and tendered the man a 50-franc bill. He took it mechanically and thanked D. D.'s example was followed by C. and then by H. and myself. The old couple were first staggered by this windfall and then with a furtive hasty movement hid the money—the woman in her stocking, and the man in his cap.

C. tried to make conversation, "Enfants vous? Où sont-ils?" and other kindred remarks; but gave up after a bit, damped by the perpetual "Comment?" one of the first words which the foreigner becomes familiar with in France. As D. remarked, the steady, dazed and uncomprehending stare precluded any attempts at getting acquainted.

Reminding the rest of the time, I got them into the motor again and on we went. More ruins, and agricultural implements, ploughs, reapers, etc., standing destroyed and covered with rust by the roadside. There were many lovely glimpses of colour, several houses built of the most brilliant rose-coloured bricks were topped with brown thatched roofs on which grew stray flowers.

At Noyon we picked up Gracon, who is to accompany us and make our trip interesting. The streets of Noyon seemed to be still running with disinfectant; very necessary after the German occupation, but the smell was

overpowering. As we were returning in the evening, we only stopped long enough to shake hands with General P., and were off again.

The roads now began to show signs of wear and tear. We passed great waggons bearing machinery, munitions, etc. They were covered with tarpaulin painted in great splotches of green and brown, funny enough to see at close quarters, but which in the air assume a wonderful kinness with the landscape.

We stopped for lunch at Blerancourt, in a pretty garden all aglow with flowers, where the English ladies who keep the canteen have their quarters. They helped us with plates, and made our coffee for us and told of their life there, a life with little comfort and much hard work, but the good they accomplished more than made up apparently for the cold and discomfort.

H. was much taken with this place and declared that he intended to rebuild the house and live there in the summer. Glacon looked amused and remarked drily that H., before the war was over, might have some difficulty in finding the spot again.

"What do you mean, man?" cried Mr. C. "The Germans are not coming here again!"

Glacon's face wrinkled up in the curious way it has. It becomes a mass of deep lines.

"One is never certain of anything while we are at war," he remarked gravely.

H.'s spirits, however, rose above these sort of remarks; and I could see his eyes running appraisingly over the house as if considering its possibilities.

Soon after we all got up and walked about the little town. The Germans had pillaged here as everywhere, even taking the locks off the doors. Even in its present state the *poilu* looks on it as an agreeable resting-place,

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and gay little songs burst every now and then on the hot air.

We passed St. Aubin and then went with more caution, Glacon directing his chauffeur through various byways on a flat country. Overhead was the Château de Coucy, on a hill whose side was covered with thick trees. The château itself is almost a ruin and cannons are hidden in the covering shelter of green.

The road was camouflaged for some distance. Boughs were knotted on to wire for a height of perhaps fifteen feet. Some parts we rushed and at times we waited till there was a lull in the firing. Glacon explained that no two motors could go across this section, the Germans not often thinking it necessary to draw on one only. When we reached Follembrai Mr. C. breathed again. He explained that if he had been a nervous man the last hour would have upset him.

H. congratulated him on his nerve, and gave him something practical from his flask. We all felt sorry for the poor man, who was ghastly white and shivering.

The road wound on through fresh and still more desolate scenes. Every orchard, small and large, had been destroyed systematically, the trees cut or injured by the cunning devils in such a way that their recovery was impossible. Every tree that shaded the long highways cut down, giving an impression I shall never forget of sadness.

Chauny, formerly such a busy active industrial town, is a nightmare of strange deformed and twisted ruin. As we went quickly down the long winding street, following the river, we passed the theatre, a mass of rusty iron ; one row of red covered chairs in the dress circle, having escaped the general holocaust, remained suspended on the skeleton supports.

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The town on one side is less destroyed, owing to the rapid advance made by the French, but it is so still, a stillness that seemed to hush our very voices.

Glacon even, explaining the tactics of the French staff, seemed to become conscious of that oppressive silence and gave the order to go on.

Givry, Guiscard, Pr  cy, Frenches, Libremon  t, Ercheu, Solente, Champion, all crushed by the same devastating hand. The latter with its roofless church stands conspicuously on a little hill. Here nearly all the tombs had been violated, and on the ground were still the bones of the rifled corpses. Some of the villagers say the German soldiers slept in the tombs and even eat there ; in any case the sight of those disturbed graves filled us with wrath, and we looked at each other speechless.

" Well of all the——" began D., then stopped.

It was beyond words.

And Roye, its fine H  tel de Ville crumbling and its church St. Pierre greatly injured ; street upon street wrecked and piled high with stones.

Near the church I noticed a store, and the gendarme opened the door for me to see. It had been a hardware store, and had been rifled and pillaged very thoroughly by the Germans. Drawers and doors and cupboards lay on the floor, showing confusion and destruction within. A *poilu* came in while we were looking and explained that he was the owner of the shop.

" This is what I return to from the Front," he remarked bitterly. " After fighting for all this time, I lose everything I have in the world besides. My wife has gone with the baby to some friends at Montdidier, and we are as penniless as any beggar on the street. And I made a good living here I can tell you," he added with a hint of pride at his former prosperity.

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At Lassigny, the scene of one of the fiercest battles, Mr. C. discovered some shell-shot helmets and some water-bottles, which were placed carefully in the motor. H. and D., who are not souvenir hunters, looked on with some impatience during the hunt for these objects. I got out and smoked, looking at the waving June green and the ripening corn, broken here and there by those sad little crosses which had struck me so much in Lorraine.

Before reaching Noyon we stopped at Suzoy, such a picturesque village clinging to the side of the hill. Here the church had been blown up on the approach of the French troops. This church had been used as a dormitory by the German soldiers all through the winter. They had been warm, as the villagers had been forced to keep them supplied with wood. By some mistake the Commandant who had given the order to destroy the church did not get away in time and was blown up with it. His tomb is there and the villagers take you with glee to see it. A plain piece of wood on which is written :

“Ci-gît le Boche qui a fait sauter l'église.”

While we were looking at this a woman passed with her little boy of seven ; a bright little fellow, though rather thin, as were indeed most of the children. He saluted us with his right hand in such a soldierly way that I produced a franc and gave it to him. Then I noticed his left-arm was bandaged. What was the trouble ?

“The Boches cut it off,” the mother replied for him.

Now all of us had heard of Boche cruelty to children, but we none of us had seen actual evidence of it. Here it was.

The woman related the whole story. How the child had thrown a ball in play with a friend, which by chance had struck a passing soldier, with the result that he, in savage temper, had cut off the hand.

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"How much of this is true?" said Mr. C., unable to believe his ears.

The *curé* was absent, so we took the evidence of a few neighbours, and D. took the boy's photo. We four anyhow are absolutely convinced of the truth of the woman's story.

H. smoked hard all the rest of the way; C. closed his eyes in sleep; and D. and I carried on a desultory conversation on the mentality of the Hun and the shape of his skull. I was very tired and D., who is a much younger man, was not. He got interested in his own argument, and I dimly heard his voice holding forth first on skulls and then on those grotesque drawings of the Huns at Suzoy, till we turned into the street at Noyon.

June 7.

Early this morning I received a note from Dr. Carrel, begging me to come and see him at his hospital before I returned to Paris. He had heard of me at Compiègne the previous night and had sent this note by Lt. G., who was coming to Noyon by motor. I consulted with the others, and we decided to go back to Compiègne, visit Dr. Carrel and then go on to Soissons, lunch with the boys of the American Escadrille, and return by Meaux to Paris.

Glacon had other plans, but gave way on seeing our wishes. We were all specially anxious to get to Soissons, at this time bombarded at intervals, and H., who had been to Rheims recently, made a special point of it. Glacon said he would do his best.

Accordingly, after a somewhat uncomfortable night—for I feel discomfort more than I used—we started.

D., who considers himself an authority on medical subjects, said he would not have missed seeing Carrel's Hospital

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for the world. A number of subjects were thrown on a screen showing the effect of the Dakin solution, and how rapidly a wound is rendered healthy. The process, which is really hydrochloride of soda in equal parts of water, is adapted to each case and is dropped slowly on the wound through rubber tubes at intervals of a couple of hours at a time.

Carrel himself is always an interesting figure. He is short, square, with quick hazel eyes and almost more the face of a practical engineer than that of a great thinker. His dress suits him and is individual: high brown military boots, a black cassock, and a small round white linen turban cap. He is leaving for America in a few days, and I was very glad to have a chat with him before he goes. He is a keen politician and had, of course, much to say.

H. announced his intention of taking the wheel at starting, with the result that we nearly got ditched half-way to Soissons. He explained this annoying circumstance by saying that the right wheel had punctured. A thorough examination, however, revealing the tyres in good shape, we joined in entreaties to H. to allow the chauffeur to continue his duties, to which at last H. consented with some show of sulkiness.

For some distance the fields were rich with the future harvest. Scarlet poppies glowed in the yet green barley and corn and in the long thick grass of the side track down which we came.

Nearer, on the main road, a humming activity reigned. Rows and rows of waggons of all kinds, some grey, some black, some painted with the now familiar dabs of green and brown which camouflage from daring aeroplanes. Grey-blue *poilus* were leading horses or resting on the dusty roadside. Our motor went slowly through this moving mass till we reached the town, then a soldier with a green

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band round his arm waved to us the direction to take, and we passed through two streets straight into the Cathedral square.

Sheer against the full azure of the sky rose the great church. The square seemed wrapped in silence, an appealing silence of sorrow, of deep desolation. Glass from the cathedral windows lay in shining fragments at our feet, and several bits were rapidly transferred to C.'s pocket.

Through torn leaden settings we had glimpses of debris filling the nave. One tower, torn and ragged, was hopelessly damaged, but the other, with its belfry, was intact, and through the heavy pulsating stillness of midday came the resonant note of the big bell striking the hour of twelve. It was as if the spirit of that grey stone, suddenly freed, had found voice. The hot air vibrated and throbbed with the deep throated tone. "Nothing dies," it chanted; and the waves of sound were carried to where the cannon was booming in persistent contradiction only four miles away.

A rush of softly battling wings, and a flight of starlings wheeled over our heads, giving short shrill cries.

H. and D. were busy with Kodak and note book. As they passed down the big square two Zouaves, lunching on bread and sausage under some trees, called in bad French begging to be taken. They had made a cocked hat in paper for their horse's head, and were childishly anxious for admiration. Then came the rhythmic tread of soldiers and a company filed past on their way back from the trenches. They were venting their relief from imminent danger in song and waved hands and grinned at the sight of us; for few people are allowed now into the town.

C. had gone to see what he could find of interest in the broken debris, so I wandered off by myself through the wounded, shattered streets, and that strange oppressive stillness went with me; each house, with its separate grief,

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seeming more individual now than in its normal calm white-curtained exterior.

Not a soul in sight, though here and there were signs of habitation amongst those wrecked walls : a flickering cloth on the sill, a pot of flowers and a tin tub airing itself in the sunlight. Under my feet the large uneven cobbles gave back a thousand sad protesting echoes.

And presently I did see actual life, a figure sitting by an open window some doors farther up the street. There was something about the figure which arrested attention. It seemed to emphasize the surrounding emptiness and loneliness. And yet it was only a woman, dressed in a plain brown dress, with a little white cap on her head, bound with a black velvet band, such as they wear in Normandy. The face was small and pale, brown hair streaked with white. Something in the face drew my attention. Perhaps the eyes, which stared straight at me without curiosity or interest, and beyond, to the road up which I had come.

Then they came back to me and this time a gleam of curiosity, almost entreaty, came into them. She leant over the sill and said quietly :

" Monsieur has, perhaps, come from the Cathedral ? "

" Yes," I said.

The eyes grew very bright.

" Then Monsieur, perhaps, noticed a young girl coming this way ? "

" I have not seen any one, madame. Not a creature," I replied ; and was sorry to see the thin little face cloud over.

" Ah no, and yet it is past twelve. I heard the clock strike. But Suzanne will chatter," she added with a touch of irritation.

" You are expecting your daughter ? " I asked, for I was struck with a sense of hidden tragedy, of something unusual which I could not explain.

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"Yes, monsieur. She comes home to *déjeuner* at this hour, and I always look out for her, but she is so often late now. The soup is cold and I am very tired."

She mumbled a few words more indistinctly and then the eyes dulled again to that fixed stare and she said no more.

A woman and two children appeared suddenly from somewhere. They all three looked at me with great curiosity and then at the figure in the window.

"Mère Brosson is *maboule*," declared the smallest of the two children, a mite of six; then, frightened at her boldness, hid her face against her mother's apron.

"Maboule?" I said questioningly to the woman.

She replied in a rush of words:

"Yes, monsieur, it is true. It is the mind. What can one do? I have lost two sons in the war and have masses said for their souls, but she, she will not believe. She hopes always to see her daughter come up the street. She who was killed but a month ago. A piece of obus struck the heart. Such a *belle fille* too. Mère Brosson went and found her lying in the street. It was terrible, and since then she watches always, hour after hour. One cannot get her to eat. Monsieur le curé has talked to her, and told her to bow her head to the will of God, but what will you. She will not listen."

"Very sad," I said, putting something into the child's hand. As I turned to go the eager voice fell again on my ear:

"Monsieur has come, perhaps, from the Cathedral."

.

One of the nicest events of our trip, we all agreed, was our lunch with the American escadrille near Soissons. The great Lafayette escadrille. What capital hosts they were,

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from Capt. Thiebault, Bill Thaw and all the others. And, oh, how hot it was on that bare hill with no shade!

We walked after lunch to examine the spads and watch some stunts done for our benefit, and which we greatly admired. The two little lion mascots were also inspected. The youngest is very ailing and will, they fear, not recover, owing to her having swallowed in the innocence of her baby heart, a large piece of india-rubber. Rubber is such a useful thing everywhere except in one's inside, as one of the boys explained.

We watched the machines start for their afternoon patrol, each decorated with an Indian's head, savage enough to frighten any Boche.

"Brave fellows and brave deeds," declared H. solemnly, as we drove off after many farewells and cordial hand-shakes.

Our way back lay through the rolling country of the Marne. A heavy shower cooled the air, and made the drive pleasant and refreshing. We stopped at Meaux to dine.

All through dinner we talked war. D., who can be very pleasant when in the mood, told us a Russian fable apropos of peace terms, on which we all had different notions.

"A family of country peasants," began D., "had been given a large goose and sat down to enjoy it. A discussion arose as to how a proper division of the bird should be made. They were all getting angry when a monk came in and was appealed to to settle the dispute. 'Leave it to me,' he said, 'I will satisfy every one.' Then he asked for the head, the feet, and the feathers, also the tips of the wings. 'Now,' he said to the father, 'here is the head for you, as you are the head of the house.' Then to the mother, 'This is the down for you, you are the one who makes the nest.' The feet he gave to the sons. 'To you who love to run.' The daughters received for their part

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the tips of the wings. 'You who will so soon fly from your home must have these.' He then took up the bird and departed, saying, 'The rest I will distribute myself amongst the poor.' "

"He was a German all right," remarked H.

"They're paying sixteen marks for half a chicken there now," said C. "I heard the other day through Switzerland some details. I have an aunt by marriage there and she's just crazy to get away, but can't. We've done all we could, but she joined some Society or other, years ago, which has to do with the Red Cross; and she is militarized or anyhow is under orders. The Empress started the thing and made it smart, when no one thought there'd ever be War, but like everything else in the confounded country, it was all planned and plotted."

"How long will it take before we can count on America's support—say a million men?" asked D.

Mr. C. considered, looking at his wine-glass, which glowed with some very excellent Bordeaux.

"Well," he said, "I'll be honest with you fellows. You know as well as I do what we're up against in America. Give us eighteen months and we'll show you something."

I could not help exclaiming.

D. nodded, saying:

"I bet you're right."

H. rose majestically.

"And I thought we were a go-ahead nation," he remarked chillingly.

C. was about to say something when I interposed, and suggested a move for Paris before it got too dark.

Paris! Did you ever look more welcome than last night when I saw you again and my own room? I think I am getting too old for these trips.

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June 12.

To-day a batch of American boys arrived. They had travelled all night from Bordeaux, eight in a compartment, and were pretty well tired out.

What a revelation war will be for them. Some come from ranches with their profuse and plentiful fare; with abundance of butter and cream, and are astonished at conditions and restrictions here. Reading of things in the papers makes small impression compared with reality. Once my country realizes how things are here—and every man who comes over will help to spread the facts—she will stop at nothing to end the war.

Teddy Onslow, a young cousin of mine, whose enlistment and date of arrival here had been duly announced to me by his anxious mother, is one of the batch. I had word early this morning and hurried round to 21, rue Reynouard. I found the place, which has been lent by the Comtesse de K., and has the most beautiful grounds, as busy as a hive. Boys were darting about hither and thither, looking for their kit, and obviously still very much at sea. Mr. O., who was wrestling very effectively with the task of feeding, fitting out, and starting off 200 boys, spoke to me and directed me where to find Teddy.

Teddy is a small youngster for his age—twenty-four. He looks about eighteen, but has lots of pep. He is full of enthusiasm and his one wish is to start out and do his bit.

I brought him back to lunch, and he retailed me the latest family news. I could see he was full of pity for me, being unable to be at the Front. This pity he also spread, as he would butter over a slice of bread, over the Allied Armies. He was convinced, now that America had come in, the war would soon be over. His blind and implicit

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belief in the power of the U.S. had something sublime in its innocence. He was chock-full of zeal, and the delight of attending roll-call thrilled him, also the delight of receiving a brand new rifle, helmet, and gas mask. These things even compensated him for his short stay in Paris. I was unable even to take him to the theatre. He dined twice with me, but retired early, dead sleepy. I think my chief utility was supplying him with chocolates and peanut butter !

Teddy is to join the Transport. At the present moment the Ambulance is not busy, and is well supplied with men. On their arrival, the boys were urged to join the Transport in preference, as there they could be of immediate and great service. Teddy, therefore, with nearly the whole of his college unit, joined without a moment's delay.

"So long," he said to me at parting, "I guess you'll see me back in October."

"I hope so," I said. "You must spend your leave with me, and I'll see you don't starve in the meantime. Have you any preference in the food line?"

"Peanut butter!" he said without a moment's hesitation.

Constantine is, I see, on the eve of abdication.

Russia still hangs back at this critical moment, when her offensive would be of such incalculable value to the Allies. A wave of revolution is sweeping the country.

Pershing has arrived and after two days of feasting is settling down to work. Paris is fluttering with the Stars and Stripes, and even the iced drinks have been labelled "Boissons Yankee."

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June 13.

It has been a great day, a day that I am glad to have lived to see. The arrival of the first American troops to take their share in the Great War.

Mr. Sharp, Marshal Joffre, a number of Ministers, and smaller fry like myself were waiting on the platform some minutes before the train steamed in to the welcoming airs of "The Star Spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise," strangely interwoven.

It was an electrical moment, and I have rarely seen such an enthusiastic crowd as that which greeted Pershing and his staff.

All the way from the Gare du Nord to the Place de la Concorde, through the rue de Lafayette, across the Place de l'Opéra, through the Boulevard de la Madeleine and the Rue Royale, there was wild shouting, and a floating sea of Stars and Stripes.

May our boys do well is all I hope. They come in with all the experience of the past years of warfare to guide them, and an enemy sorely wounded but not dead. It will be their happy task to aid in hastening Victory.

June 16.

Sylvia and I are off to Deauville. Randy has been slightly wounded in the hand and has leave for a fortnight. We shall spend it together at the *Normandie*.

PARIS IN SHADOW

August 29.

I am back for a night, and am writing a few notes in this old book. Every one still away and the streets very deserted. The American Red Cross, which started over two months ago in a house lent them, is still in the greatest confusion. A prominent man I know, who came over just eight weeks ago, told me he had had his office changed four times. When he first arrived he had the comfortable well-rounded appearance of the prosperous business man. But two months wrought a change. I was positively startled at the alteration. Hollow cheeks, a yellow skin and a hunted nervous manner.

"My dear fellow," I said, taking hold of his arm, "what on earth is the matter with you? You're doing too much."

"I'm up against the deuce of a job," he replied. "If you want to know what hell's like come here for a week."

An enormous organization like the Red Cross cannot, of course, come into existence without a prodigious amount of work, and men coming straight from the other side have to be acclimatized to conditions and modes of thought strange to them.

In the ante-room of the supreme Head were a number of men awaiting their audience. They were all in new uniforms, and I felt the influence of George Washington.

The answer to the Pope's message by Wilson was excellent, but must have been a disappointment. As we approach the end, I think all our views become more determined and hatred burns brighter.

There was a sudden change in the weather yesterday, it has turned cold and wet and the trees appear in an instant brown and withered. The smell of autumn is in the air.

This book has grown thick and heavy. I shall close it

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to-night and put it away. Some day Randy may like to read what I have scribbled here.

This is the hour of the sea, and, old as I am, I feel the same keen pleasure in watching her moods as I did when, as a boy, I made fortresses in the sand to defy her.

I return to Deauville to-morrow !

THE END.

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